★ Feb. 24, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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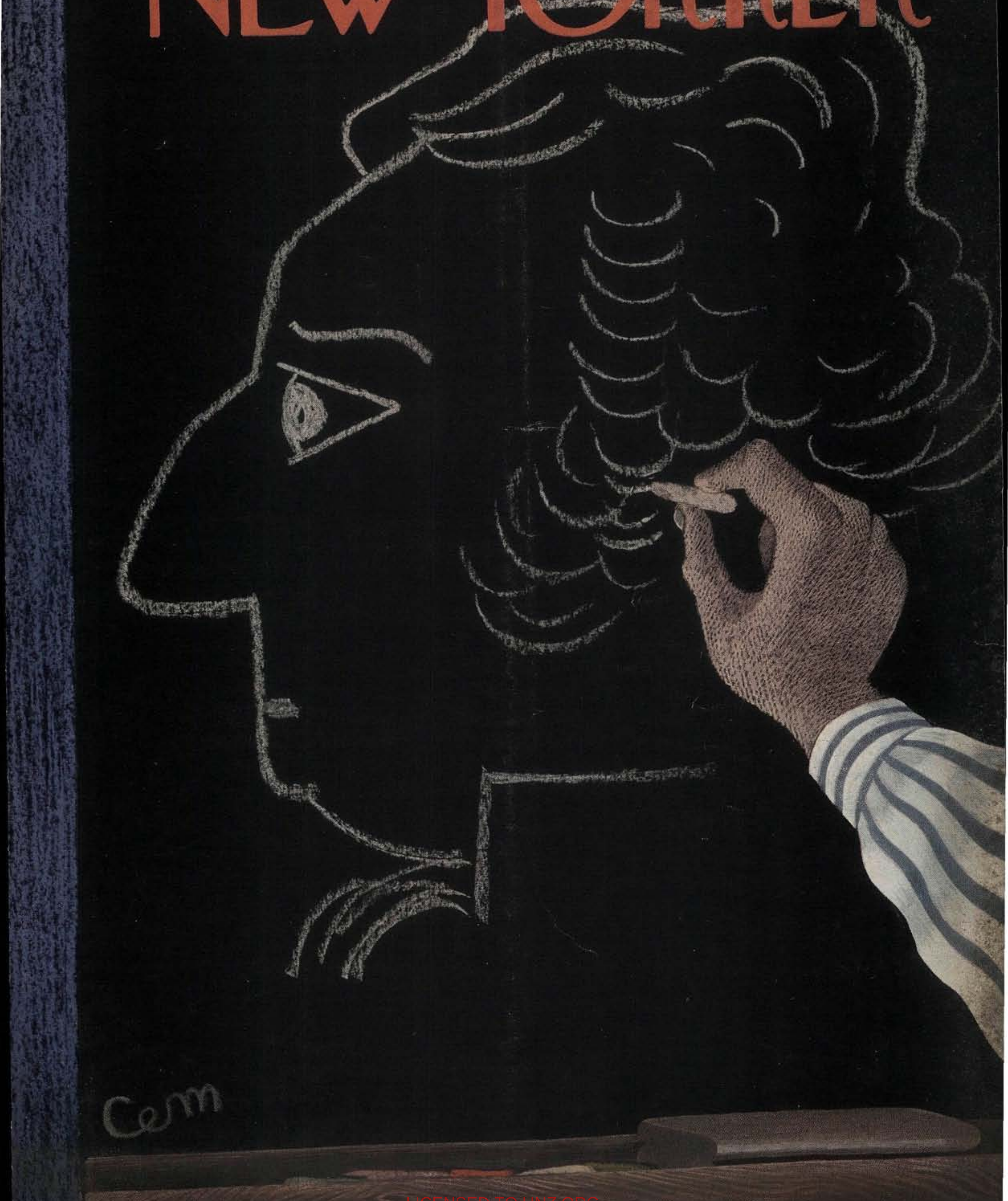

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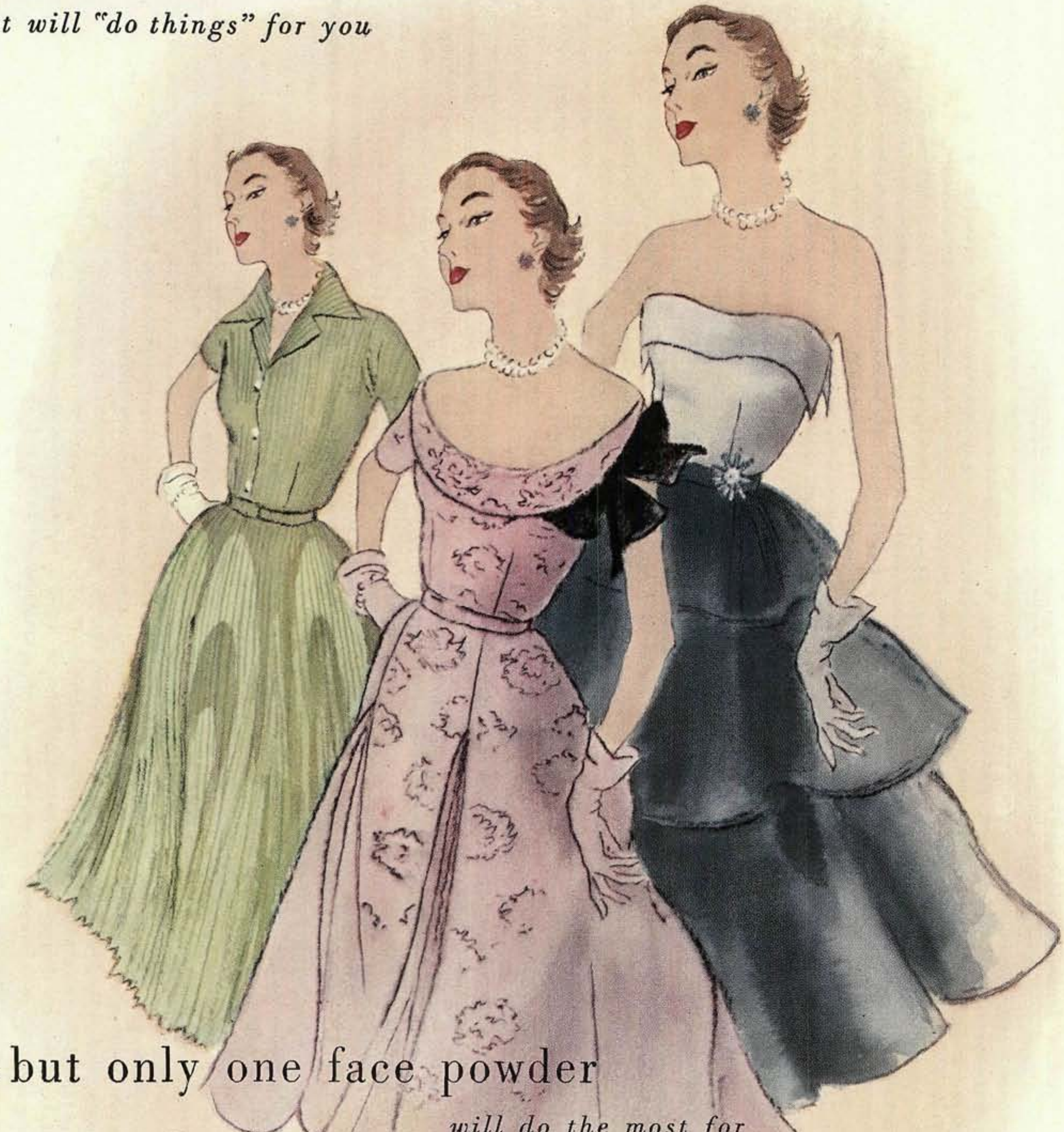

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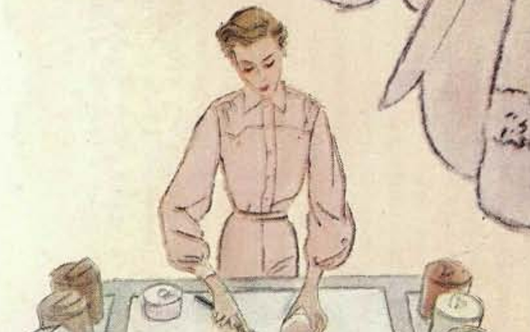

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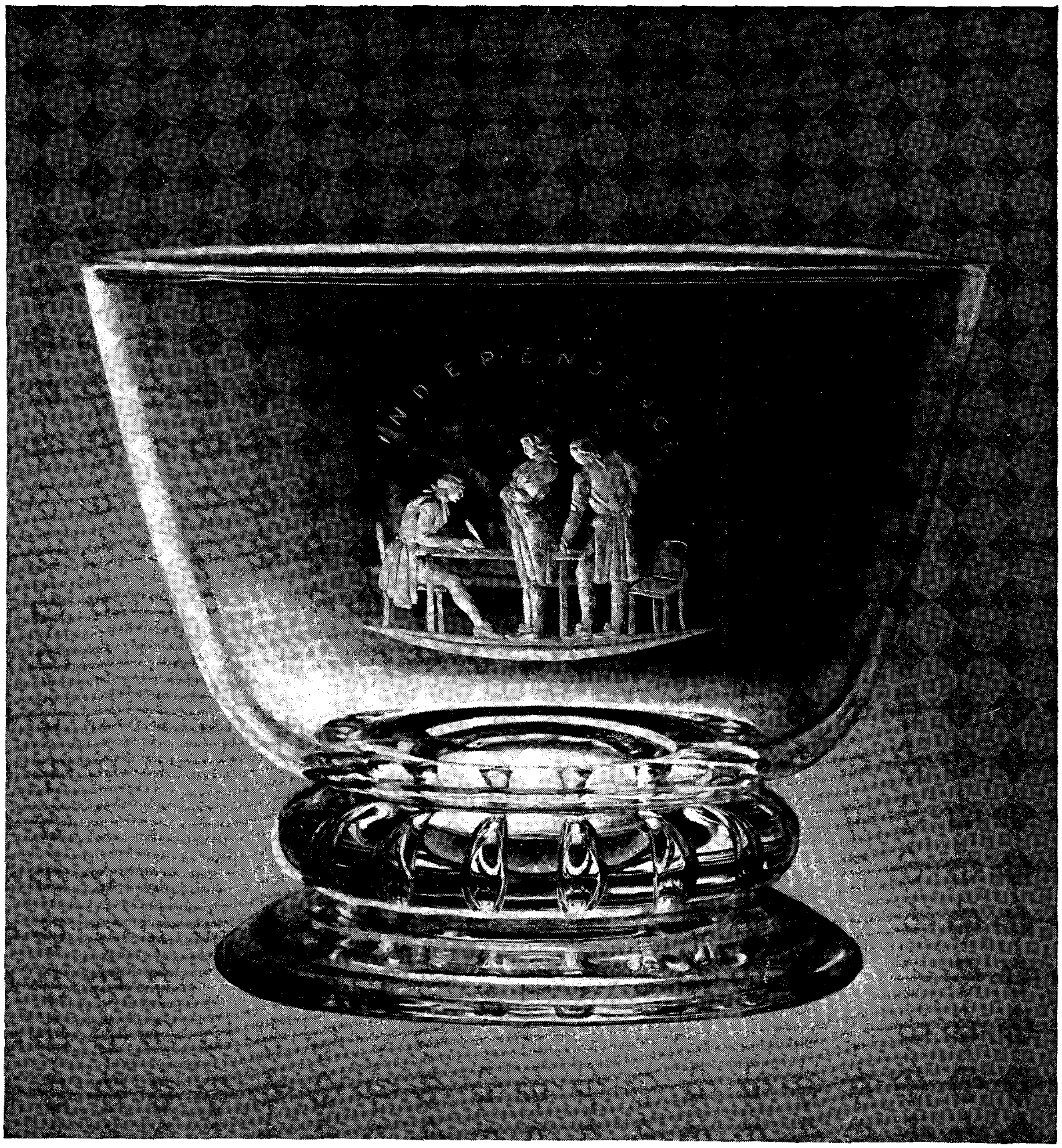

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their matinée schedules, because of Washington's Birthday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Angel in the Pawnshop—It's hard to figure out just what this fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin is getting at, even though Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken put up quite a struggle to make some sense of the proceedings. The play's most lucid moments occur when Willie Lewis settles down to tootling happily on a clarinet. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Lilli Palmer makes a captivating amateur sorceress and Rex Har*rison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in* John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

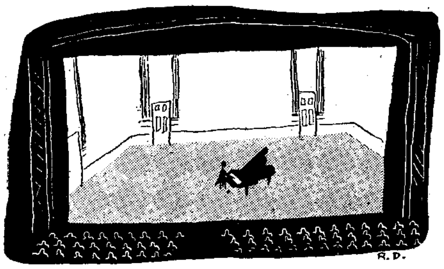
Billy Budd—Herman Melville's novelette about the struggle between good and evil on a British man-of-war unfortunately makes a rather shapeless and difficult play. Dennis King, however, gives an admirable performance as the captain who reluctantly causes the hero's death, and there are good supporting ones by Torin Thatcher and Charles Nolte. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Darkness at Noon—Sidney Kingsley has done a vigorous and penetrating adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about a former hero of the Communist Party who is tried and finally executed by the new leaders of the movement. Claude Rains is exemplary in the leading role, and the other members of the cast include Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peer Gynt—An American version, by Paul Green, of Ibsen's play. John Garfield, Karl Malden, Mildred Dunnock, and Sono Osato are in the cast. The fifth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call JU 2-2660.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
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The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate brown slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen Stapleton is splendid as this peculiar lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Second Threshold—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

The Small Hours—This play, by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, deals mainly with emotional difficulties in New York literary circles, and except for the superlative acting of Dorothy Stickney, it hasn't much to recommend it. The cast of twenty-nine includes Paul McGrath, Polly Rowles, and Joan Wetmore, and Donald Oenslager has designed sets for no less than twenty-six scenes. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Twentieth Century—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast of this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22, and special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Feb. 25.)

Long Runs—**THE HAPPY TIME:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The High Ground—Margaret Webster, Tom Helmore, Leueen MacGrath, and Ruth McDevitt in a melodrama by Charlotte Hastings. Directed by Herman Shumlin and presented by Albert H. Rosen. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The King of Friday's Men—Walter Macken, Ian Martin, and Frederic Tozere in a comedy by Michael J. Molloy, originally presented at the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin. Produced by Michael Grace. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bless You All—Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, and Helen Tamiris handled the choreography for this revue, which is good about half the time. The cast includes Mary McCarty, Jules Munshin, and Pearl Bailey. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the songs; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this

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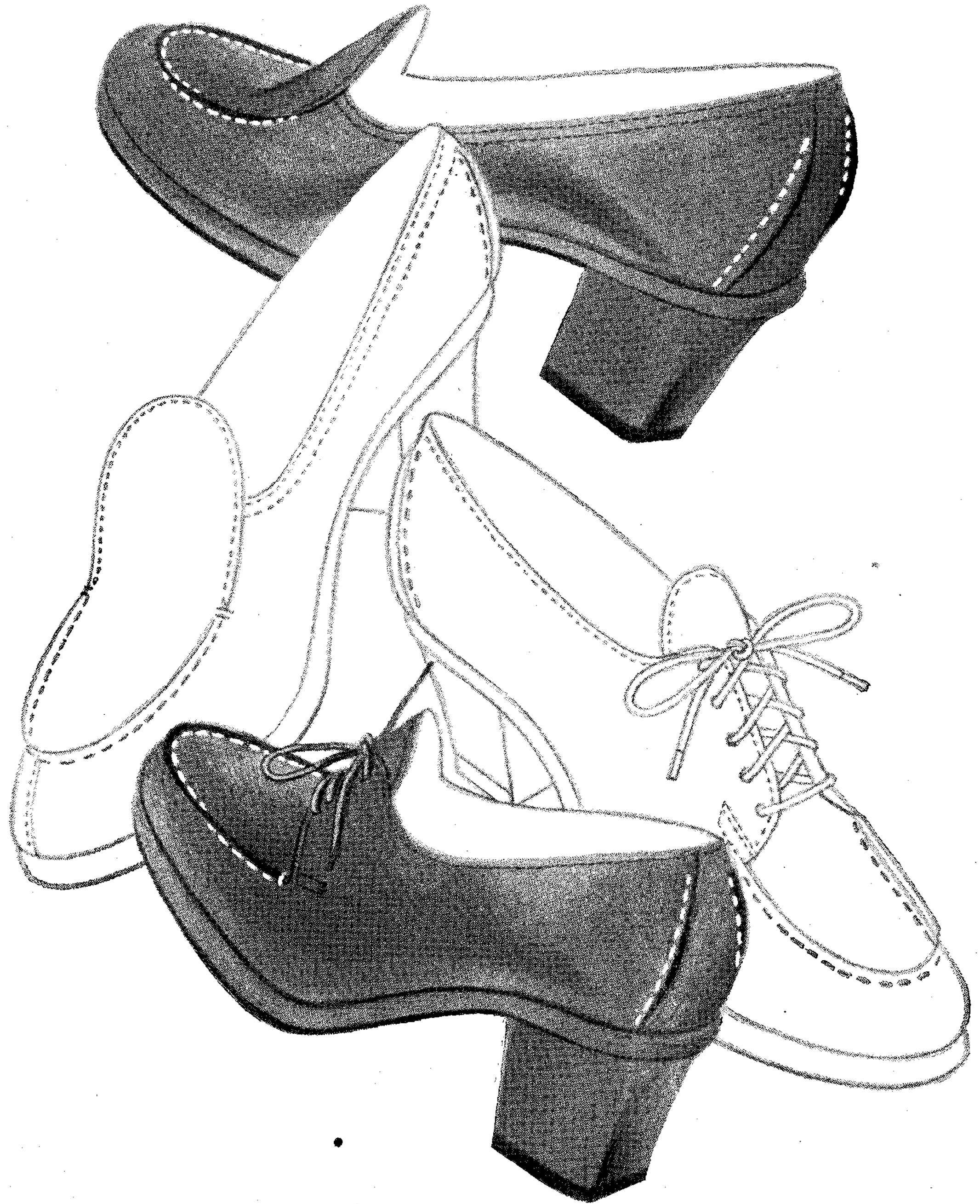

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Feb. 24, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22. Closes Saturday, March 24.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by *Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is* pretty much of a disappointment. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are *prominent in the* large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 22: "The Duel," "Serenade," "Pas de Trois," "Prodigal Son," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 23: "Illuminations," "Card Game," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 24: "The Guests," "Jinx," "Age of Anxiety," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 24: "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 25: "Divertimento," "Orpheus," "The Duel," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 25: "Mother Goose Suite," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 27: "Serenade," "Divertimento," "Age of Anxiety," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 28: "The Duel," "Card Game," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 1: "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois," "Serenade," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 2: "The Guests," "Symphonie Concertante," "Divertimento," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "The Duel," "Symphonie Concertante," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "The Guests," "Prodigal Son," "Card Game," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 11.)

MISCELLANY

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a revival of a musical that closed only five months ago. Frank Loesser did the music and lyrics. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. *CI 7-2887. Nightly,* except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22. Closes Saturday, March 10.)

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—The final performances in a limited engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with Darrell Fancourt and Martyn Green. Through Saturday, Feb. 24: "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

RAZZLE DAZZLE—A theatre-in-the-round revue, with sketches and lyrics by Mike Stewart, and a score by Leo Schumer, Shelley Mowell, Irma Jurist, Bernice Kroll, and James Reed Lawlor. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Madeline Capp and Greer Johnson. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra operates during dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of parading violinists. A black tie is required on Friday nights. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This old mink ranch is still on a seven-day week. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night. Alice Farrar is the most eye-catching bit of equipment and Carol Lynne the most stately. Dance music by Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. On Thursday, March 1, a new ice show and Bernie Cummins' band will arrive. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Annamary Dickey, owner of a stunning voice and a slightly *grande dame* approach to popular music, is in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Mario and Floria are the dance team. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, functions for dancing, helped out by a rumba band. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton sings to her own piano accompaniment.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jean Sablon, a very easy lesson in lovers' French, gives a clutch of new romantic ballads the once-over-lightly gloss that is his trademark. Pierre D'Angelo and Ana dance, and Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra discourses in the sumptuous Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Three Suns and Bernie Mann's orchestra play in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype, Ethel Merman's pawn in "Call Me Madam," sings for his supper in the opulent Maisonette. Evalyn Tyner plays solo piano during dinner and heads a dance trio at supper, alternating with Milt Shaw's band, which works all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, small, cozy, and in its best party dress, has Hugo Pedell, the débutantes' delight, as musicmaster. His band and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble play all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Dilson Petrey strokes a piano in the bar lounge, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Frankie Carle's band is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. On Friday, Feb. 23, Freddy Martin's band moves in. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This is one sporting event that hasn't really been affected by being televised. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Mindy Carson, an atypical nightingale who *believes in sweetness and light rather than* mere volume. Andrew Ackers, her accompanist, has dreamed up some beautiful background music for her. Johnny Coy shows off his soft-shoe routines. On Wednesday, Feb. 28, Joan Edwards, who sings, and the Chandra Kaly dancers take over. Emile Petti and *his orchestra alternate with Panchito's* rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Liberace, one of our most conversational drawing-room pianists. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a trifle blustery, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. On Thursday, March 1, Nancy Donovan and her songs will replace Mr. Liberace. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The enormous and faintly somnolent Rainbow Room is open for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Go early enough to get one of the north-window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's subtly understated piano is the main course at both dinner and supper in this lavish retreat. Sundays, Sam Hamilton is on deck. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue,* is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande is at the piano during dinner and supper. On Monday, Feb. 26, Ira Brant's trio will replace the Warren group. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH *2-4646): Spanish* jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed

Peck and Peck

Photographed at Ann Hagen by Palumbo

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Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the hyperthyroid school of décor. Closed Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 22. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a dinner party and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson, draped against Bart Howard's piano, is sometimes lovelorn, sometimes elfin, and always lyric. Jim Mahoney is at the keyboard during dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs, a tiny drawing room where, at cocktail time, Laurie Brewis plays piano; downstairs, Wayne Sanders plays piano at dinner and is later joined by Nicky Holden, a personable young balladier, and Nancy Steele, a real live pocket-edition singing doll, as well as by Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, banter, and folk music. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Frankie Laine, who runs a steady temperature of 106; Betty and Jane Kean, purveyors of an agreeable brand of foolery; and Copsey and Ayres, who are highly bearable dancers. On Thursday, March 1, a new conglomeration, topped by Billy Eckstine. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama, and silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, and other basket-party atmosphere. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy, going gaily to pieces at her baby grand; Arthur Blake, doing some salty take-offs of Hollywood types; Eddie Heywood's band, turning out good dance and listening music. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences, up to his knees in showgirls and used gags, does one of the neatest and most absorbing ventriloquist acts you're ever likely to encounter.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, Eadie and Rack, those adroit and witty piano duettists, are around after the theatre, except Saturdays. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier in the evening, except Mondays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Charlotte Rae, who's getting to be a pretty funny girl, and the songs of Hayes Gordon and the decorative Marian Morgan. In the background is the bustling music of the Page Cavanaugh Trio, and of Stuart Ross at the piano. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's new crop of humorists—Abbott and Dell, two smart cookies in the field of nonsequitur, and Faye DeWitt, a monologuist clever beyond her meagre years—plus those merry lampooners, the Three Riffs, and the torch-toting Sylvia Sims. Music by the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wally Cox, one of the brighter minds of the century, offers his high-fidelity impressions of what civilization has brought us to, and Royce Wallace sings down-to-earth ballads. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others make dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village academy, present Herb Corey, who does a splendid parody of Carol Channing, and Mimi Kelly, who sings. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mildred Bailey is on the job again. There are also Jimmie Daniels, proprietor of this jolly Moorish mosque, who sings febrilely; Alice Ghostley, who sings sardonically; and Hotcha Drew and Reggie Bean's trio, who make genial noises. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey prowls this bar like a young puma, uttering her invitations to romance in a throaty soprano. Ellis Larkin plays fetching piano for her. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy now and again recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set and Paul Lynd does some monologues. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon taking that old "A" train for a ride. Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A new temple of turmoil, with (after nine) Joe Bushkin's piano setting the pace for Sid Weiss, Buck Clayton, and Billy Rule. The interlude pianist is Art Tatum. Joe Mooney, long absent from our Left Bank, is at the organ at cocktail time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Feb. 28, Georgie Auld and Lester Young. The next night, the joint will be taken over by the Billy Taylor quartet and a group headed by Flip Phillips. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Feb. 23, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling will whoop it up. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Feb. 23), Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Conrad Janis's band will be there. Dancing.

SHUBERT THEATRE

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6, and are closed on Washington's Birthday.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ATHERTON—Semi-abstract oils, on New England subjects, by an artist who has not exhibited here for several years. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 3.)

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—A small but extremely fine selection of paintings and prints by the great American naturalist, plus some personal memorabilia, in a centennial loan exhibition. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through Feb. 28.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—A dozen oils, painted during the past year, by this American abstractionist. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 5.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Paintings, done with an attenuation of form that suggests Giacometti, by a young French painter. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

RAOUL DUFY—A display of European oils and gouaches, dated 1926-48. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28. Open Thursday, Feb. 22.)

FRITZ GLARNER—Non-objective paintings and drawings, somewhat in the style of Mondrian but with enough personal deviations to make them interesting. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Feb. 28. Open Thursday, Feb. 22.)

XAVIER GONZÀLES—An arresting set of oils and gouaches, handled more or less abstractly. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through Feb. 28.)

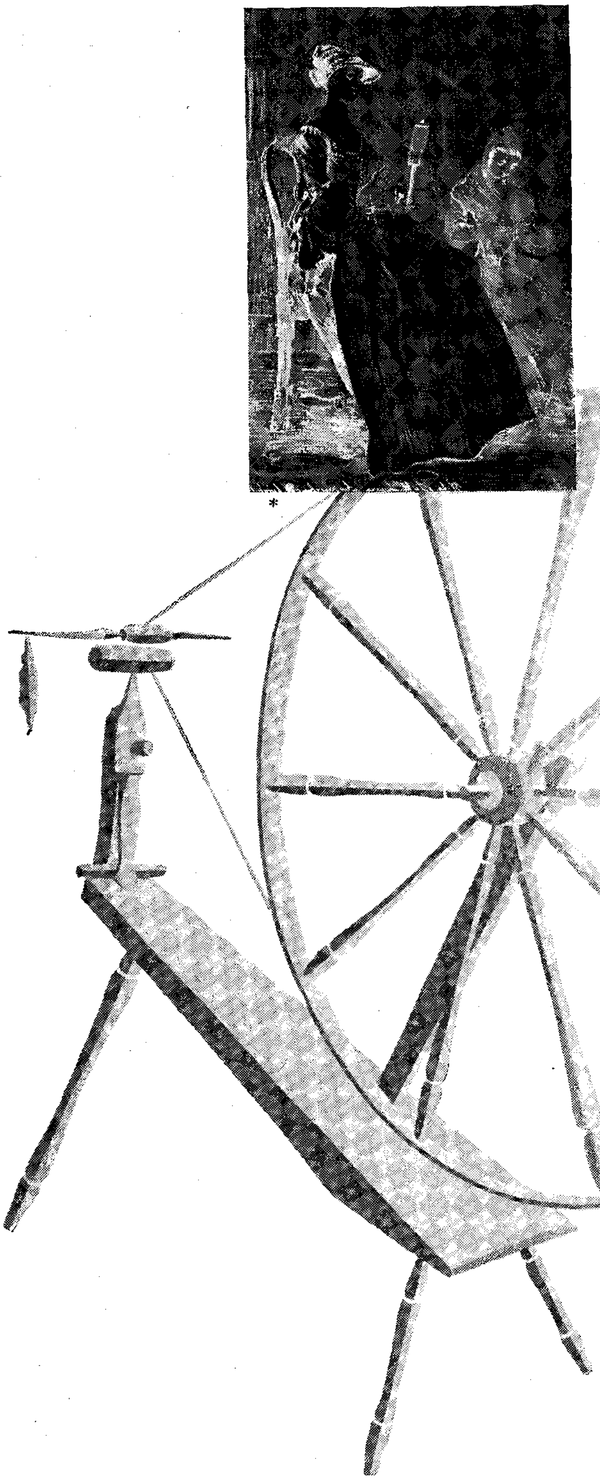
GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, among them Eakins and Homer, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Jean Liberte, of the twentieth; through March 3. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-second annual group show of paintings and sculpture, in which about forty-five artists are represented. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through March 2. Open Thursday, Feb. 22. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: A showing of work in various mediums by members of the art faculty, among them Julian Levi, Mario Carreño, and Chaim Gross. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3; through Feb. 28. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: The gallery's fifth-anniversary show, comprising one old and one new painting apiece by Leo Quanchi, Maurice Sievan, Charles Heidenreich, and others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Feb. 24. Open Thursday, Feb. 22. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through March 10.

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE—A show of works by the early French abstractionist, featuring four of his little-known sculptures, none of which have been exhibited here before. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

MAILLOL—A choice and fairly comprehensive collection of his sculptures, in addition to a number of drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

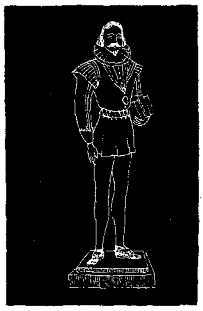
HOWARD MANDEL—Oils and gouaches, blending hints of the Flemish primitives with modern simplifications. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28. Open Thursday, Feb. 22.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Fourteen canvases by Picasso,



What The Spinster Knew About Yarns

It's a long story, and a perfectly proper one, going back over the centuries to when the gentlewomen of England first sat at their spinning wheels. These good ladies, wedded or single, were called spinsters. Their hands were busy twisting thread, their tongues, not surprisingly, occupied with what came to be called "spinning a fine yarn." This art implies a skill at elaboration and the fabrication of a product known as "the whole cloth."



The literary boys of England, from Shakespeare through Christopher Fry, have long excelled at running up whole cloth. British wool manufacturers, on the other hand, have always made the real thing. Their yarn-spinning and cloth-weaving is part and parcel of English history. From burry tweeds to sophisticated worsteds, no one has ever done it better. And no one with quite such a reputation has kept on experimenting and learning so much after so many long years in the game.

To meet our American demands for lighter weights and brighter hues, modern British wool makers have gotten together with top American designers. This hands-across-the-sea collaboration has brought forth some of the finest fabrics in many a moon of sheep-counting. For wearing well and that British staple, good taste, they are unsurpassed.

As one of America's most famous designers said (mixing just one more metaphor) when he received a new, mist-soft tweed from his British mill, "This is *really* splitting the herringbone...and both America and Britain can be proud."

If the lady's for wearing the smartest spring suit we've seen, she should see Pauline Trigere's cape-coated Scottish tweed at Saks Fifth Avenue. It's pictured in February 15th VOGUE on page 122, where the lady's escort is also wearing British Woollens. (We do beg your pardon, Mr. Eustace Tilley, for mentioning another fine magazine spinner of yarns.)

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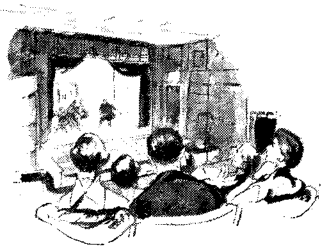

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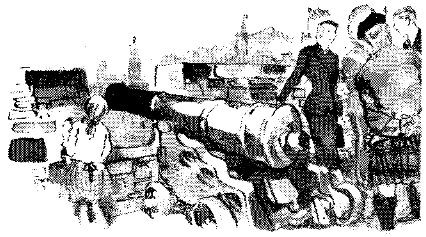

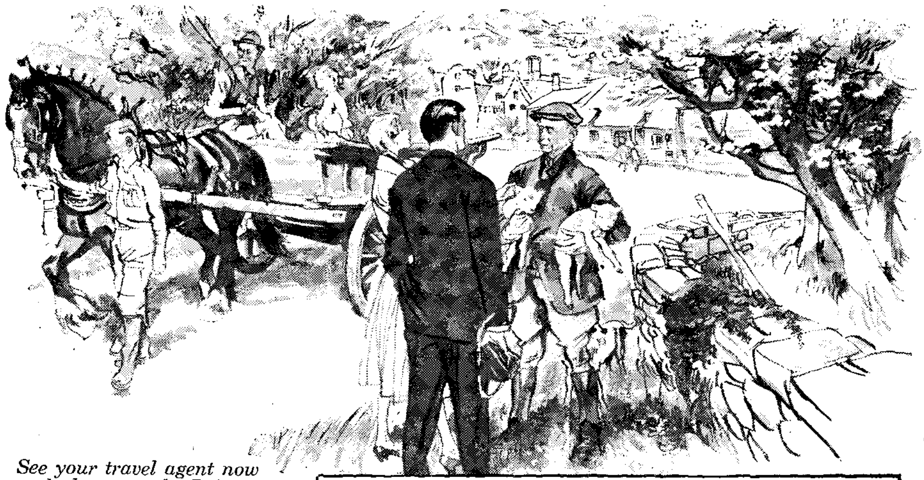

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dufy, Delaunay, Villon, and others; through March 3. Open Thursday, Feb. *22*. . . . **PIERRE MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Miró, Dubuffet, Tanguy, Matisse, and others; through March 3. Open Thursday, Feb. *22*.

MONDRIAN—A compact and very illuminating study of the development of his non-objective style from 1909 to 1943, the year before his death. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

ISAAC L. MUSE—New oils and gouaches, which show an excellent feeling for well-integrated design. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

BEN NICHOLSON—Paintings and drawings, grave in style and sensitive in tone, by one of the leading British abstractionists. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

PARIS PRIMITIVES—A nicely varied small retrospective of paintings by Louis Vivin, Camille Bombois, André Bauchant, and Jean Eve. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 24. Open Thursday, Feb. 22.)

SCULPTURE—The opening exhibition in the new uptown galleries of the Clay Club, with pieces by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe, Clara Fasano, Hugo Robus, and others. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; Saturdays, 2 to 5; through Feb. 24. Open Thursday, Feb. 22.)

WILLIAM SEITZ—New abstractions, calligraphic in style and done in delicate gradations of color. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

MIRON SOKOLE—Recent paintings, indicating a trend toward abstraction, in his first exhibition in five years. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 3.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, bright-colored and highly stylized, on Mexican themes, all of them treated in a generally engaging way. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 7.)

EMILIO VEDOVA—*The first* showing in this country of paintings, well organized in spite of their somewhat kaleidoscopic appearance, by one of the younger Italian abstractionists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: William Zorach; through March 10. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché; through March 10. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: National Water Color Society. Daily, 1 to 5; through March 4. Open Thursday, Feb. 22. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Emil Hess and Perle Fine; through March 10. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Rubens; for the benefit of the Public Education Association. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions until Feb. 28, when a display of primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada will open. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 22, from 1 to 5; through April 15.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented. (Weekdays, *10 to 5; Sundays and* Thursday, Feb. 22, from 1 to 5; through Feb. 25.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 22, from 1 to 7; through March 25.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of oils, water colors, and drawings from the permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, *1 to 5; through* March 11.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI *7-7460, for* Town Hall LU *2-4536*, and for

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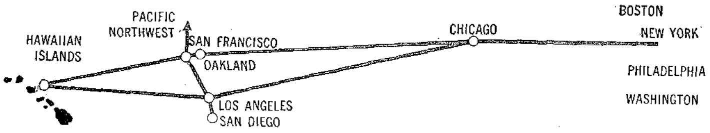
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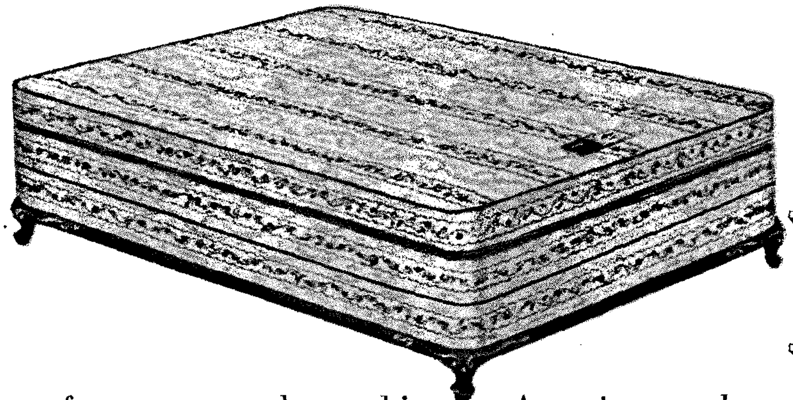

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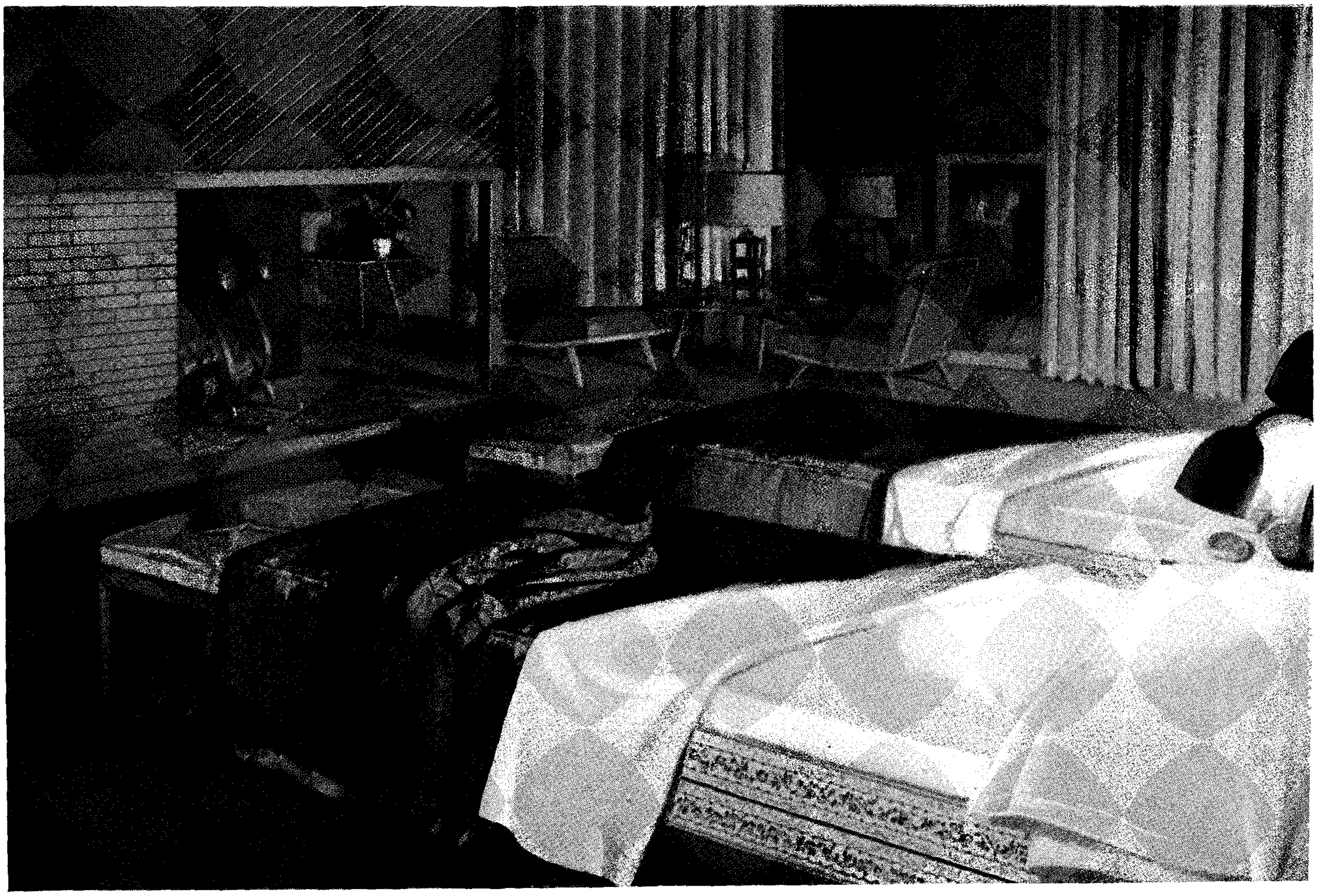

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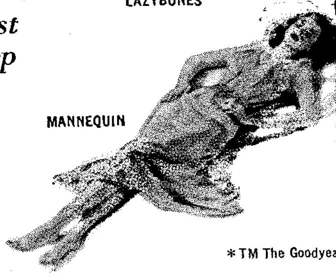

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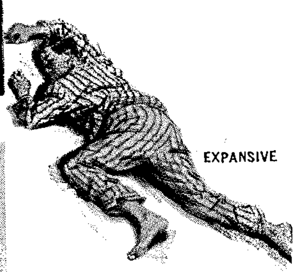

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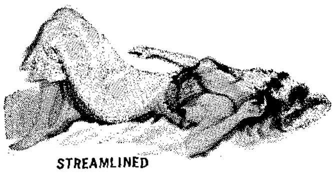

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Maria Jeritza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan. (A non-subscription benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Risë Stevens, Erna Berger, and Fritz Krenn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, John Brownlee, Bruno Landi, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A benefit for the Rand School.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner, Roberta Peters, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Faust," with Delia Rigal, Richard Tucker, Cesare Siepi, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Lucielle Browning, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting: Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 23, at 2:30 (both with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist); and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:45, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:45 (both with Eugene List, piano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, March 1, at 8:45, and Friday, March 2, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); and Saturday, March 3, at 8:45 (with Jorge Bolet, piano).

Old Timers Orchestra—Frieder Weissmann conducting. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Saturdays at 3. No tickets necessary.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—J. Vincent O'Donnell directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ralph Pierce—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Gordon Manley—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Nikita Magaloff—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Maria Kurenko—Soprano, in the first of two recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Paganini Quartet, with Nikita Magaloff, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 5:30.)

Raya Garbousova—Cello. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Bernard Greenhouse—Cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

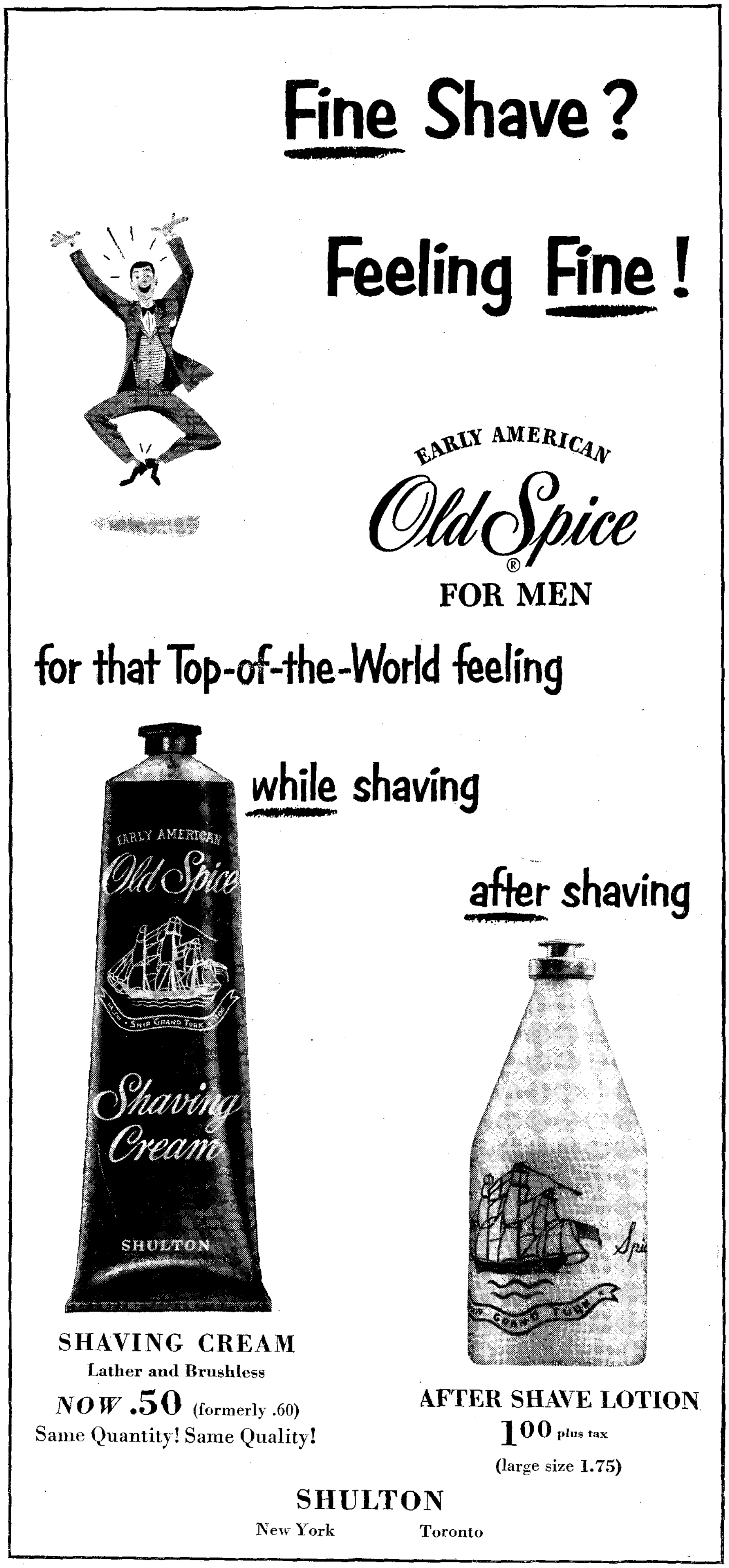
George Ricci—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Alton Jones—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Toba Brill—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

Jussi Bjoerling—Tenor. (Hunter College As-



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sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Note—Reginald Kell and Mieczyslaw Horszowski will give a clarinet-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 4, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 27, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Leo Tolstoy Memorial Concert—An all-Chopin piano program by Maryla Jonas, along with some reminiscences of Tolstoy by his daughter Alexandra. A benefit for the Tolstoy Foundation. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 23: Tony Janiro vs. Jimmy Flood, middleweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 2: Bob Murphy vs. Harry Matthews, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: Golden Gloves Eastern Championships.

College Basketball—L.I.U. vs. Cincinnati, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Lafayette, Thursday, Feb. 22, at 7:45; N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:45; and C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan College, and L.I.U. vs. Valparaiso, Thursday, March 1, at 7:45. (Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Manhattan College vs. Fordham, Friday, Feb. 23, at 9; and St. John's vs. Fordham, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 9. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Tri-Cities, and Boston vs. Baltimore, Thursday, Feb. 22, at 1:30. (Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 9; and Knicks vs. Syracuse, Saturday, March 3, at 9. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 7: Quarter-finals for all classes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:30 P.M.: Semifinals for all classes. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1:30 P.M.: Finals. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 24, at 12 and 8: I.C.A.A.A.A. meet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: Knights of Columbus meet.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE:** "Robin Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 11 and 2:30, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . **PLAY-MART:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **HANS MANN CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE:** "Puss in Boots." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

Tibor Nagy Marionettes—"The Frog Prince" and "Mozart and the Blackamoor." (Church

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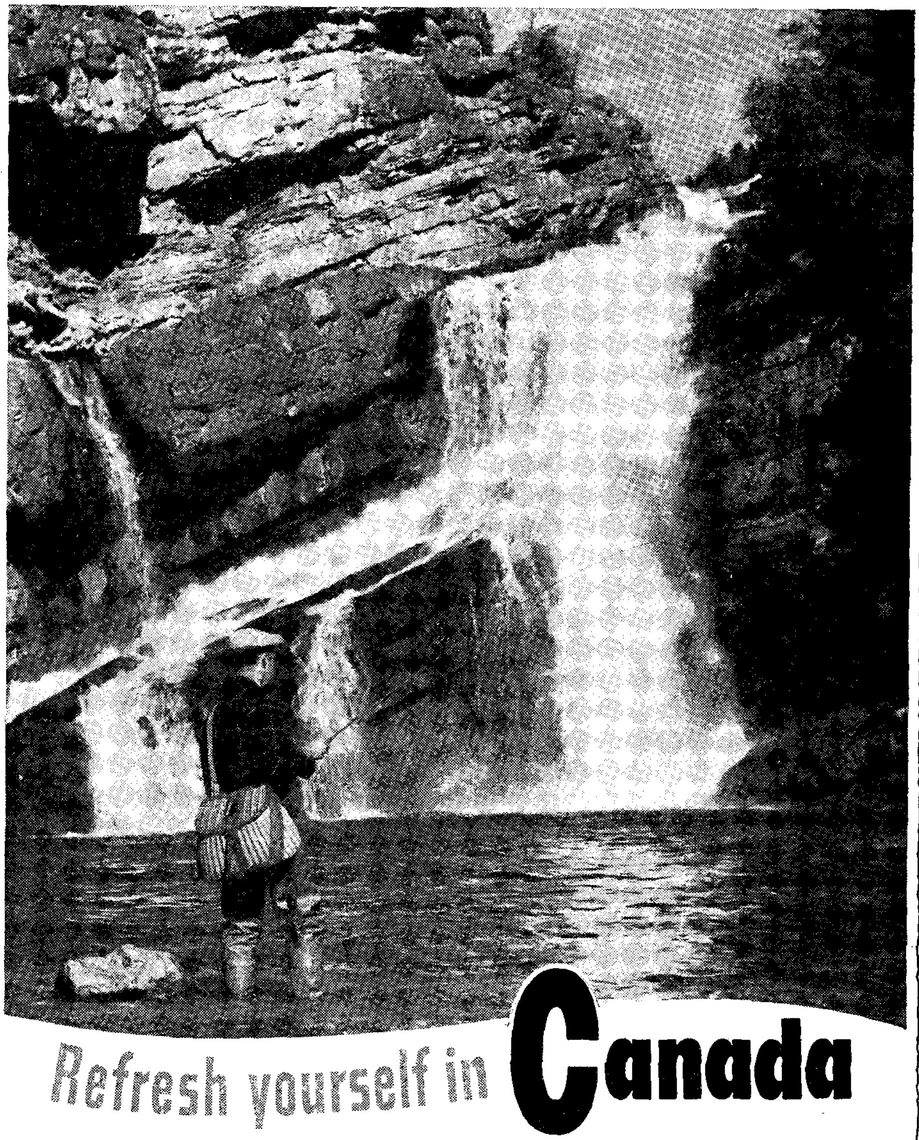

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Frog Prince" and a puppet revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Currently, the most active branch is the Trusteeship Council, which meets Mondays through Fridays, at Lake Success. About five hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. There may also be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S AND VACATION SHOW—The urbanite's yearly bivouac in the forest primeval, complete with demonstrations of how to hook a trout, roll a log, fell a tree, trap a moose, and mush up a glacier. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sunday, noon to 10; through Sunday, Feb. 25.)

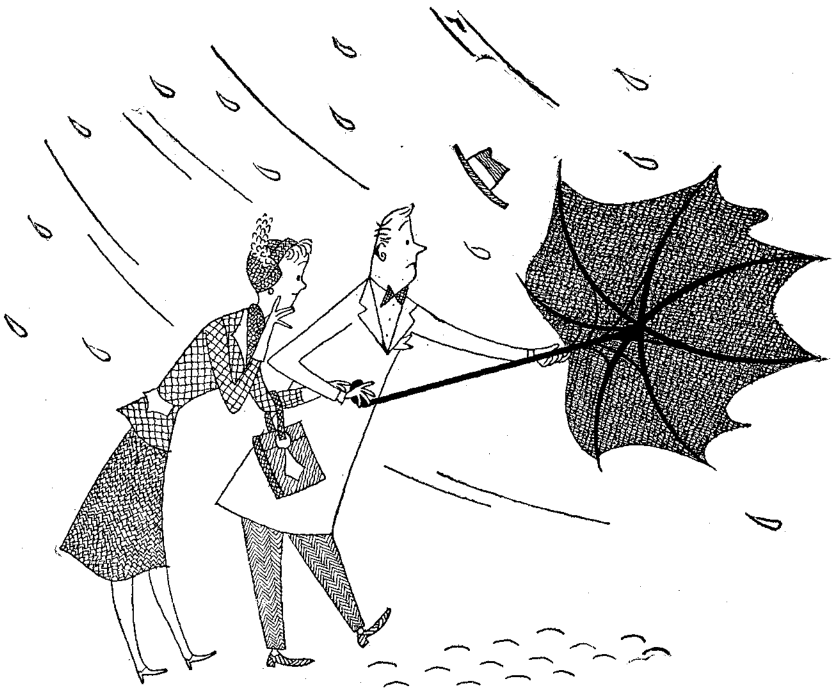
NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW—A mecca for Brownie- and Leica-snappers, offering exhibitions of the latest in still- and motion-picture equipment and techniques, plus special displays by the Press Photographers' Association of New York and other groups, and continuous instructional activities calculated to stimulate aspiring Daguerres to action. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Daily, 11 to 10; through Sunday, Feb. 25.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The February show is called *"Riddles in the Sky,"* and deals with such posers as why the sky is blue and why the stars blink. Starting Thursday, March 1, there will be a new show, "Easter in the Heavens." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 22, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

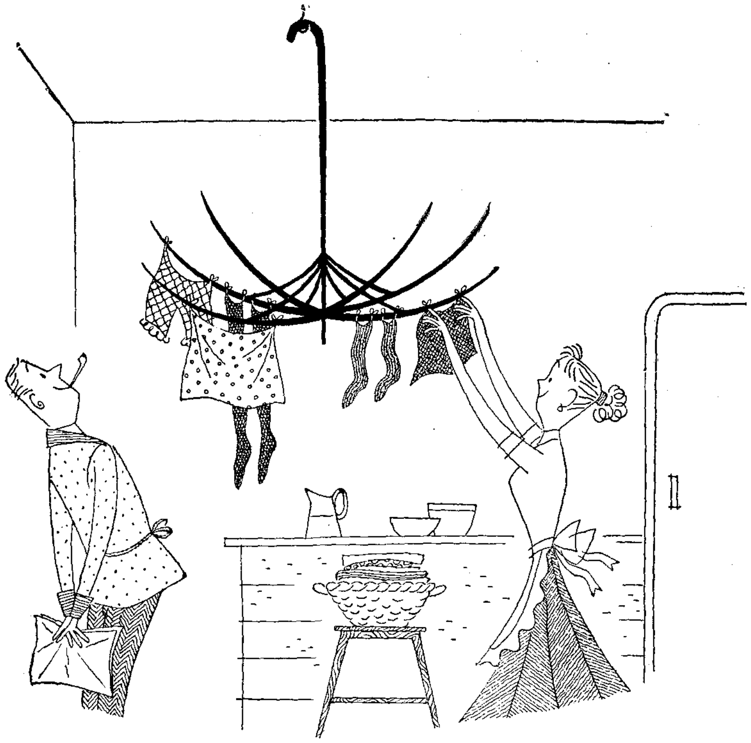
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English and American furniture and decorations, chiefly of the early nineteenth century, and Early American glass, owned by Mrs. Mary Ann Lorillard and others. (Exhibition Thursday, Feb. 22, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday, Feb. 23, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture and bibelots, along with tapestries and art reference books, the property of the Baron Roland de Fourcade and others. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, from 10 to 5. Auction Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:45.)

●

NOTE—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.



Some people can't think of anything but home!



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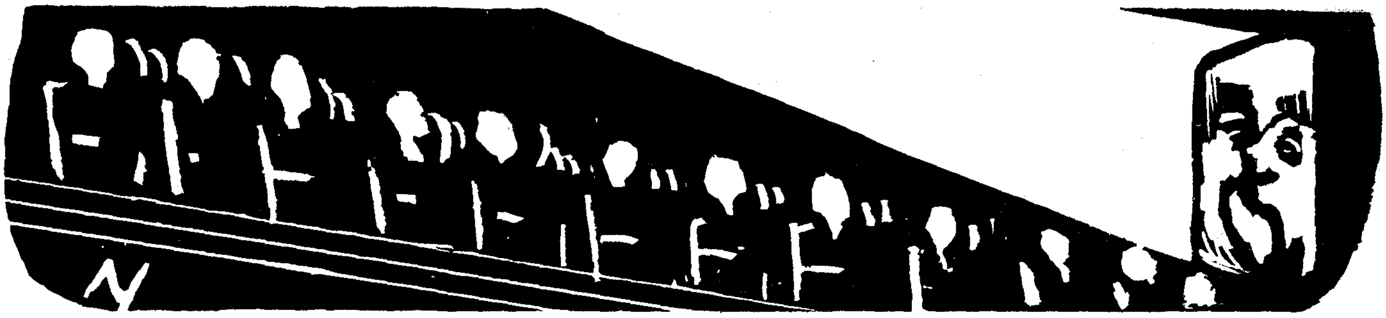
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—An account of how a young actress with sharp claws gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 28, tentative.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday as a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, skillfully enacted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 22, at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams drama, presented, without much alteration, as a film. An interesting work, though a trifle static. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 28.)

Halls of Montezuma—Richard Widmark leading a group of Marines to victory on an island in the Pacific. A film that moves at a fast clip until it pauses, toward the conclusion, to reflect on the meaning of it all, at which point it gets pretty confused. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Feb. 27.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—The dear old golden-rule days in a boys' school in England that is suddenly forced by the government to become coeducational. Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford are often hilarious as a pair of pedagogues in this English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 28.)

Harvey—The Mary Chase play about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit, faithfully and successfully translated to the screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Last Holiday—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. An entertaining British picture, based on a story by J. B. Priestley. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 24.)

Seven Days to Noon—An English picture that has as its central figure an atomic scientist who gets so fed up with his chores that he decides to blow up London if the British government doesn't stop making bombs. Not as suspenseful as it might have been had the scientist chosen a smaller target, but crowded with impressive evacuation scenes. Barry Jones plays the scientist, and has the support of Olive Sloane and Sheila Manahan. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The 13th Letter—A film with some solid virtues which undertakes to describe the results of a series of poison-pen letters upon the residents of a strait-laced community in Quebec. Charles Boyer, Michael Rennie, Françoise Rosay, Linda Darnell, and Constance Smith help make this one worth a bit of your time. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Trio—Adaptations of some Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely acted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Three short films by the French and Italian masters Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini. All of them are worth while, and Rossellini's contribution has the remarkable Anna Magnani in its leading role. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 27.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Feb. 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 26.)

Monkey Business (1931)—More Marx Brothers, here on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 26.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Feb. 27, tentative.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 25-26.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 25-27.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Feb. 27, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 25: "Potemkin" (1925), directed by Sergei Eisenstein, and "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1907). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 19: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Francis Lederer, Edward G. Robinson, and Paul Lukas. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 28: "Vengeance Valley," Burt Lancaster, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Under the Gun," Richard Conte, Audrey Totter.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Feb. 23: "Sugarfoot," Randolph Scott, Adele Jergens.
From Feb. 24: "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," Jack LaRue, Linden Travers.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott; and "Virginia City," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Payment on Demand," Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Cry Danger," Dick Powell, Rhonda Fleming.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE 13TH LETTER.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Feb. 22: "Call Me Mister," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.
From Feb. 23: "U.S.S. Teakettle," Gary Cooper, Jane Greer.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Tomahawk," Van Heflin, Yvonne De Carlo.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Feb. 28: "Operation Pacific," John Wayne, Patricia Neal.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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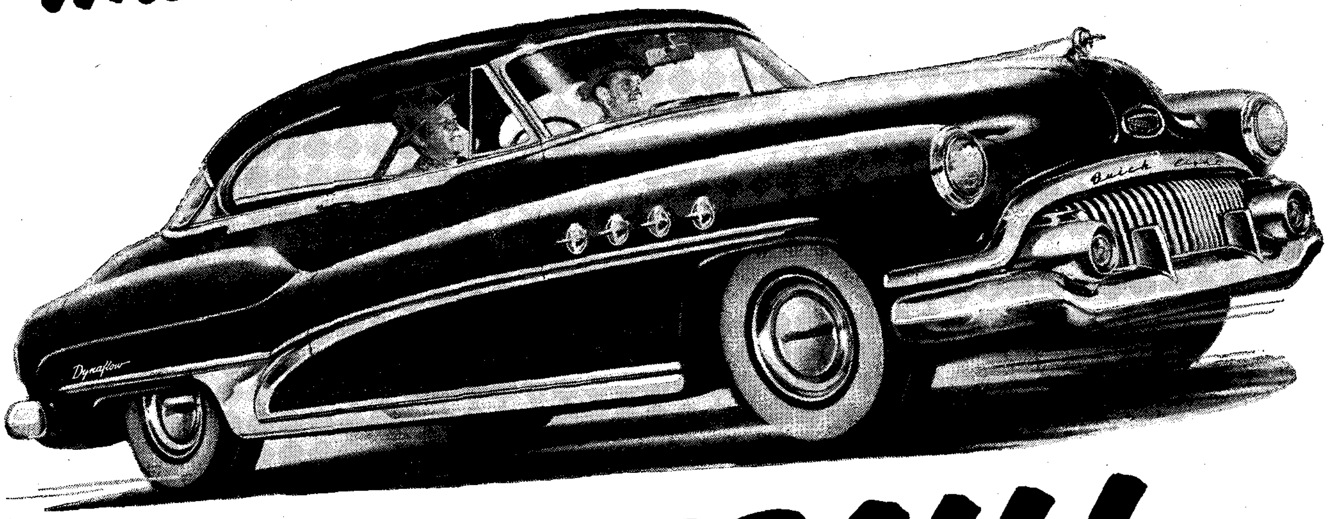

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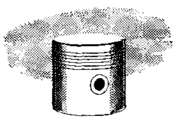
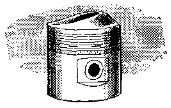


So the inrushing fuel whirlwinds into a compressed ball that adds a super-urge to the downstroke of the piston.



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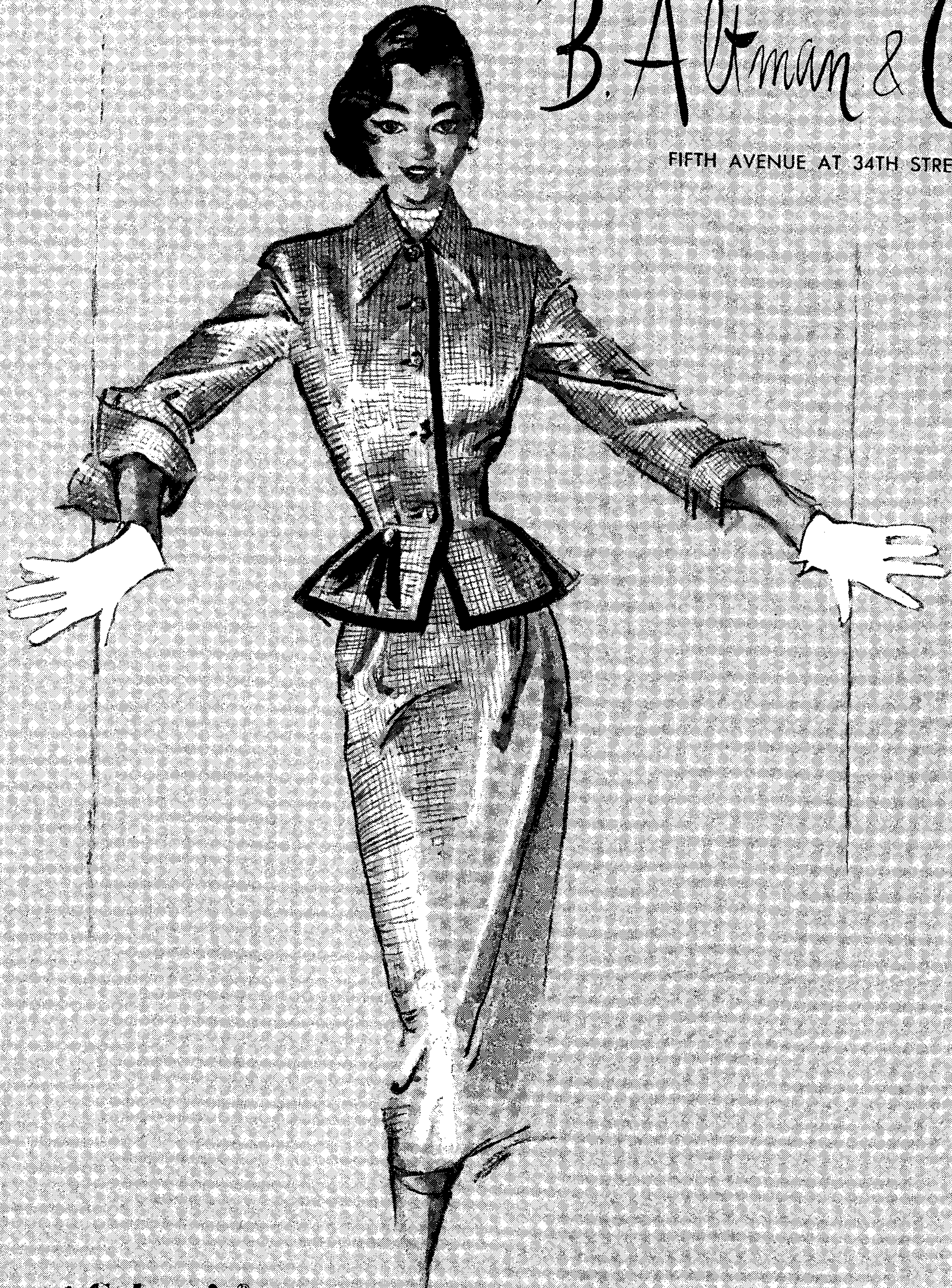

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MODERN medicine has led us down many a dead-end street, up many a stagnant backwater, following health's gleam. None of our previous excursions, though, can match last week's trip, which ended in a brand-new radiography room where the operator, a young lady, was unfamiliar with the new, bigger, faster machine and candidly admitted it. It was there, in that fateful chamber, that the old art of healing, long in decline, seemed at last to expire.

Strangely enough, our journey had started with a simple nosebleed the day before. The bleeding persisted, so our doctor suggested that we get the offending blood vessel cauterized. Obediently, we got it cauterized—a simple, early-morning nasal tuneup in the gay East Seventies. The treatment, of course, induced sneezing, and we sneezed steadily and happily while riding downtown to the office. As we stepped from our cab, we were suddenly stricken with an enormous back pain. (In middle life, the human back is spoiling for a technical knockout and will use the flimsiest excuse, even a sneeze, to fall apart.) When our pain failed to subside, we phoned our doctor and reported it, and he ordered us to start upstream again next morning, to be interviewed and photographed. This trip, as it turned out, consumed exactly five hours and wrote a new chapter in ordeal by radiography.

Some temperaments are probably well adapted to the role of guinea pig—to standing or lying in unnatural poses while somebody tries to get the hang of a new camera—but ours is not one of them. Gowned in the classic cotton tie-back frock of the X-ray victim—the frock with the plunging hipline—we exposed our bony structure for countless takes and retakes while the operator tentatively fooled with the new knobs, fought the new adjustments, and shook her pretty head over the new formulae for exposure. The machine, with its baffling wall charts, was obviously too complex for the human mind to grasp, and our sympathy at this point was with the girl. After all, we told ourself, it's no worse than taking a trial spin in a space ship, with Ed Wynn at the controls (and his bright, childish laughter at the takeoff).

An hour passed—with intervals of sitting outside in the hall waiting for plates to be developed. Gradually the idea assailed us that we were absorbing more rays than a Bikini goat. Our back pain was almost gone—just a memory, really. Our nose showed not a trace of blood. But our condition was bad, and if we had been running the joint we would have placed ourself immediately on the critical list and prescribed massive doses of whiskey.

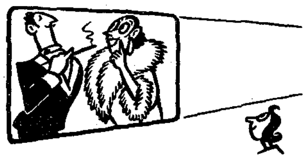
When the first two series of pictures failed to reveal a human spine, the operator called for help. A new girl showed up, and a conference was held, in which we were invited to join. "What d'ya say we just forget these *new* charts," murmured the consultant, "and use the old one that we always used to use" (the one, we presumed, that went with the other machine—the old, slow, reciprocating job of yesteryear). At this idea the girls brightened perceptibly, and one of them put the matter squarely up to us. "Don't you think," she asked, "that there's nothing like the old, *tried* formulas?"

We mustered a tiny smile and nodded, and she disappeared behind her lead wall. "Stop breathing!" she commanded, speaking through the slot in the wall. We stopped breathing. The vast machine, goaded by the old, tried formula, retched and wheezed and bored through us. "Breathe!" she cried. But there was no zest for breath any more, no grounds for inhalation, and we walked airily away, trailing the grotesque gown, along the endless corridor, toward the last dressing room.

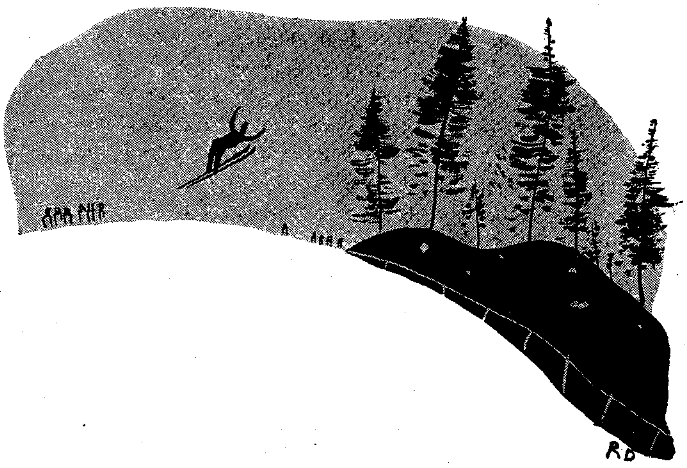
If any doctor wants us again, he will first have to start up the breathing.

New Star

MAUREEN STAPLETON, whose acting as the widow in "The Rose Tattoo" has abruptly established her as a star, lives, with her husband, Max Allentuck, general manager for Kermit Bloomgarden, the theatrical producer, in an apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street, surrounded by movie magazines and modern furniture. There, in an interview she declared to be the third she had ever undergone, we learned that she was born in Troy, never acted in high-school plays, and early in the war, when she was sixteen, worked in an arsenal. "I carted 'Present for Inspection' forms—you know, forms saying what was wrong with some part of a cannon—from one guy to another guy and waited while they signed them," she said. "I went to the movies all the time, and saw all these ladies wearing marabou, and it seemed the way to live. I thought the way to achieve it was to become an actress. There aren't any acting schools at home, so in 1943 I came here. I just wanted out from Troy." Miss Stapleton, who was featherless at the time of our talk, sighed. "Then the dream goes, and you got a profession," she said.



A gurgling sound arose in the next room. Miss S. disappeared into it and returned with a baby, which she proclaimed to be her seven-month-old son,



Daniel Vincent. She deposited him on a sofa, next to her, and, between coos issued in his direction, informed us that during her first couple of years in New York she supported herself by modelling for Raphael Soyer and Reginald Marsh and by operating an Elliott-Fisher billing machine for the Hotel New Yorker. Evenings, she attended an acting school run by Herbert Berghof. "Two other students and I shared an apartment in an old brownstone near Leon & Eddie's," she said. "There were lots of actors in the house, and three real respectable people, who thought we made too much noise and kept blowing their stacks all the time. We outnumbered them, though, and eventually they moved away."

In the summer of 1945, Miss S. and twenty-two other Berghof pupils put up a hundred and fifty dollars apiece to operate a summer theatre, in Blauvelt, New York, in whose productions they all participated. "We didn't make any money and we didn't eat well," she said, "but we learned things, and we made close friends and mortal enemies. Those you decided you didn't care for very much could go to their grave." Back in town, Miss S. collected unemployment insurance and continued to study acting. The next summer, she worked in a stock company in Mount Kisco. One day the following fall, she called up the office of Guthrie McClintic, who was casting "Playboy of the Western World." "He answered the phone, which I have never recovered from," said Miss S. "I kept talking, and got an interview with him at which I talked two hours more. He gave me a village-girl part in 'Playboy.' " Then came parts in other McClintic shows—the revivals of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Antony and Cleopatra." After that, she got a small role in "Detective Story." We asked what this was, and Miss Stapleton became misty. "So many people were running in and out of that play that you had to be related to them to notice them," she said.

Miss S., who got married between runs in and out of "Detective Story," owes her present job to the fact that she worked in the Actors' Studio, a workshop run by Cheryl Crawford, producer of "The Rose Tattoo." Miss Crawford watched her in the studio, had her read the widow's part, and hired her. Miss S. is not sure that the widow behaves precisely as *she* would under the same circumstances, but she doesn't care. "I just know it says in the script she loved her husband madly, so I try to do what it says and not analyze it," she said. Apart from her family, her only extracurricular interest is movie magazines. "In them," she said, pointing to copies of *Modern Screen, Silver Screen,* and *Screenland,* which lay on a table before her, "everybody's on the brink of great things all the time. No clouds touch their lives. Everyone is always smiling and dressed up and having a good time—it's like a fairy story. I bought two dresses this morning, real fast, because my husband said if I kept wearing the same old ones all the time, he'd never take me out again, but I can't seem to get organized. Max has an organized mind and I have a disorganized mind, and we just have to adjust."

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MIDWESTERN INTELLIGENCE: The Pillar of Fire Church, Omaha, Nebraska, is adding a layer of asbestos shingles to its exterior.

Anti-Nobody

THE Office of Price Stabilization for District Two, comprising the states of New York and New Jersey, is now open for business on the eleventh floor at 2 Park Avenue, and we stopped in there one afternoon last week and had a look around. On arriving, we found ourself in an anteroom set off from a huge area of open floor space by a breast-high barrier of olive-drab filing cabinets. A receptionist was seated at a desk, and as we approached, we heard a man mumbling to her about a friend of his who wanted a job with the O.P.S. "Is he an attorney?" she asked. The man said he didn't exactly know. "Is he an investigator?" the receptionist asked. The man said he didn't exactly know that, either. "Is he on the civil-service register?" The man said he wasn't sure. The receptionist said, "Brother, you don't know *anything*." Brother retired. Upon learning our mission, the receptionist referred us to Jerome Karpf, acting information officer of the local O.P.S. "Through the filing cabinets and as far back as you can go," she said. "You can't miss him." We walked past stockpiles of gleaming new mimeograph machines and through an enfilade of typewriters not yet out of their cartons, reflecting as we went that what will probably do this country in in the end will be the exhaustion of the paper supply, and finally reached open country and Karpf, a tall, thin, articulate man. He told us that he was once managing editor of the New York *Post.* "But newspaper life was never as hectic as this," he said. "I've had three desks shot out from under me so far this week. Can't find a thing around here."

We asked Karpf if the O.P.S. had received many complaints of violations of price ceilings, and he said that the number had been surprisingly low. "We opened on the twenty-ninth of January," he said, "and we've only had about two hundred complaints to date. And only about fifteen of them have had to be thoroughly investigated. Most of the rest were complaints based on misunderstandings of the original order. For instance, a lady calls up and complains that her grocer is selling tomatoes at three cents a pound more than his highest price during the base period, and what are we going to do about it? Well, we have to tell her that tomatoes, and a lot of other farm products, don't come under price ceilings until they reach parity. But parity is pretty damn hard to explain, even by experts. I keep asking people around here to tell me what it is, and nobody has come up with a satisfactory answer yet. All I get is metaphysics."

Karpf expects complaints to start arriving in volume after the first of the month. On that date, every businessman engaged in selling commodities and non-professional services will have to have on hand an inventory list showing the highest price he charged for each item on it between December 19th and January 25th. In general, that price is his ceiling price. O.P.S. investigators will make spot checks of business establishments to see that they're toeing the line, and if any violations are discovered, the evidence will be turned over to the United States Attorney. At the moment, Karpf said, the chief task of the O.P.S. is interpreting the original order and a flock of amendments. "We've got a good many former O.P.A. attorneys on our staff," he said. "Their job is to make rulings and give opinions to businessmen with special problems. That's a conference of O.P.S. lawyers and businessmen going on over there now." He indicated four men sitting around a table on the other side of the room. We were too far away to make out anything that was being said, but all four men were waving their fists.

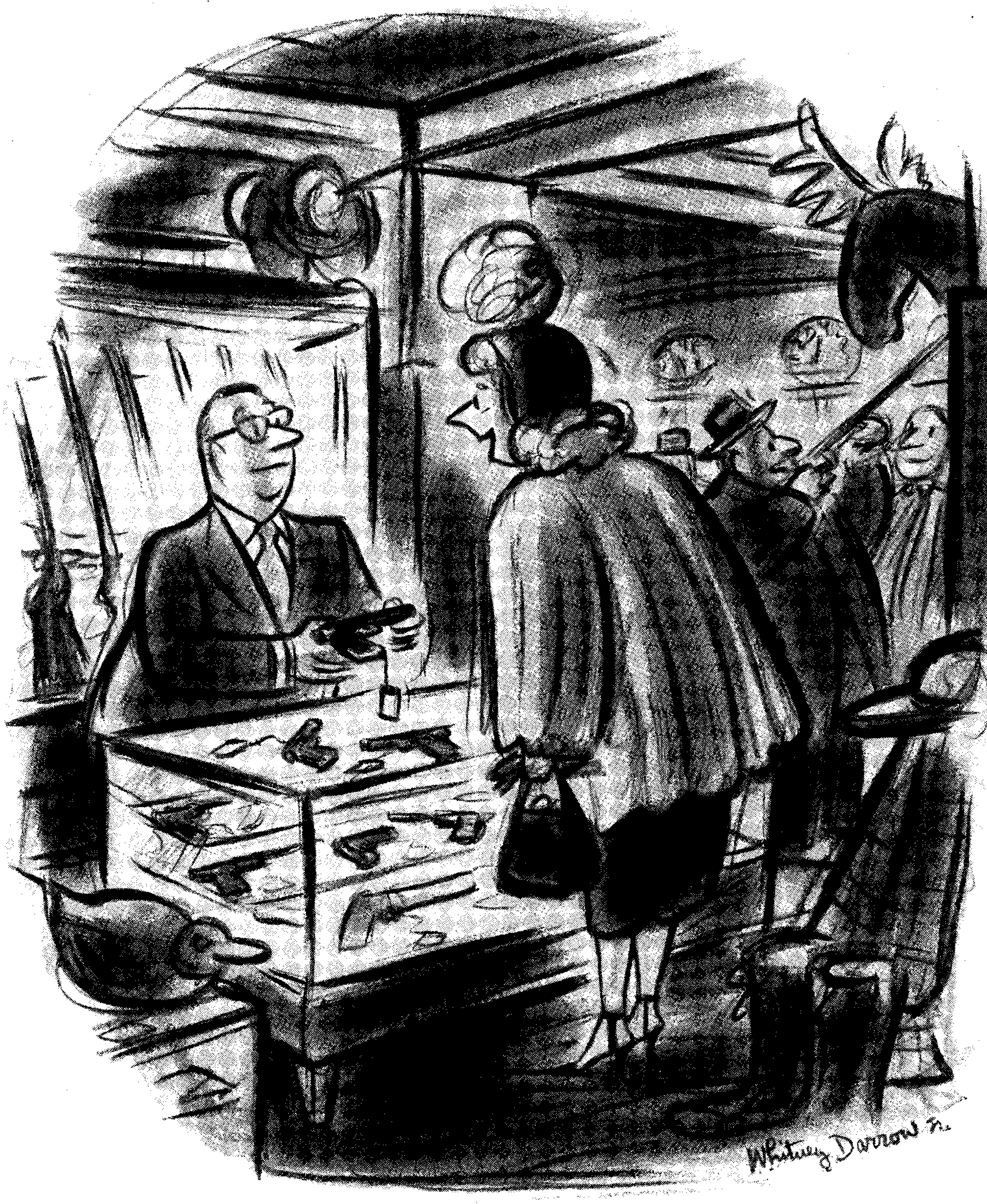
Karpf presented us to James G. Lyons, the acting regional director of O.P.S., whose partitions had gone up around his desk only that day. He's a dairy farmer from Monticello, New York, and a former state assemblyman. Shaking our hand, he said solemnly, "One thing I want to make clear—we're not going to be anti-business, anti-labor, or anti-anybody." Then he brightened up, told us he has a wife, four children, and a dog, all left behind in Monticello, and that he has been working night and day on his new job. He stays at a hotel near the office. He took a penny postcard from a drawer in his desk and urged us to read it. It read, "Dear Sir: The New York City Railroad Grand Central Station has raised prices in lavatory from five cents to ten cents. Why? This is a public necessity and as such should not be increased. Check on this at once and make them return the five cents." Lyons laughed and said, "I keep this around to remind myself that on a job like this, no matter how hard you try, you can't please everybody."

Efficient

YOUNG lady entering a Lexington Avenue shoe-repair shop asked if she could arrange to have lifts put on the heels of her shoes while she waited in the bar-and-grill next door. An attendant obligingly accompanied her there, established her in a booth, returned to the shop with the shoes, and then delivered them to her, fixed, twenty minutes and two Side Cars later.

Dog Trainer

WILLY NECKER, whose Dalmatian-dog act, which includes broad-jumping, hurdle-racing, leaps through hoops, balancing stunts on poles, wall-scaling, and obedience routines, was a feature of this year's Westminster Kennel Club Show, received us behind the scenes at Madison Square Garden, surrounded by his colleagues, Rumba, Waltz, Foxtrot, Tango, Conga, Spar, and Jitterbug. "Rumba is the mother of the six," he told us. "She's fourteen, and I ought to retire her, but it would break her heart. When I'm about to go on the road, she senses it two days ahead, and, as well-behaved a dog as she is, she goes crazy if I don't take her along." Rumba, who has been shown in forty-five states, stood on her hind legs and rested two affectionate paws on our midriff. "Down!" said her master, and down she went. "Up!" he said, and she and her children—two males, four females, all four years old, sired by Elmercroft Coacher, a distinguished resident of Cincinnati—danced around us in a circle on their hind legs. One fell out of formation and leaned against us. "That's Jitter," said Necker. "He's the one that always does things wrong. Scram!" Jitter gave us an arch look, made for a metal box marked

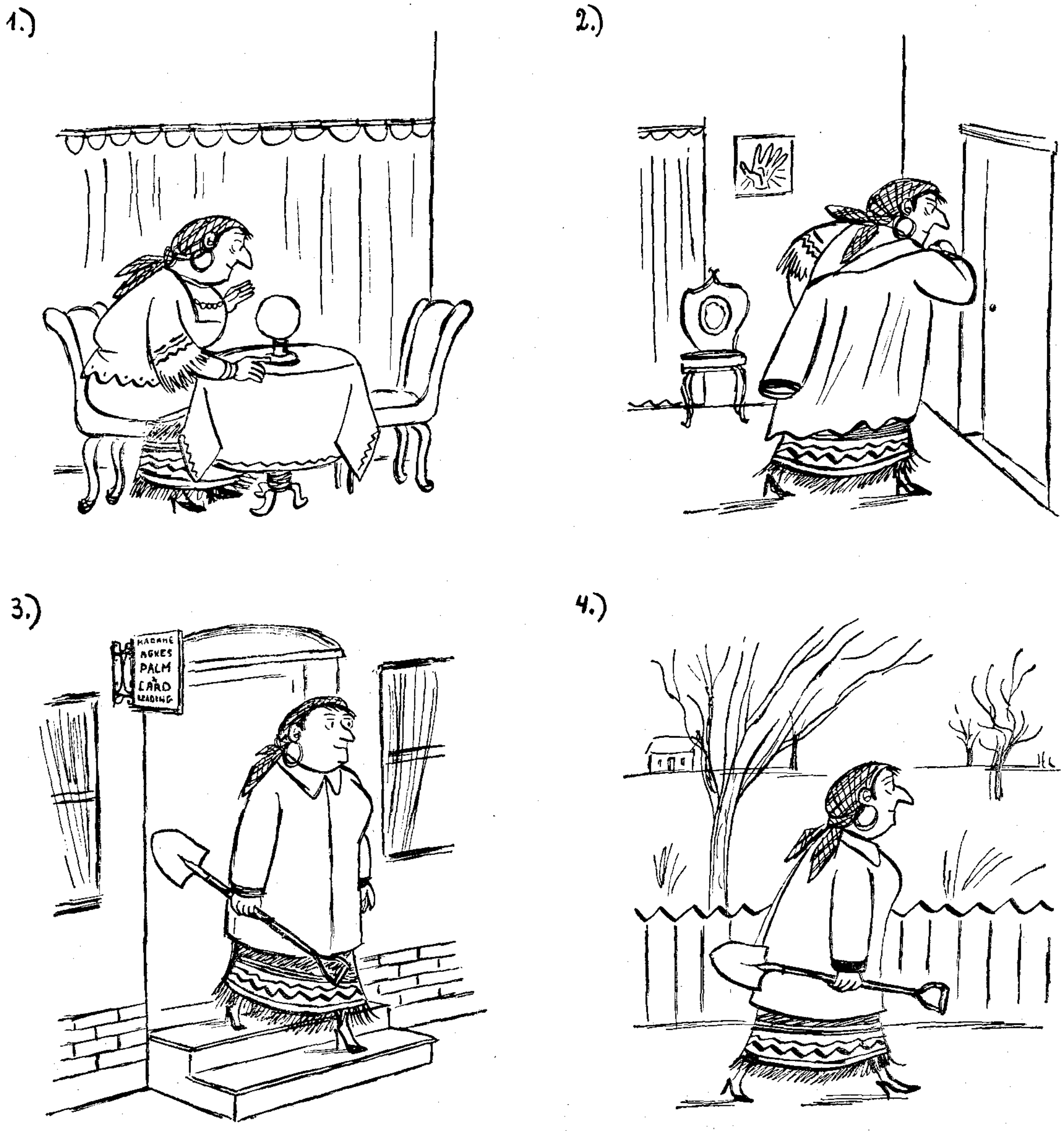

Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Do I need a license if he's a resident of another state?"

"*Jitterbug's Jug*," nuzzled its lid open, and disappeared inside. "He always goes *under* the hurdles when the others go over," Necker said proudly.

Necker, a thickset man with a sympathetic expression, was born in 1909 in Stuttgart, where his father was a building contractor and raised dogs as a hobby. Necker *Sohn* started training dogs at the age of fourteen and continued to do so while serving as a building-trades apprentice. When he was twenty, he emigrated to Detroit. "I went into building for a while," he said, "but I kept thinking about dogs, and I soon found myself connected with a breeding kennel." Specializing in Doberman pinschers, he began giving demonstrations at schools, clubs, and fairs, and in 1937 set up for himself, as trainer and impresario, at Wheeling, Illinois, where he now has what he claims is the largest canine training camp in the country. Its principal feature is a two-story kennel, a hundred feet long, that accommodates a hundred and twenty-five dogs. He trains dogs for others as well as himself, and he and his assistants have graduated some four thousand Dobermans, German shepherds, boxers, and Dalmatians as guard dogs, field dogs, and specialists of other sorts. His clients come from all over, some of them with strange notions. A Rhode Island horsefancier asked Necker to train two Dobermans to go along with him when he rode, one on one side, one on the other. They were to jump fences, retrieve any objects he dropped and return them to him while he was still in the saddle, and hold the horse by the reins when he dismounted. Necker fulfilled this assignment. Another client, the owner of an island off Newfoundland, had him train a dog to keep an eye on his small children while they were outdoors and pull them back when they went too near the water. During the war, Necker was a lieutenant commander in charge of the United States Coast Guard War Dog Unit, which trained several thousand Dobermans and shepherds as attack and messenger dogs. The majority of them were used in this country, for beach patrol, but some of them served in the Pacific. "A few attack dogs went after Japs at night," Necker told us, "but most of them merely worked with sentries. For attack, we trained them to give them initiative and make them be on the lookout for trouble, but their chief function was to warn sentries of danger. One dog like that is more protection than fifteen guns." We asked how these dogs were trained, and Necker told us they were exposed to the sound of gunfire and dynamite blasts until such noises no longer bothered them, and that then they were held by him on a leash while another trainer teased them by growling and making threatening gestures. "Then I'd say 'Watch him! Get him!'" he said. Rumba and her family burst into wild barking at this point. "They aren't really attack dogs, but they know a little about it," Necker told us, and went on to say that the teased neophyte, his leash released, would sink his teeth into the right forearm (padded) of his annoyer.

Necker has shown at the Garden twice before. His next big engagement is in Atlanta, in March. He and his brother Emil, who is his principal assistant, are travelling with the Dalmatians and the hoop, hurdle, and wall-scaling equipment in a station wagon; the dogs' cages are built so as to waste no space, and the props, which Necker built himself, fold up. He married a Kentucky girl, and she runs his Wheeling place while he is on the road, some five months a year. "The dogs love travelling," he said. "I wish you could see how they rush for the station wagon when we start on a trip. They know that some shows are coming. A properly trained dog loves to show what he can do. You have to be firm with dogs, but never mean. This is a wonderful country—all a man has to have here is initiative. Some of the nicest


1.)
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MADAME AGNES PALM & CARD READING
4.)

people I've ever met I've met through dogs."

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Forty-third Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 11:50 A.M. to noon, last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 15.

An Astor, a Pastor

WE were pressing our way through the *Times* the other morning when our breath was taken by an advertisement that ran, in part, "You've never seen a restaurant like this before! By the time we get through paying for redwood panels, flagstone floors, wrought-iron furniture, and a huge tree that reaches from floor to ceiling, the tab for 'The Californian' won't leave much change from a half-million bucks. . . . a Technicolor dream of a movie star's dining patio . . . a fabulous blend of redwood, fieldstone, glass, and imagination! . . . place may be lavish, but the prices are McTavish . . . Otto Kahn or Aga Khan, an Astor, a pastor, or a mixer of plaster, you can't pay more than $1.95 for the most elaborate dish in this dreamlined restaurant." Well, sir, like a fireman at the sound of a gong, we were off to the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, the address cited, and came to a stop before what the ad, in another prose passage, called "New York's happiest half-acre," and there, bigger, more dazzling than life, was The Californian—a gorgeous confection of redwood, fieldstone, plaster, glass, imagination, and multicolored stars flashing on and off. In a bulging show window, a dapper young chef with a dipper was turning out what we recognized from the ad—there was a lot to that ad—as one of the specialties of the house, "Our Fabulous Scrambled Egg Mountain." This specialty we later found described in the menu (a document that would give Mr. Toffenetti an ugly turn) as "Our own exclusive egg sensation! We take specially selected eggs, whip 'em up with heavy country sweet cream, scramble 'em in rich creamery butter, and then give them a secret twist of the wrist. . . . They're served with hot Cloverleaf Rolls and Butter, 55¢." We watched as the chef caused the eggs to mount into pretty little yellow spirals about the tines of a fork, and clocked him at no fewer than three Fabulous Scrambled Egg Mountains per minute.

We stepped inside and were engulfed by the redwood, fieldstone, glass, and imagination, the last mostly in the form of Formica, terrazzo, green plastic vine leaves, and stainless steel. The place looked exactly the way we think southern California must look, dream-lined and in Technicolor. Shielding our eyes, we introduced ourself to Mr. C. Joseph Steinhardt, store manager of the restaurant, who was completely dressed in starched white and had the air of a doctor awaiting an emergency call to Surgery. Taking us on a breakneck tour of the premises, which proved to have every imaginable gadget *except* an operating table, he laid down a heavy barrage of facts. The Californian is owned, we learned, by a man named Arthur Maisel, who also owns The Virginian, a restaurant on West Fiftieth Street; The Georgian, at Lexington Avenue and Forty-sixth Street; The Texan, now under construction on Lexington Avenue between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets; and Glorifried Ham 'n Eggs, on Broadway at Fifty-first Street. The last-named was his first restaurant, his humble beginning as a restaurant magnate. The Californian seats a hundred and sixty-eight and has a staff of a hundred and eighty-six. It is open twenty-two hours a day, seven days a week. The day we were there was its ninth day, and it had been averaging seven thousand patrons a day. This, Steinhardt told us firmly, was unprecedented, record-breaking, a smash.

"You know what we stand for?" Steinhardt asked, leading us down a flight of stairs into the kitchen. "Cleanliness and turnover. Thirty minutes for a meal—that's a long time in this place. But we don't breathe down anybody's neck; we just serve 'em fast. And no liquor except pink champagne cocktails. People who drink, they're dawdlers. We don't want that." He led onward. "Our silver-washer," he said, pointing out an intricate steel apparatus bristling with buttons and dials. "Our glass-washer. Our dishwasher. Live steam on everything. Ultraviolet-ray light on everything. Here are our refrigerators—full of Angus beef, strawberries, lobster. Ultraviolet-ray light. Over there is our bakery. Next to the bakery is the air-conditioning unit. Filtered air. Music. Chanel Number Five in the ladies' room." We asked Steinhardt what the dollar-ninety-five item, the most expensive dish in the house, was. "Pheasant chicken," he replied. "Result of sixteen generations of cross-breeding between pheasants and chickens. Meatier, tastier, tenderer than any chicken you ever ate. Here, take a menu. See what it says there. We deep-fry it a luscious golden brown. Serve it with crisp Curleycue Idaho Potatoes." We took the menu and tottered out into the street. It was a chilly day, but a large crowd was standing transfixed as the chef in the bay window piled up one Scrambled Egg Mountain after another on his fork.

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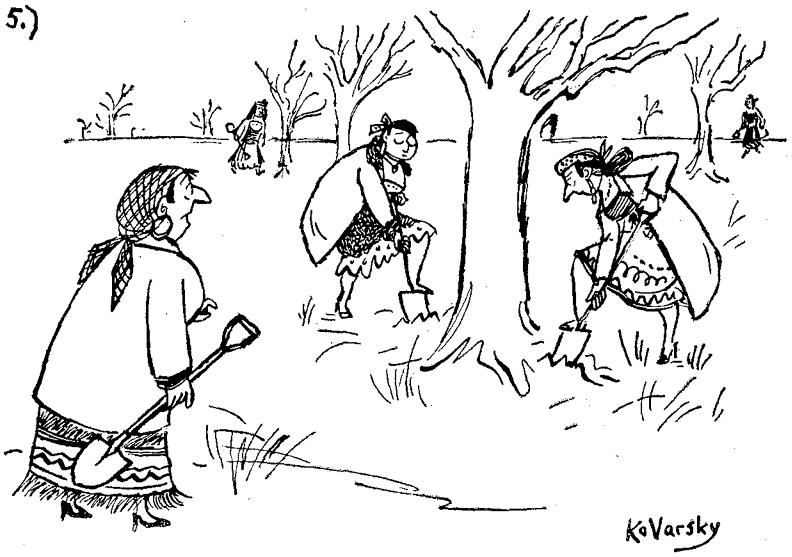
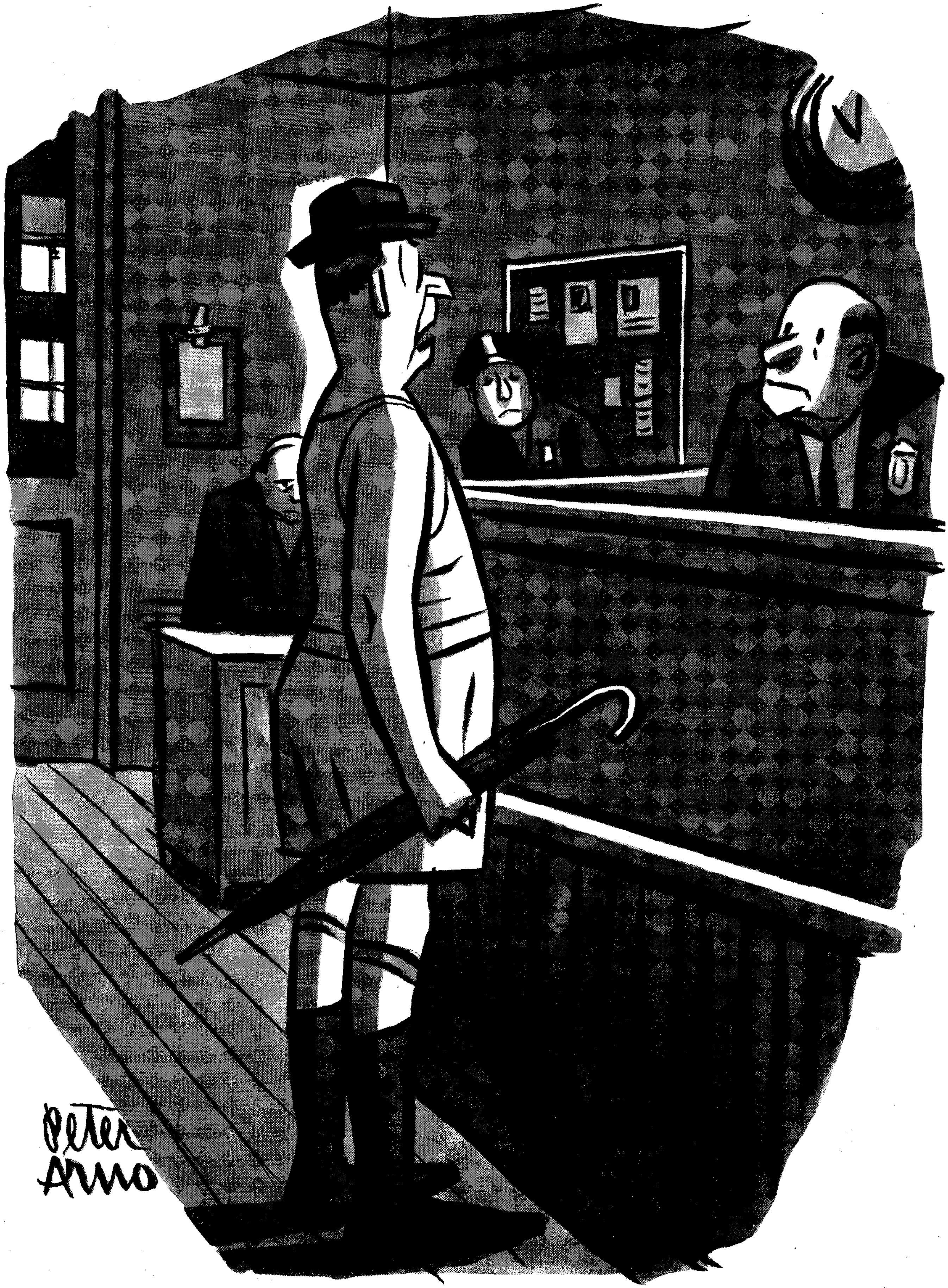


Nonessential

TO get background for the following, be advised that once a month, on a Saturday morning, the Westchester Country Club employs the services of a professional acting company to put on a play for children. Well, on a recent Saturday, for which "Red Riding Hood" had been scheduled, a member dropped his seven-year-old daughter off there. He picked her up at lunchtime and asked how "Red Riding Hood" had been. "They had to put on 'The Three Bears,' " she said. "They couldn't play 'Red Riding Hood.' " "Why not?" her father asked. "The Wolf got drafted," explained the little girl.



"Well, for one thing, he was just about my size and build."

THE ALARM CLOCK

IT was pure coincidence that the alarm clock did not ring that particular morning, but it was understandable that it should fail sometime. The alarm clock was a more important object to Will Drayton's family than to most. The youngest of Will and Betty's three children, little Tom, who was not yet two years old, was frightened by it, both by its ticking and by the possibility of its ringing suddenly. He would not sleep in the same room with the clock. Three-year-old Debby had conceived an affection for the clock and, unless prevented, would carry it around with her all day, cradled in her arms, like a doll. And Mary, who was four, was learning to tell time and welcomed any opportunity to turn the hands to various hours for practice. Betty tried to protect the clock by keeping it on a high bureau, but it was often captured and often dropped.

The result of the clock's breakdown that morning was that the whole family overslept. The children gradually awoke, one by one, but for some reason they stayed quiet. They sat amid the tumbled sheets of their beds with the sun streaming through the windows onto their blond heads, and when they were wider awake, they began to tease and play with one another, but they stayed in their own room and left their sleeping parents alone. Will didn't wake up until nine o'clock. When he opened his eyes, he felt oddly refreshed, and lay there happily a few moments before the brightness of the sun warned him that something was wrong. Then he glanced at the guilty alarm clock and leaped out of bed. "Betty!" he cried. "It's late! I've missed my train! The clock didn't go off!"

Betty sat up and stared soberly at the clock. "There's no use rushing now," she said. "It's too late for the 9:18, and there isn't another train till nearly eleven."

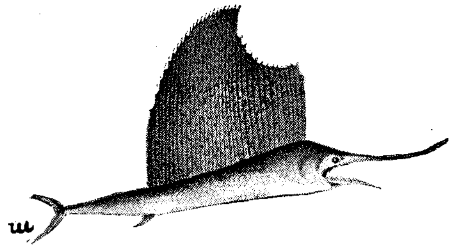
"Good Lord!" Will said. "I won't get to work until it's almost time to go to lunch." He lay back on his pillow and decided that if he drove in, he'd probably get caught in traffic and wouldn't beat the next train by a great deal anyway. He tried to remember whether he had any important appointments at the office that morning and recalled that Frank MacColly, the head of the advertising agency where he worked, had wanted to talk to him. The children, hearing their parents' voices, had set up a clamor, and Betty was putting on her bathrobe. As she left the room, she said, "Come on down and have a leisurely breakfast. When idleness is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

After Will had called the agency and had left word for Frank that he'd be late, he felt better. He dressed slowly. When he got downstairs, Betty was standing at the stove, making pancakes, and the children were already in their high chairs, drinking orange juice. "I thought we'd have flapjacks," she said. "We haven't had them for ages."

Usually there wasn't time for pancakes before Will had to dash for the train, just as there wasn't time for a second cup of coffee. Even on weekends, there were generally plans that hurried breakfast. But this morning Will had not only a second cup of coffee but a third. He hadn't had such a slow breakfast, or downed so much strong coffee, since the war, when he used to come off night watches and lounge for hours over the coffeepot in the wardroom of his destroyer.

IT was ten-forty, and Will had just put on his hat and coat to go to the train, when the mailman rang the doorbell. Will opened the front door and took a bunch of letters out of the mailbox on the porch. He saw the long white envelope from the Navy, but it didn't alarm him much, for as a member of the Reserve, he was always getting forms and bulletins. Still, since the war in Korea he had taken to opening the Navy envelopes first, and, after he had stepped back inside the house and closed the front door, he did so now. This time there were no forms; there was a letter. As soon as he glanced at it he knew that it was an order to go back on active duty. The letter said he had thirty days to report to the commander of a naval base in Boston for assignment to a destroyer. It also said he'd have to take a physical examination. There would be no trouble with that, he knew, because the Navy had given him a physical checkup just a few weeks before.

The first thing Will did was take off his hat and coat. Just as he finished hanging them up in the closet, Betty came out of the kitchen and said, "Say, you'd better hurry, or you'll miss the train again." She seemed genuinely alarmed.



They had been married too long and too well for him to have to break the news to her easily. He said, "I guess it doesn't matter. My orders just came in the mail. I've got thirty days to report for active duty."

He handed her the letter while he was talking, and she took it without saying anything at all, and began reading it. Not waiting for her to finish, Will went into the kitchen and poured himself another cup of coffee. The children were playing with toy automobiles on the kitchen floor, setting up a fearful racket. "Take it easy, kids," he said.

They stopped their noise for a moment and looked up at him. "Aren't you going to work, Daddy?" Mary, the eldest, asked.

"Not today," Will said.

Betty came in, appearing hot and flushed, the way she looked, it suddenly occurred to Will, when they had just quarrelled or made love. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

The children resumed their play with the cars, and Will said, "Better get Mrs. English in to look after the kids. We'll have lots to talk about and lots to decide today."

Betty went to the telephone and called Mrs. English. Will got up and went to a drawer where Betty always kept some candy. He gave a lollipop to each of the children. Surprised, they dropped their cars and unwrapped the candy. There was silence. Betty came back, saying, "Mrs. English will be right over." She sat down and Will poured her a cup of coffee.

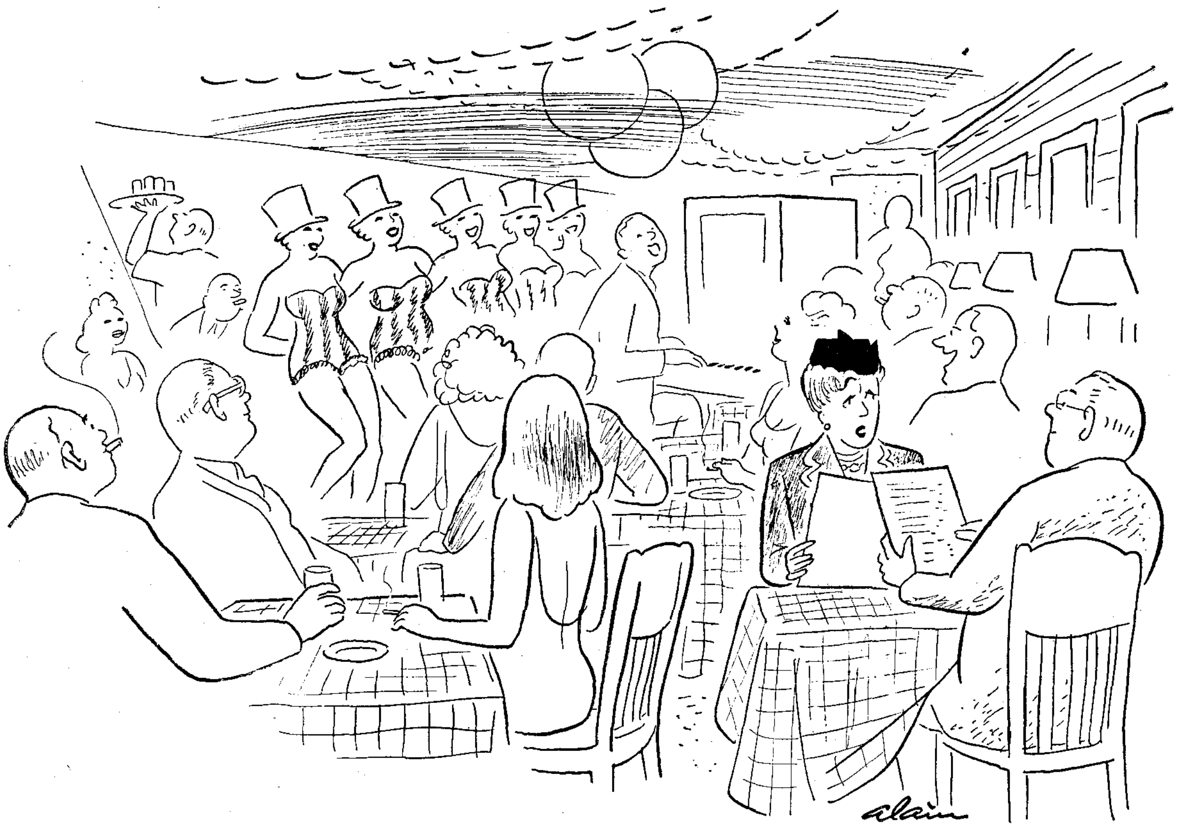
"I suppose we should have known this would happen," Betty said. "I don't know why we didn't figure it out when they kept sending you all those forms, and had you take that physical exam they said was routine for Reserve officers."

"There wasn't any use trying to figure it out," he said. "What we have to decide now is whether I carry out the orders or object to them, on grounds of family hardship. If I object to them, I could delay matters, but I think I'd still have to go pretty soon. Theoretically, a lieutenant gets enough pay to support a family. I think they've upped the pay since the last war."

"We couldn't afford to live here," Betty said. "Not in this house. Not in this town. We hardly get by as it is."

"You and the kids can go somewhere else," Will said.

"Can't they call the single men and the men without children first?" Betty



"I'm going to look at that book the minute we get back to the car. I don't believe Duncan Hines ever recommended this place."

asked, her voice higher and louder than usual.

"I guess there aren't enough of them trained in radar, the way I am," Will said.

After a pause, she said quietly, "So you'll have to go."

"It looks that way."

"But what will we do?" she asked. "What will the children and I do?"

THE doorbell rang then; it was Mrs. English. She came in with a lot of bustle, calling endearments to the children. Mary and Debby ran to meet her, but Tom had learned that her coming usually meant his mother's going, and he started to cry. Mrs. English always considered the little boy's performance a challenge, and even before taking off her coat she picked him up and started soothing him.

"Mother's not going anywhere, Tommy," Betty said. "I'm going to be right here in the kitchen. You go upstairs with the others, and Mrs. English will read to you."

Mrs. English, still in her coat, went upstairs carrying Tommy, and the girls followed eagerly. In the kitchen, it was quiet again.

"What will we do?" Betty asked once more.

There was a short silence before Will answered her, and then they talked for a while about what to do, both speaking with careful matter-of-factness. "We'll get you situated somewhere else," Will said. "It doesn't make much difference where, because whatever ship I'm sent to probably won't be near any one port long. Even if it is based in the States, you couldn't afford to follow me around with three kids, and if you could, it would be bad for them. I want to get you a place where you'll be comfortable. We can sell this one, or rent it."

"Would you rather sell it or rent it?" Betty asked.

"Rent it, I think," Will answered. "When I get back, we'll want to be near New York again, and, after all, we spent a long time planning it. If we rent it furnished, we can get about four times what we pay on the mortgage. That and what I can send you will give you a fair income."

"All right," she said. "Where could we go?"

"Do you want to go back to your mother's, like last time?" Will asked.

"Mother's pretty old now," Betty said. "She doesn't really have room, and the kids wear her out. Maybe I ought to try to keep the kids in the country someplace. It would be good for them. It would be cheaper, too."

"I was thinking of that," Will said.

"It's funny," Betty went on. "We have so many friends and relatives, and I can't think of any I really want to move in on. I think I'd like to find some little town. It wouldn't be long before we made friends, and when you got leave, you could come see us."

"It's lucky you make friends so easily," Will said. "When we moved here, it wasn't a month before you knew everybody on the block."

"We'll be fine," Betty said. "We'll just have to find a good place, that's all. But there's so much to do first. Couldn't you get extra time?"

"Probably," he said. "But it's not going to help to keep putting it off. Anyway, I kind of like the idea of not asking for favors."

They were quiet again for a moment. Then they reached simultaneously for cigarettes, and Will lit a match and held it for both of them. "How about going where it's warm all year round?" he asked. "You'd save on fuel and clothes."

"I've never liked the South much," Betty said, "but I guess it would be easier. Maybe we could try the Southwest. I've always wanted to go there."

"Sure!" he said. "You could pick a small town—not deep country and not a city. Some place where you could walk to a shopping center and have schools and a doctor."

"We could just start West and drive around until we find a place we like," she said.

"When do you want to start?" he asked.

"As soon as we can," Betty said. "Now! It would be awful hanging around here. We're supposed to go to the party at the Hanleys' Saturday, and—I don't know—it would make me feel lousy. People would be telling us how sorry they were and asking if they could help. It would be a terrible mess. If we're going to go, let's go. Let's dive in and get it over with."

"I want to get moving, too," Will said. "If we start right now, we might have a week or two in the new place just to sit around. We could have a sort of a vacation."

"How soon can we go?" she asked.

"I don't think Frank will try to hold me to the job," he said. "I can get somebody to rent the place for us. It ought to be somebody here in town, who can really watch over things. You know, I bet Ralph would do it. He used to be in the real-estate business, and he's been anxious to do me a favor. I helped him get the job he's got now. We can put the house in his hands, and we can have Mrs. English ship us anything we need. All we have to do is pack some clothes, get in the car, and go. I can come back a day or so early and tie up the tag ends here. Let's get out of here tomorrow!"

She looked eager and as if she were somehow relieved by the prospect of such haste. And Will himself felt a sudden urgency to be off—a need to dispel some of the tension rising in them both, by plunging headlong into the confusion of departure.

"We've got to get some cash for the trip and for starting out in a new place," Betty said.

"I'll see to it," Will said. "Frank will probably pay me up to the end of the month. Maybe he'll give me an extra month's pay, or something. We'll get by. I guess I better drive to town right now and get the physical exam out of the way and wind things up at the office."

He went to the front hall, got his hat and coat out of the closet again, called over his shoulder, "I'll be back as soon as I can," and went out to the car they had bought only five months before. It was a nice car, the first brand-new one Will had ever bought, and he had a lot of affection for it. He backed it carefully out of the garage and drove off toward New York.

THE Navy doctor did not take long with the physical examination when he saw on Will's record that he had recently had one. Afterward, Will went to his office. Miss Emmery, his secretary, teased him about being so late. He glanced at four notes on his desk, reporting telephone calls he had missed, tossed them aside, and called his boss on the interoffice communication system. Frank MacColly's mild voice answered, "Yes?"

"This is Will, Frank. Can I come in to see you?"

"Sure, come on in," Frank said. "Have some trouble this morning?"

Ordinarily, Will would have tried hard to interpret the inflection of that question. Everybody in the office spent a lot of time trying to read the meanings of Frank's inflections, but never very successfully, and it was only after people got raises or got fired that they could look back and see what Frank had meant on various occasions. This time, Will rather enjoyed the sensation of not having to worry about just what the hell Frank really had meant by his inflection. The thought entered his head that he might say something bitter or dramatic about why he was late, but he wasn't really tempted, and all he said was "I'll see you in a second."

Frank's office was just down the hall. It was an extremely ornate office, with walnut panelling and a desk almost as big as a billiard table, and though Frank insisted that the desk was necessary to impress clients, he made no pretense of not relishing it hugely himself. He was a heavy, big-boned, gray-haired man who, in his more expansive moods, would sit in his gaudy surroundings with his feet on his desk and tell ribald stories about his experiences while working his way through college and up through business. "I believed in Horatio Alger," he would say, "but my methods were my own."

Now Will found Frank with his feet on his desk, and knew he must be in a good humor. His hair was rumpled and his florid face was beaming. He had on silvery socks, the like of which Will had never seen before. "I think we have a chance to get a big new account," he said to Will.

The way Frank looked, Will found himself hating to bring up an unpleasant subject. "I'm afraid I won't be much use to you on it," he said. "I've got to go back in the Navy."

Frank took his feet off his desk. "When?" he asked.

"Thirty days, and in the meantime I've got to get rid of my house and find a place for my family to stay."

"Jesus, I'm sorry!" Frank said.

Will saw that his face had lost some of its cheerful hue, and, with mild astonishment, thought, "The old man really *is* sorry."

"Sit down," Frank said.

Will sat down, and while he lit a cigarette, he felt Frank's eyes on him. For the first time in his life, he felt perfectly at ease under the old man's scrutiny. "Don't worry about the office," Frank said. "Your girl can help one of the other men take over your accounts. You can leave any time you want to."

"I guess I better leave this morning," Will said. "I have an awful lot to do."

"Jesus, I'm sorry!" Frank said again, and there was a pause. Then, "How are you going to be fixed for money?" he asked.

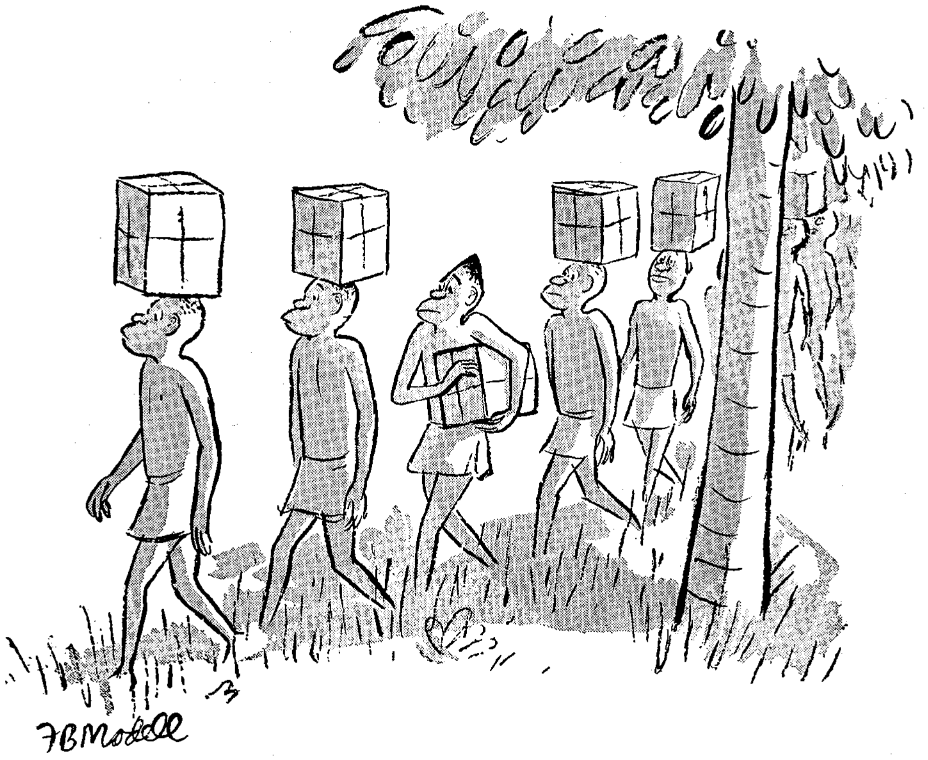
"I guess Betty and the kids can make out all right. We're going to rent the house and that will piece out my Navy pay," Will said.

"I wish we could continue part of your pay, but there'll be more going, and we never could keep it up," Frank said. "Of course we'll put you on leave of absence and keep up your company insurance and annuity."

"That's very generous," Will said.

"I'll have your check drawn up for the rest of the month."

Frank stood up, and Will rose and shook his hand. Will considered asking



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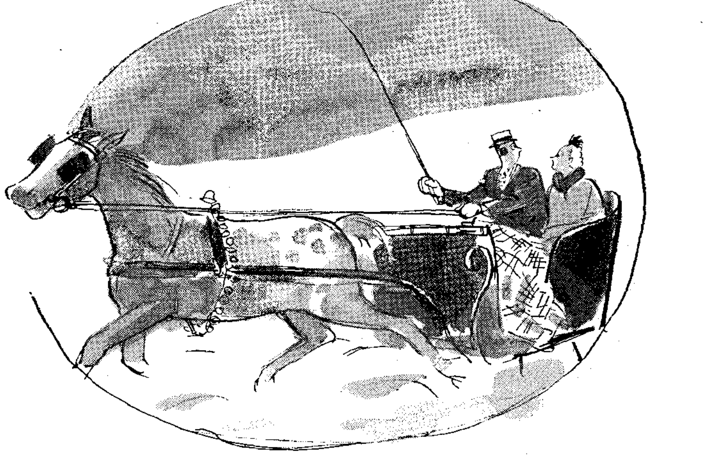

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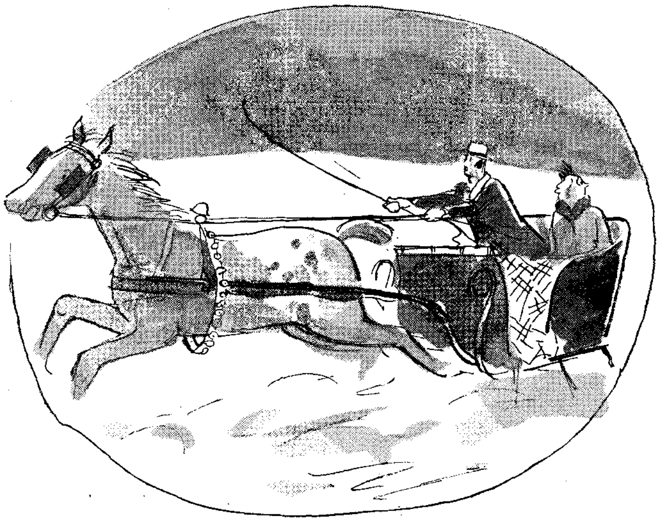

for a loan. The trip would be expensive, and a house would have to be rented and furniture got together before his Navy pay even started. His bills had been pretty heavy lately, and he had only a few hundred dollars in the bank. Of course, he thought, he could sell the car after they got to where they were going, but he had hoped to leave it for Betty. He was just about to speak to Frank about the loan when the old man pulled his hand away and rather gruffly said, "Good luck! Drop in when you're in town again. The girls here will get a kick out of seeing you in uniform."

"I'll try to," Will said, and, not mentioning the loan, left the room.

As he went to his own office, his memory was suddenly assailed by a multitude of little things that would have to be done, there and at home. He'd have to clear his personal papers and belongings out of his desk drawers. At home, milk and paper deliveries would have to be cancelled. He stopped in his outer office to tell Miss Emmery that he was leaving. Miss Emmery said "Oh, Mr. Drayton!" in a tone that made everything seem much worse. She soon pulled herself together, however, and, through the open door, Will saw her first aimlessly shuffle a few papers on her desk, then get up and leave the room. Apparently she told everyone else in the office that Will was going, for a few minutes later he looked up from a drawer he was cleaning out and saw several people standing at the door looking embarrassed. They came in, and, in little groups, others followed, some joking about the Navy, some deliberately lugubrious, some, for their own mysterious reasons, resentful in manner, and many genuinely friendly and sorry to see him go. Eventually, somebody turned up with a bottle, and the affair began to seem like a Christmas party. Will was overcome by a desire to get out and go home, but he had to wait for his check. He stood there foolishly, holding a drink in one hand and under his other arm a sheaf of personal papers, a framed photograph of Betty and the kids, and a fancy pen-and-pencil set a client had once given him. A mailroom boy offered to wrap this collection, took it, and reappeared with it done up professionally, as though it were going to be mailed somewhere, and Will stood holding the package until, finally, Miss Emmery came in and handed him a pay envelope. Hastily he stuffed it in his pocket, said "I've got to run, folks," and dashed out the door like a bridegroom leaving a wedding.

When he got to his car, he opened the envelope and found two checks in it—one for the remainder of his month's pay and the other for a thousand dollars. The second check was marked "Bonus." "Good old Frank!" he said to himself, and then tempered this rush of sentiment by adding, "The bastard really must want me back after this thing is over."

ON the way home, Will stopped at the bank, drew out his savings, cashed his checks, and bought travellers' checks with part of the money. When he got to the house, he found Betty in their bedroom. She had already started to pack. He told her about the thousand dollars and she smiled almost gaily. He saw an atlas lying open on her bed, and asked, "Did you decide where you want to go?"

"I don't know why, but I kind of like the sound of Arkansas," she said. "Maybe because it seems so out of the way. I keep feeling I want to go to a place I don't know anything about."

Will grinned. "The kids will probably pick up a Southern accent," he said. "But O.K. We'll go to Arkansas."

Mrs. English came in to say that the children had settled down for their naps. Suddenly both Will and Betty realized they had not eaten lunch. They went to the kitchen, made some cold sandwiches, and ate them hurriedly. Then Betty went upstairs for more packing and Will stayed downstairs and called Ralph to ask him to take care of renting the house. Ralph seemed honored by the responsibility; he was even quite enthusiastic about it. "Don't you worry, boy," he said. "I'll find somebody who wants a house and stick it to him! I'll bet I can get you three hundred a month—maybe more. And I'll keep it away from the brokers, too, so you won't have to pay a commission. Just tell me where I can pick up the key, and I'll take care of everything for you. I pass your house on the way to the station, and it'll be no trouble at all to stop and check up on things."

Will thanked him, and said that Mrs. English would be at the house the next day, and that he'd leave a set of keys with her. "I'll send you Betty's new address when we know it," he said. "The house is in her name, and you can mail her any papers she has to sign."

When he had thanked Ralph again, and hung up, Will went upstairs. Betty had set two fully packed suitcases in the hall, and was making arrangements with Mrs. English to pack and ship what they would need later on. She also was pointing out the things that Mrs. English was to store for them, and at the same time giving her instructions for the cleaning woman. Mrs. English was briskly taking notes. When Betty had finished, Mrs. English pocketed her pad, impetuously kissed Betty, and, seizing

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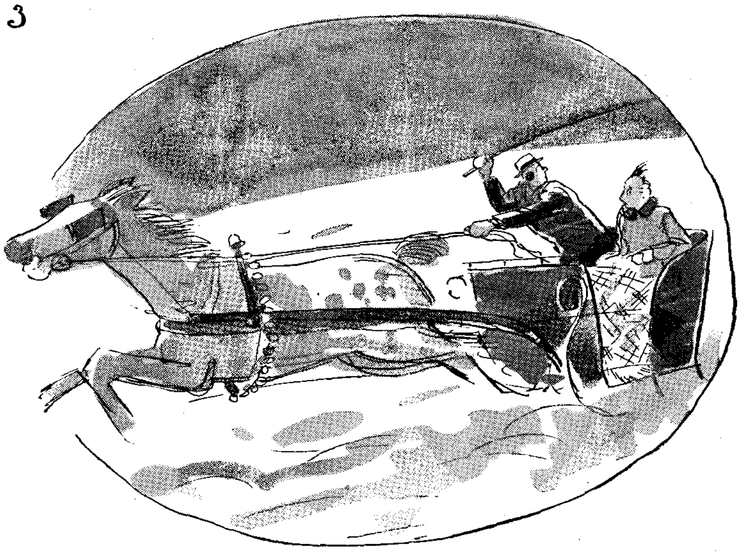

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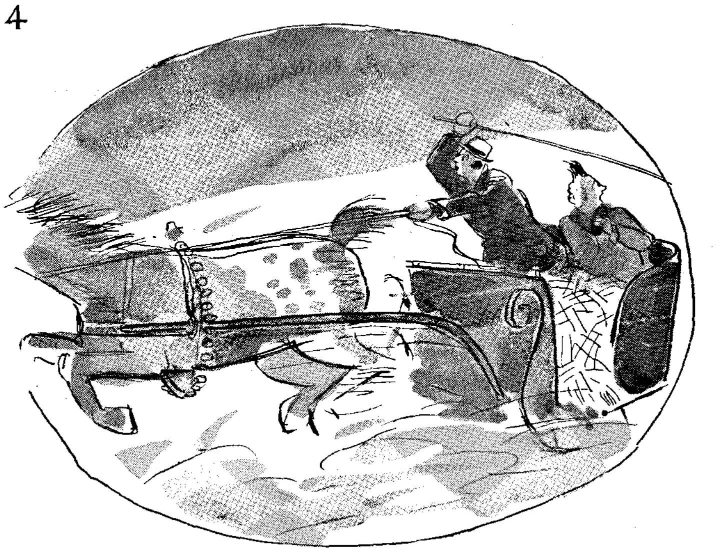

her hat and coat in the hall as she went, fled from the house.

Quickly, and as if there were nothing extraordinary about it, Will and Betty decided to leave for Arkansas early the next morning. By suppertime, all the packing had been done and they were both tired out. After the children had eaten, they went upstairs with unusual willingness, and Betty gathered them all on Mary's bed.

"This is a very long trip we're going to take," she explained. "We're going to get in the car and drive for two or three days. At night, we'll stop at hotels."

They stared at her solemnly, and only Mary really understood. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"We're going to find a new house, in a place where it's warm even in the winter," Betty said.

"Even in the winter!" Mary marvelled, and after a few more questions the children went happily to bed.

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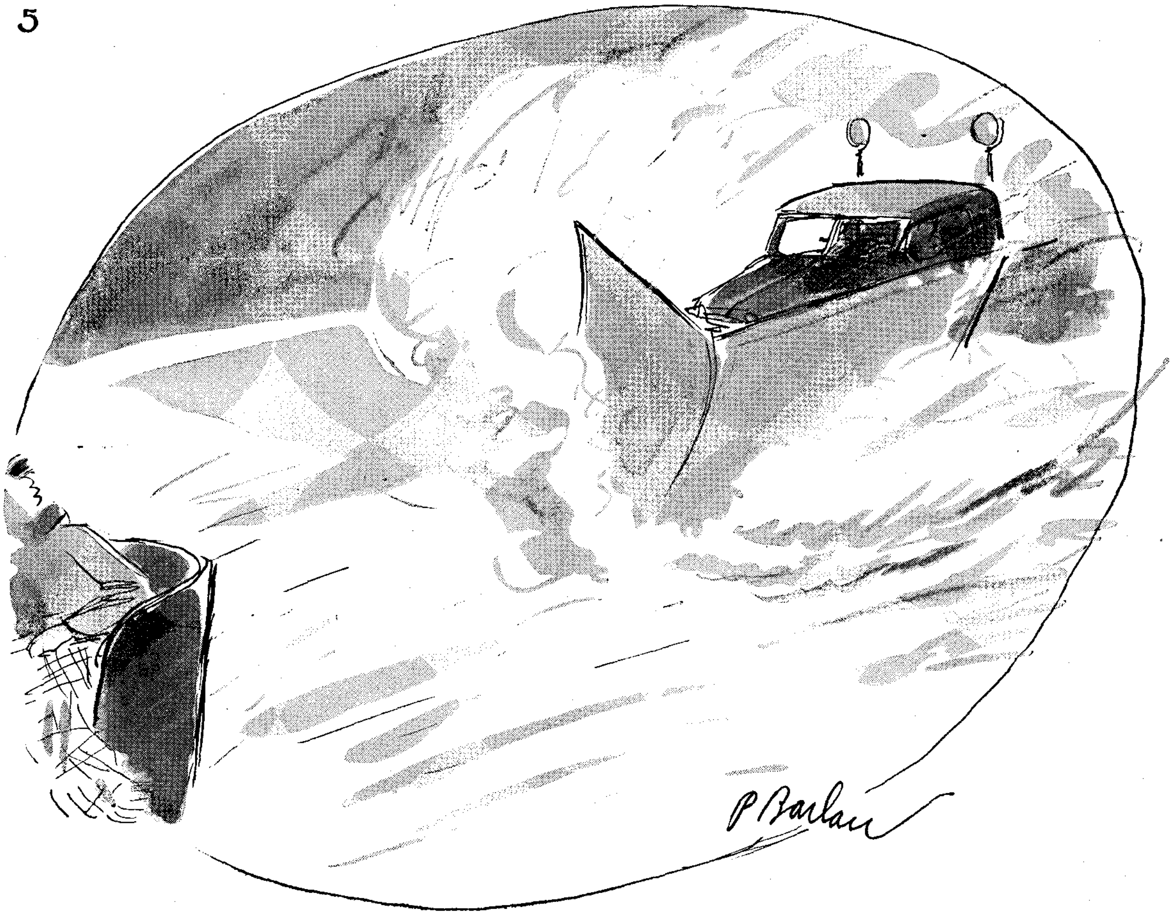

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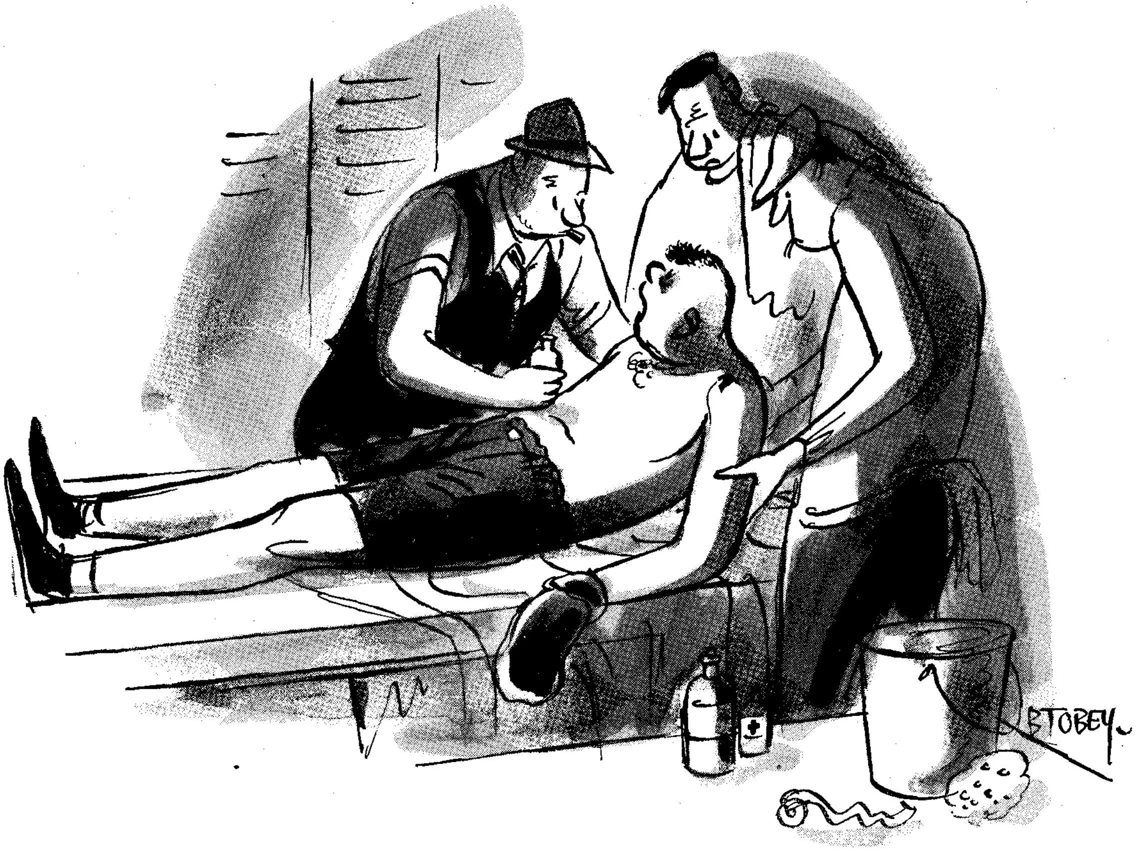
WHEN the children were asleep, Will loaded the suitcases into the car. Betty had packed a trunk to be shipped by Mrs. English, and he dragged this into the garage. When he went back into the house, he acknowledged the receipt of his orders. He put the envelope containing the acknowledgment, together with a note asking the post office to hold his mail until further notice, into the mailbox outside the front door, for the postman to pick up in the morning. Then he went to the kitchen, mixed two highballs, and returned to the living room. Betty was sitting there.

He handed her a glass, and they sat sipping their drinks in silence. On the piano was a photograph of the two of them taken shortly after their marriage. Will found himself looking at it frequently. In it, he was wearing his ensign's uniform. He was standing and Betty was sitting beside him. They had both looked a good deal younger then, he realized with a shock. He thought how pretty Betty seemed in the picture, and he glanced at her, unconsciously comparing her with her image, and saw now that she was crying. "Wrap up that damn picture and put it in the car," she said. "The new people here won't want it. And before you do, get me another drink."

Will kissed her, and then got her the drink. He took the picture away,



"Fill me in. The last thing I remember is the referee saying, 'Now shake hands and come out fighting.'"

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wrapped it in a blanket, and put it in the car. When he returned to the living room, he found that Betty had composed herself and had turned on the radio. The station she got was playing an old Al Jolson record, and there was an eeriness about hearing the exuberant voice of the dead singer. Betty switched to another station, and the carefully suggestive voice of a woman singing to the accompaniment of a barroom piano filled the room. "Get yourself a drink," Betty said.

Will got one and sat down.

"We've had five years," Betty said. "It was almost exactly five years ago that you got out of the service."

"That's right," he said, and he thought, If I had known this was coming, we might have had a better time. I wouldn't have spent so much time worrying about the job.

It had been a busy five years. They had built a house, they had bought the car they wanted, and the television set that now stood, gray and silent, in the corner. He had gone into the advertising business and become an account executive. They had had three children. That was really the only clear gain, the only gain that would last. And during the five years he had found out a lot about himself. Five years before, when he had got out of the service, he hadn't known what kind of work he wanted to do or what kind of life he wanted to lead. He had had exalted moments when he thought himself capable of doing almost anything, and he had had fearful moments when he was afraid he wasn't even capable of supporting a family. It had been very hard to see himself at all clearly five years ago; it had been like trying to see himself reflected in a wind-ruffled pool. But gradually, during the years, the pool had become calm, his image had emerged clear and steady, and he had seen himself as a mildly successful man at the tail end of his youth, a man with no spectacular talents but fully capable of coping with the immediate problems of his own world. Five years before, many of their friends, and sometimes even he and Betty, had wondered whether their marriage would last, but as the image in the pool cleared, he and Betty had been able to see that they were affectionate, sensible people who were rearing their children well, and were strong and united in spite of whatever outbursts occurred.

If it hadn't been for the war in Korea and the recall to active duty, Will thought, the pool would have reflected the future as well as the present. They would soon have become a fairly prosperous middle-aged couple, the kids would have gone to college, and after a while he would have retired and perhaps he and Betty would have spent their winters in Florida. But now the pool was riled. It no longer gave any idea of the future, and even the image of the present was obscure. He was no longer a prosperous, happily married young advertising executive; he was already a naval officer. And his wife was no longer a well-established young suburban matron; she was a harried mother of three children, looking for a place to raise her family alone. Again he felt the strong compulsion to be precipitately under way. "Well, darling—" he said to his wife, but he saw that she had laid her head on the arm of the chair and was asleep. Gently he woke her. With the sleep still in her eyes and in her voice, she apologized for falling asleep.

"Come on," he said. "We're both exhausted. Let's go to bed."

Together they performed the nightly routine of picking the children up and taking them to the bathroom. While they were carrying the small, warm bodies, the children slept peacefully. When they had been tucked in, Will and Betty went to their own bedroom. "We'd better get an early start in the morning," Will said. "Suppose I set the clock for five?"

"It doesn't work," Betty said. "Remember?"

For some reason, this seemed extremely funny, and suddenly they both laughed. When they had quieted down, Will said, "It might do us all good to sleep late tomorrow morning, at that. I guess a few hours more or less won't matter."

—Sloan Wilson

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If you're interested in holding a flea race in your local community and need special breeds of fleas, such as dog fleas, rabbit fleas, grass fleas, or guaranteed quick-starting, high-jumping, acrobatic fleas, why not try advertising your needs in the Wildlife Trading Post? Reasonable rates.—*Adv. in the Wildlife Trading Post.*

The race we're getting up is a relay race, where they pass the little baton. Can you help us?

THE BLACK ARAB

Mrs. Carstairs, a widow in her middle thirties, lived at the other end of the straggling English village where I had my farm. I first met her when I decided to sell my scrub Shorthorns and go in for pedigreed Guernseys. She raised registered pedigreed Guernseys, so it seemed natural to apply to her for advice on what to look for and where to go to get it. She had a missionary spirit about the breed and was as delighted to see a local Shorthorn man changing over to Guernseys as a hell-fire Baptist would be to see a prominent local Roman Catholic sobbing and sighing on the sinners' bench. She took endless trouble, marking up auction catalogues for me, telling me about friends of hers who had promising young stock for sale, and several times escorting me to breed sales to see that I bought the right animals and didn't pay too much for them. When I'd finished buying, she went on taking an interest in the herd she'd built, so we used to see each other quite often. I had the larger farm and the greater number of cattle (though they were not so good in quality as hers), so it generally happened that she had the free time for a stroll through the village to look in on me. When she came, I would drop whatever I was doing and we would spend half an hour or so looking at the new calves and the yearlings, gossiping about other breeders, or talking over the breed lines represented in my stock. Mrs. Carstairs had bred several champions, bulls and cows, and I learned a lot from her.

But if I was always glad to see Mrs. Carstairs, the village was not so happy about her calls on me. She believed that bulls needed exercise, and if she happened to be going for a walk, she generally took a bull with her. She was one of those slight Englishwomen, with good features and a look of radiant health, and aesthetically there was a pleasantly mythological aspect to her progress through the village. The sight of the slim washed-gold blonde, in her neat tweed suit, leading a large honey-colored bull along by a short chain attached to its nose ring put one in mind of the stories about virgins and unicorns. The villagers, however, knew that Clorinda's Champion of Hatch Hall weighed something in the neighborhood of half a ton, and it was a sight they preferred to view from the upper windows of their cottages.

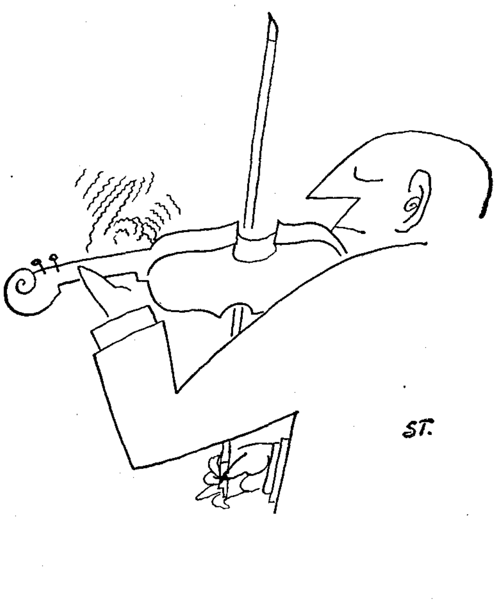
The village street used to clear as if by magic when the word spread that Mrs. Carstairs was on her way. I sometimes used to wonder what telepathic factor gave them advance warning, and speculated on the possibility of some bucolic survival of the sharper sensitivity to danger and menace said to be found in primitive man. Actually, as I learned one morning when I happened to be in the village post office just at the moment Mrs. Carstairs set out for my place, it was a mechanism typical of the British way of life that was involved. When Mrs. Carstairs left her farmyard gate with her massive escort, her manservant used to slip into the house and telephone to the village post office and telephone exchange, halfway down the village street. The switchboard operator would take the call and then spread the message by an older method—standing on her doorstep and shouting to everyone in sight, "She'm coming!" The cry would be taken up from garden to garden, and the street would clear. Mrs. Carstairs never knew about these calls. The postmistress reckoned them as a public service and never charged them up against Mrs. Carstairs' telephone bill. Everybody grumbled about Mrs. Carstairs' walks with the bull, but nobody ever complained to any authority, because the Carstairs family had been at Hatch Hall for two or three hundred years and had always done that sort of thing if they wanted to.

As time went on, I became increasingly fond of Mrs. Carstairs. Her singular Britishness was a constant source of delight, and remarks that fell from her gave me glimpses of a whole system of social values that I had never even guessed at until then. It was the zareba of social observance, thornier and more closely woven than any quickset hedge, by which the county protected themselves from climbers and outsiders. She told me that Whitaker Wright, a celebrated Victorian swindler, had once spent a long weekend trying to talk her father into investing heavily in, and taking a seat on the board of directors of, what proved to be a wholly fraudulent enterprise. Her father had preserved his good name and his fortune because he knew that you couldn't trust a man an inch if he was capable of wearing leather buttons on a tweed jacket and Mr. Wright, all unknowing, had borne this mark of the beast. There were other, and worse, ways of committing social suicide. I was once driving Mrs. Carstairs over to look at a herd of cattle near Basingstoke when we passed a beautiful small seventeenth-century Palladian house, one of the most perfect of its kind I had ever seen. "Charmin'," said Mrs. Carstairs, looking coldly at it, "but the people are impossible. Milk-firsters."

"What—" I began.

"I'm always forgettin' what a barbarian you are," Mrs. Carstairs said. "I mean she puts milk into the teacup and pours the tea on top of it. And she calls her husband Mr. Jimpson—as if he was her gardener or her grocer. Mr. Jimpson did this or that. Mr. Jimpson was saying. They're really impossible people."

What attached me to Mrs. Carstairs most, however, was not the absoluteness of her uncalculating snobbery but the discovery that she had at one time been engaged to a black Arab horse.



There was another human-and-animal pair as familiar to the village as Mrs. Carstairs and her bull. Every day, except in the hunting season, Major Southeran used to ride through the village, giving Maximilian his exercise. Maximilian was one of the most beautiful horses I have ever seen, and I usually managed to be at my dairy door looking out onto the roadway when the Major took him by, prompt as a train, at eleven-forty. Southeran had an Italian-cavalry style, and the two of them made a fine sight—a perfect rider of a perfect horse. The Major became quite used to seeing me waiting for him in the doorway, and after two years honored me by touching the brim of his hat briefly whenever he passed me. He never spoke, and he didn't look at me, or smile—because, after all, he was a gentleman and I, as far as he was aware an ordinary working farmer, was not. It was one of those exquisitely limited relationships that only a stratified society can produce.

One day, I was in the dairy with Mrs. Carstairs, showing her the milk records of two cows that had recently passed the thousand-gallon mark. I looked at my watch and saw that it was eleven-forty. I went to the door and stood there, waiting for Major Southeran to appear. Mrs. Carstairs came and stood beside me, prattling on instructively about the art of feeding for a high butterfat content in milk. She fell silent in midsentence when the Major came in sight. He rode by woodenly, without the usual salute.

"I wonder what I can have done to offend old Southeran," I said.

"I expect it was me," said Mrs. Carstairs. "I was engaged to him once—or, rather . . ." She brushed her hair from her forehead with the first purely feminine gesture I had ever seen her use. "It was all the most terrible mistake. But it happened easily enough. I was huntin' regularly then—it was about six years before the war—and every time I went out, I met Southeran and Maximilian. We'd drift together at the meet. And we'd drift together at covert side. We wouldn't be very far apart when the hounds were running. And we'd generally ride back part of the way together. You're not a huntin' man; you wouldn't know about that. I mean about being dead-beat and riding home, too tired to talk, along squashy lanes in the winter twilight."

"I've read about it. You know, in that book I lent you, Sassoon's 'Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.' "

"Oh, him—he's a Persian or something. You ought to read Surtees. The weather's so much worse in Surtees; it's more like the real thing. Anyway, in our second season Southeran asked me to marry him. We met at Three-Legged Cross that morning, drew blank in Privett Wood and at Matching Copse, and moved on to Nuthanger Woods. We were eating sandwiches and drinking out of our flasks. There's a perfect view up there. It was cold and sunny and lovely. Maximilian was looking like a picture. Southeran finished a sandwich and sat for a second looking at me, dabbing away a crumb or two, and then he said, 'Kathy, why don't we get married?' I'd been a widow for four years then, and I was beginning to get pretty sick of living alone, so I said yes. He leant across and squeezed my hand. 'Kathy,' he said, 'you've no idea how happy—' That second, a dog fox broke covert about three hundred yards from us—a big dog fox, going like smoke, with the pack after him in full cry. So that was the end of idle chatter for the time being. He came to see me the next morning, dressed up to the nines, and I don't doubt he had a ring with him. But the minute he came in at the door, I could see the whole thing was impossible. I'd had no idea what a scruffy little man he was off a horse. It was a problem in tact to get out of that corner, I can tell you, but I managed it without hurting his feelings, and we parted friends. It was all right until I gave the show away, a couple of weeks later."

She paused, and I stared at her, overcome with sheer delight at the idea of a set so completely horsy that its members could reach the stage of proposal and even engagement without dismounting.

"About a fortnight later," she went on, "we were going hell for leather across Boxford Gorse when Maximilian put his foot in a rabbit bury and went down for the hardest fall I ever saw. I was about two hundred yards behind, and I thought they were both goners. But by the time I was up to them Maximilian had scrambled up onto his feet, and Ned Southeran was up and rather groggily soothing him and feeling his legs, looking very battered and white. It slipped out before I knew what I was saying: 'Oh, Major Southeran, is Maximilian all right?' He straightened up and looked me dead in the eye. I've never seen a man look so thunderstruck. He looked away from me to the horse as if he'd never seen it before; then he looked back at me. 'Why, yes,' he said. 'I'm happy to say that the horse is all right—and I'm all right, too.' Then he slowly turned his back on me, and he's never spoken to me since. It was a bad moment for us both. We'd realized that I'd been engaged to Maximilian for twelve hours."

"There's a story about something like that, by D. H. Lawrence, called 'St. Mawr,' " I said, for something to say.

"Oh?" she said vaguely. "He sent his man round with the horse and a note offering it me as a gift a couple of days later. But I couldn't take it. I've never kept a horse or ridden to hounds since." She sighed. "I've been gabbing away. I must be getting home."

We went around to the wagon shed, where Clorinda's Champion was tethered to an oak pillar, quietly munching at some sweet-scented clover hay. She looked at him thoughtfully for a second or two, with an expression blended of tolerance and affection, as a wife who had known a wild romantic love in her youth might look at the solid, reliable companion of her middle years; then she unhitched him and led him off down the village street. —Anthony West

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COMPLAINT IN WOMRATH'S

My library lamp would burn more midnight watts
Could I come on a novel that wasn't about tots,
Could I open a book that didn't contain the essence
Of secret childhood or wistful adolescence,
Distilled (into four hundred pages, preface and all)
By an author afflicted with Style and Total Recall.

For the young, if they're kept out of sight, I've a deal of forbearance.
I realize modern babes must resent their parents,
Fall in love with their nursemaids, look on with innocent frowns
While someone is murdered or a playmate tactlessly drowns,
And I comprehend that it's perfectly normal in kiddos
For little girls to be deadlier than Black Widows.

I understand all that. Still, I've never been wild
About viewing the world through the eyes of a sensitive child
Or even insensitive ones. Let me pulse, when I pulse,
Over gruesome adventures happening to adults.
The pangs that inferior Juliets feel as they grow up
Induce in me but a delicate yearning to throw up.

Ah, bring me a book
Where hero and heroine both wear that weathered look!
I'll settle for something historical, something post-Freudian,
Something purple or tough or suspenseful or plain celluloidian,
Something arty or artless, something even by Henry Green,
So long as it's peopled by characters over sixteen.

For the tale of a child may be teeming with local color,
But bores will be bores
And the younger they come, the duller. —Phyllis McGinley

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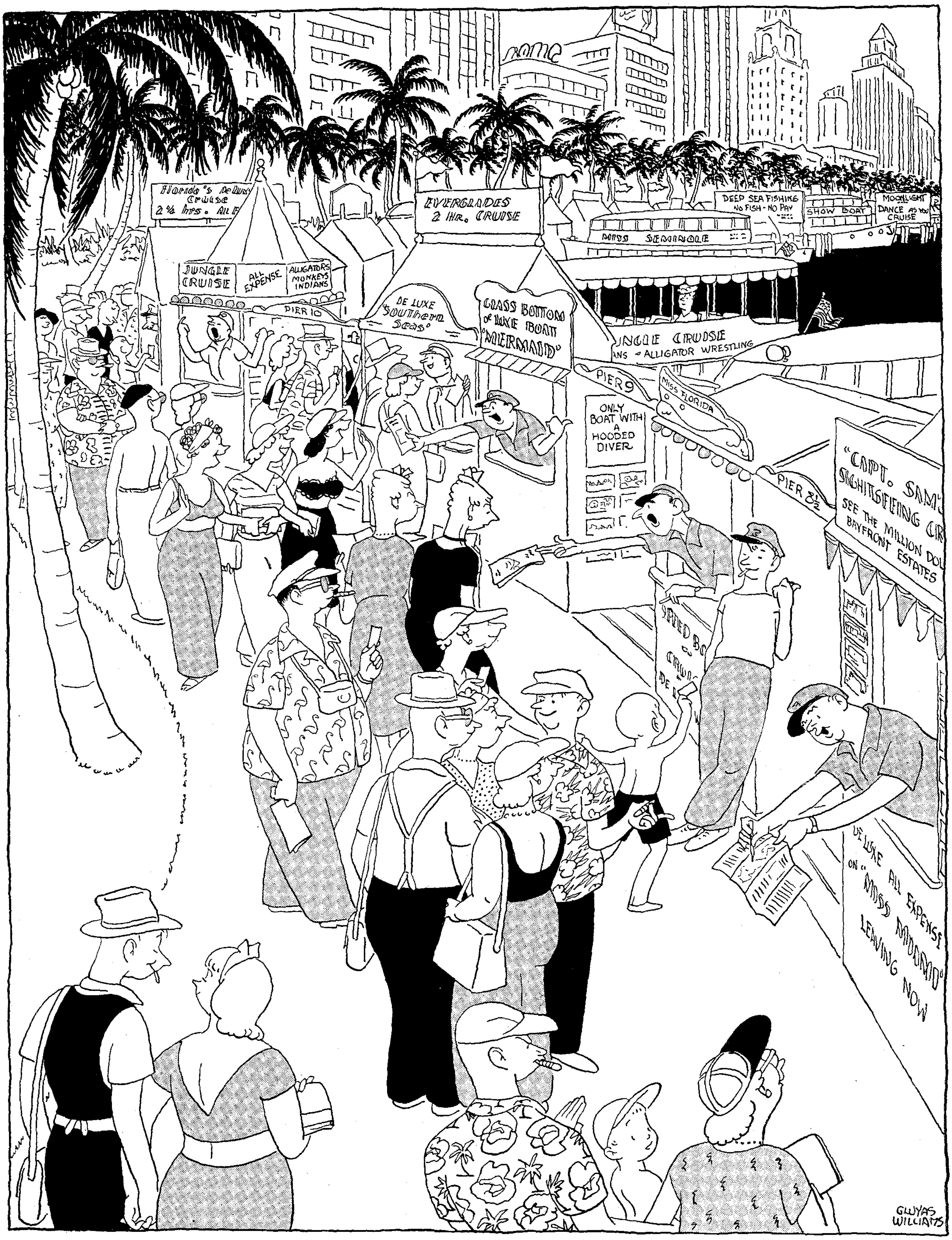
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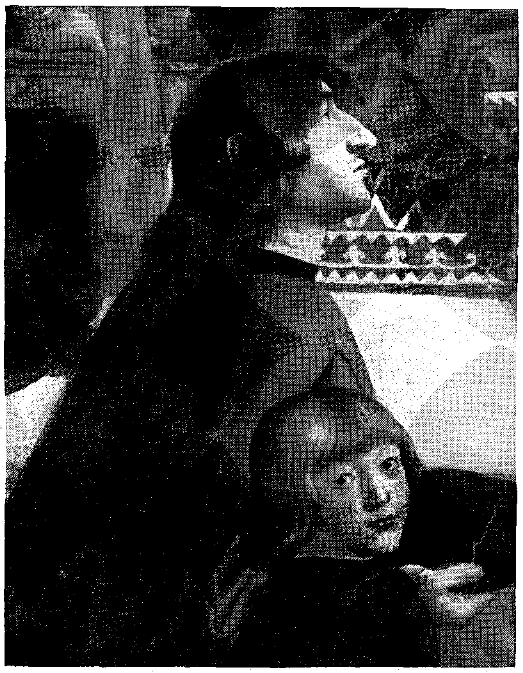
THE ANGEL IN MAY

LOOKING back now, I can see that it was only by accident that I ever got interested in the Italian poet Angelo Poliziano, for I had never even heard his name before I went to Italy, and neither had any of my friends, for that matter. I was hunting around Italy for a place to live soon after the last war and had more or less fixed on an old Roman farmhouse in the hills a bit north of Venice. However, at the last moment the deal fell through, and I hurried south, hoping to find something in the countryside near Rome. But I never got there. I stopped with friends in Florence on the way, and they produced an empty villa that they said was just the thing for me. This turned out to be the Villa Diana, halfway up the hill of Fiesole. It looked a good deal too big—seventeen rooms—but it was old, it was handsome, and it had a delightful flight of stone steps. I took it on the spot. There was a plaque on the honey-colored façade, above the front door, and it said, in Italian:

> In this house from 1483 to 1494 lived Agnolo Ambrogini, called Poliziano, the greatest humanist of his time and the favorite poet of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

I remember thinking that this gave the place a nice air of distinction, and letting it go at that.

It must have been a year later that I was walking about in the Santa Trinita Church, in Florence, when my eye was caught by one detail in a fresco by Ghirlandaio in the Sassetti Chapel. It was simply the head of a man, in profile, but for some reason I found it hypnotic. When one of the priests came by, I inquired if he knew who this man was, and he answered, "Poliziano." From that moment, I had a passion to unearth every detail of Poliziano's life. There is a large literature in Italian on him, partly in unprinted manuscripts and partly in books, but nothing that amounts to a full biography. As my search went on, I learned about people in a number of countries—a businessman in California, a professor at Oxford, a poet in France—who had become fascinated by Poliziano, some of them as a result of catching sight of that extraordinary portrait. Poliziano is seen standing in the forefront of the fresco, his long red cloak buttoned up to his neck, on a flight of stairs with his pupil Giuliano de' Medici, Lorenzo's third son, at his side. The portrait of this boy, who gazes out of the picture with confident and trusting eyes, is so arresting that one first fixes one's attention on him, as though responding instinctively to that innocent and casual glance. Then, with a shock, one looks up into the face of his tutor, above. One sees a man with a huge hooked nose, a fleshy jowl, and down-drawn, sensual lips. His long dark hair straggles untidily over his shoulders and he is gazing upward at his patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, with an expression of passionate devotion. It is a startling face, half predatory and half apologetic, extremely intellectual, and in the one squinting black eye shown there is a look of timidity and of cruelty of the most subtle kind. Nearly everyone else in the painting is gazing at its main subject, Pope Honorius III, who is giving his benediction to Saint Francis. For Poliziano, however, nobody exists but Lorenzo, and Lorenzo, with one hand outstretched, seems to be acknowledging this devotion with a quietly amused air. The story of Poliziano's life is contained in that single, brilliant phrase of painting.



From the fresco by Ghirlandaio

Poliziano and Giuliano de' Medici

POLIZIANO was born on July 14, 1454, at Montepulciano, the hill town in southern Tuscany where some of the finest Italian wines are grown. At first, he was known as Agnolo (or Angelo) Ambrogini, but he changed his last name to Poliziano, which is another version of Montepulciano. The family lived comfortably in a house on the town walls—one can see it still, a solid, fourteenth-century building on what is now known as the Via Poliziano. Several Italian families are living in it, and, except for a plaque over the front door, there is no evidence of the Ambroginis. Poliziano's father, Benedetto Ambrogini, was chief magistrate of the town. He became involved in a vendetta, and one day he was ambushed and murdered. Little Angelo, then nine, saw it happen. He saw the murderers drag his father to the ground, thrust their pikes into his body, and then cut his throat. It has been the custom among scholars for some time—five hundred years, to be more exact—to regard Poliziano as rather a deplorable character, above all a coward. Whether this reputation was deserved or not, the chances are that much of what he was began on that summer evening when he saw his father lying bleeding on the ground. From that moment, he was oppressed by a nightmarish horror of violence and a deep sense of his defenselessness. He never again felt secure unless there was someone in the background to protect him. He was the opposite of the Benvenuto Cellini sort of character, who accepted the violence of the times and made a sport of it. Poliziano was simply frightened. The other dominating influences in his life—his almost pathological hatred of poverty and his hunger for fame—also began to operate immediately after his father's death. He was the eldest of five children. Benedetto's widow was unable to support them, and packed Angelo off to stay with a poor relation in Florence.

Florence then was a wonderful place to live—perhaps more wonderful than any other place before or since. It was a city of just a hundred thousand people, spread along both banks of the Arno. The Arno was spanned by four bridges, and the whole town was enclosed by a long, towered-and-crenellated wall that sprawled across the surrounding hills. The Brunelleschi dome on the Cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore—one of the marvels of the world—had been completed twenty-eight years before Poliziano arrived in Florence, and many of the most elegant buildings in the city were already standing. Already, too, the palaces and churches were filled with the work of Giotto, Masaccio, Orcagna, Ghiberti, Donatello, della Robbia, Fra Angelico, and Lippo Lippi. Along the narrow streets, every other house was a workshop; the place rang with the labor of goldsmiths, weavers, sculptors, and other craftsmen, all turning out works of original design, and in such quantity that even after the city had been looted and looted again, and half the great houses and institutions of Europe were furnished with its treasures, there was still enough left to make Florence one of the chief repositories of the most beautiful things in the world. It was, of course, the perfect moment to arrive—the height of that brief, Renaissance sunburst of the human intellect when every scholar and artist was hastening to Florence. The Medicis were firmly established in power, and the Florentine florin was a harder currency than the dollar is today.

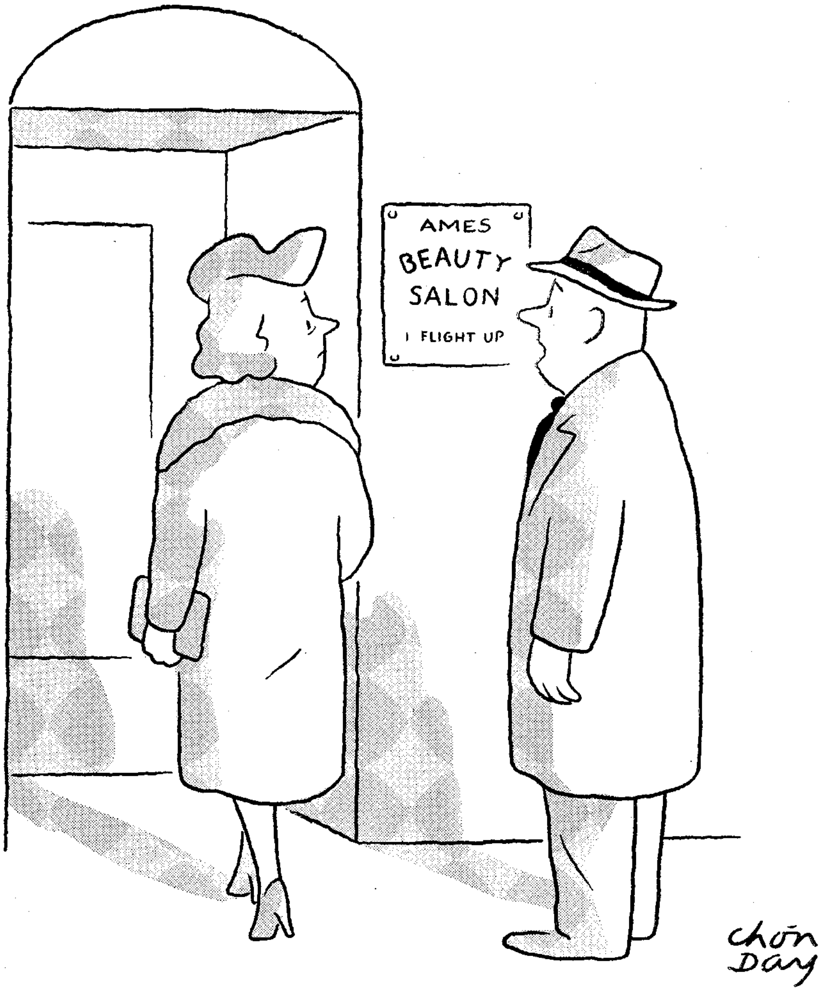
This was a fine atmosphere for an ambitious boy who was about to make a start in life, but Poliziano loathed it. He was lonely and unhappy. He lived in his uncle's house on the Via Saturnia, in one of the poorest districts, on the left bank of the river. The lower part of the building had been let to some stonemasons, and he and his uncle lodged in miserable rooms under the roof. Poliziano lived for the next six or seven years in these quarters, and he never could reconcile himself to the poverty and the squalor. All his earliest verses are about it. From them, one builds up a picture of a thin and rather ungainly little boy in a threadbare cloak and cracked shoes trudging across the Ponte Vecchio each morning on his way to school at the Compagnia di Dottrina. But he was a fantastic scholar, far superior to every other boy in the school. At the age of twelve, he was writing letters in Latin. A year or two later, he was producing Latin epigrams, and when he was sixteen he set to work on a translation of Homer's "Iliad" into Latin hexameters—an enterprise that had already baffled some of the leading scholars of the day.

Poliziano adored his studies, and he was driven on, he said, by a morbid fear that he would have to give them up and go into a trade to earn a living. Like most poor and brilliant boys, he had a nervous sense of his superiority and a desperate feeling that his talent would never be recognized. He could see that a wonderful life was going on all around him—people enjoying success and the pleasures that went with it—but how could you break into these enchanted circles if you could not even afford a new pair of shoes? What one needed, he realized, was a patron. In 1470, Lorenzo was twenty-one, and he had just begun his reign over the city after winning a notable joust in the Piazza Santa Croce. The chances of a poor student's catching his busy eye were not good; it was much more likely that Angelo would finish up as a stonecutter's apprentice on the Via Saturnia. It was Homer who saved him. When Poliziano had finished translating the second book of the "Iliad," he made a parcel of the manuscript and sent it off to Lorenzo with the following letter, written in Latin:

> Magnificent Lorenzo, to whom Heaven has given charge of the city and the state; first citizen of Florence, doubly crowned with bays for the victory in Santa Croce, amid the acclamations of the people, and for poetry, on account of the sweetness of your verses, give ear to me who, drinking at Greek sources, am striving to get Homer into Latin metre. This second book, which I have translated (you know we have the first by Messer Carlo d'Arezzo), timidly crosses your threshold. If you welcome it, I propose to offer you all the "Iliad." It rests with you, who can, to help the poet. I desire no other muse or other gods but only you; by your help I can do that of which the ancients would not have been ashamed. May it please you therefore at your leisure to give audience to Homer. . . .
>
> Your servant,
> ANGELO POLIZIANO

Far from being put off by this effusion, Lorenzo read the manuscript, was delighted with it, and sent for the author at once. Nobody knows the details of that first interview, but it appears to have bordered on love at first sight. In the next twenty-three years, there was only one major break in their companionship, and Poliziano was with his patron when he died.

Later on, when a reaction against Lorenzo set in, many sinister stories about Poliziano were spread around. At those Lucullan dinner parties on Fiesole—the pageboy strumming on the lute, the wine passing rapidly, and the lights of Florence shining below—he was the one who produced the ripest epigrams and the most abandoned songs. He was the courtier who smiled and smiled, and laughed at all Lorenzo's jokes; the sycophant who could never write so much as a carnival ballad with-



"Good luck."

out dedicating it to his master, saying how brilliant, how generous, and how noble he was. Constantly, so the legend runs, Poliziano was begging for something or other in the choicest Latin and with a lickspittle humility that went beyond flattery into a new and horrible literature of its own. All this, if true, seems to overlook the fact that Lorenzo *was* an overwhelming character, a kind of universal man, half gay and half intensely serious—a poet, a Latinist, and a fabulous collector of manuscripts and works of art. Apparently it did not matter that he had a dark and ugly face, with a slightly twisted mouth and a flattened nose; what one noticed was his remarkable eyes. They had an expression between melancholy and laughter, perhaps because there were intervals in his headlong career when he was in great pain. Lorenzo was five years older than Poliziano, and all that sense of security and protection the boy had been hungering for since his father's death now came flowing back into his life. Since not even Lorenzo's worst enemies have suggested it, there seems to be no question of a homosexual relationship between them; they simply delighted in each other's company.

No doubt Poliziano's teacher at the Studio Fiorentino, Marsilio Ficino, the Platonist, did something to pave the way. "Proceed with the good work, my Lorenzo," Ficino wrote. "Homer, the high priest of the muses, under your auspices has come to Italy. By your noble bounty, you maintain that Homeric youth Angelo Poliziano, whom you found wandering, a beggar, over the face of the earth." Lorenzo did more than maintain young Homer; he transformed his life. Poliziano was fitted out with new clothes, the best professors were found to teach him at the Studio Fiorentino, and he became a table companion at the Palazzo Medici. At first, he was merely the boy prodigy who was trotted out before the distinguished guests. Later, he became a kind of private secretary, helping both Lorenzo and his wife, Clarice Orsini, with their correspondence. And in 1473 he was installed in the palace. Soon after this, he was made the tutor of Lorenzo's children, and, by employing a certain amount of unashamed cadging, he contrived to get possession of the Priory of San Paulo, a pleasant church that still stands, just off the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. This was a snug little benefice, worth a hundred gold florins a year. Poliziano was not overtaxed by his duties there, since for a small fee he hired someone else to perform them for him. He was getting up in the world; as tutor in the Medici household, he was in an extremely influential position. When Lorenzo went afield on his hunting expeditions, it was Poliziano's job to write back to his patron's wife, telling her what they were up to. There is an unaffected naturalness about these letters that was rare in the correspondence of those days and rarer still in Poliziano's. Once he wrote from Pisa:

MAGNIFICA DOMINA MEA:

I did not write yesterday to Your Magnificence because Lorenzo sent me to Lucca. I have just come back, and take up my pen to keep faith with you. Lorenzo is well and in good spirits. Yesterday, there was little wind, and he went hawking, but they had not much luck because the young falcon belonging to Pilato, called the Mantuan, was lost. This morning, they went out again, but the wind was not favorable; nevertheless, we saw some fine flights, and Maestro Giorgio flew his peregrine falcon, which came back to the lure most obediently. Lorenzo is quite in love with it. Of a truth, he is not wrong, for Maestro Giorgio says he never saw a handsomer or a better, and declares he will make of him the finest falcon in the world. While we were in the fields, Pilato came back from the river with his lost falcon, so Lorenzo was doubly pleased. If I knew what to write, I should be glad, but I can only give you news of this hawking, as we do nothing else in the morning and the afternoon. This evening, I hear that on Monday Lorenzo intends to hunt roe deer and then return at once to Florence. Please God we may find you well and with a boy in your arms. [They almost did; Lorenzo's second son, Giovanni, who became Pope Leo X, was born ten days after the homecoming.]

I commend myself to Your Magnificence. In Pisa, December 1, 1475.

ANGELO DA MONTEPULCIANO

But it is the happy letter written a year later by Poliziano to Clarice that gives

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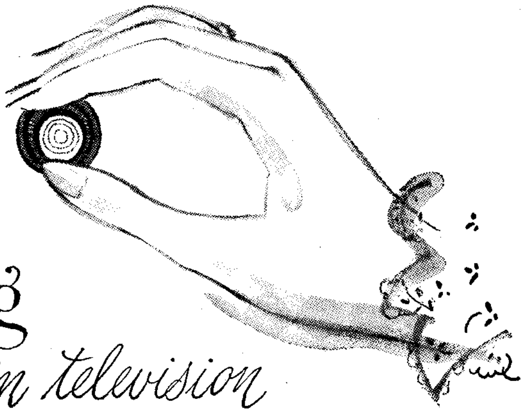

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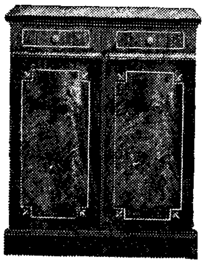

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MAGNIFICA DOMINA MEA:
Yesterday, after leaving Florence, we came as far as San Miniato, singing all the way, and occasionally talking of holy things, so as not to forget Lent. At Lastra, we drank *zappolino*, which tasted much better than I had been told. Lorenzo is brilliant and makes the whole company gay; yesterday I counted twenty-six horses that are with him. When we reached San Miniato last evening, we began to read a little of Saint Augustine; then the reading resolved itself into music, and looking at and instructing a certain well-known dancer who is here. Lorenzo is just going to Mass. I will finish another time.
At San Miniato, April 8 [1476]. *Servitor.*
YOUR ANGELO

There were no clouds on Poliziano's horizon. He was an established wit at the Medici dinner table and the companion of Lorenzo on some of his more worldly adventures in the midnight streets of Florence. He was developing from a student into a poet. And he was involved in all the elaborate carnivals and parades with which Lorenzo diverted—or, according to one view, debauched—the Florentines in the early part of his reign. Many of the songs that were sung by the actors at these entertainments were composed by Poliziano, and some of the best of them have a charming quality that reminds one strongly of Herrick, with perhaps a little Spenser added. They read as though he tossed them off in half an hour or so, which he probably did.

One of the most famous of them, welcoming the month of May, begins:

Ben venga maggio
E 'l gonfalon selvaggio!

Then there is the ballad about the garden:

I' mi trovai un dì tutto soletto
In un bel prato per pigliar diletto . . .

And such lighthearted lines as "*Dagli occhi della bella Leoncina*," which he wrote in praise of the Florentine girls. There are dozens of ballads like these, and they still sound as spontaneous and artless as a boy's whistle in the morning. Presently he embarked on a long work that was to establish him as the greatest poet of the day. This was the "Stanze."

The "Stanze" were supposed to be written in commemoration of the tournament of Giuliano de' Medici, Lorenzo's young brother, but they never arrive at a description of the tournament. Instead, they are a panegyric, in the classical manner—perhaps Pope is the nearest English equivalent—of Giuliano's love for a girl named Simonetta Vespucci. The appearance of this girl in Florence somewhere around 1469 caused a sensation, but no amount of research gets you very far with her story. She remains one of those legends in the Helen of Troy tradition, and it is difficult to be sure where literary figures like Poliziano have pushed the facts further than history would allow. However, it seems certain that Simonetta was born into a well-connected family in Genoa about 1453, and the register of the church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, shows that she was married to Marco Vespucci there in 1469, when they were both sixteen. Her dowry was a share in some iron mines at Piombino. She may have been Giuliano's mistress at the time of the tournament (when she was twenty-two), for Giuliano had a number of love affairs. But then, she may have been Lorenzo's mistress—for Lorenzo, too, had many love affairs—or even the mistress of Botticelli, or nobody's mistress. She was the most beautiful and adored girl in Florence, with blue eyes, golden hair, and the most delicate skin. She was unaffected and simple and kind. And, though there was talk of lovers, she was generally considered virtuous as well as beautiful. Lorenzo even said she had the supreme virtue: "All men praised her and no woman abused her." Clearly, at this distance it is a hopeless business to try to separate the actual girl from the myth, and perhaps even in her own time the myth was almost as real as Simonetta herself. Most of the young people and artists around Lorenzo were full of their rediscovery of ancient Greece, and it was not long before La Bella Simonetta was being glamorized into a second Venus—here Venus was again, the Goddess of Love, the pagan Virgin.

Poliziano, only twenty-one himself and full of Hellenic visions, plunged into this mood with gusto, and the Simonetta myth is probably more his creation than that of anybody else. The whole paraphernalia of nymphs, fauns, and woodland groves fascinated him, and at this time, while he was still hewing away at Homer, he was searching for fresh inspiration. Giuliano's tournament alone was not enough, but it was followed by the aesthetically perfect event. Simonetta died. This happened twelve months after the tournament. Lorenzo had sent his own physician to attend her, but, like so many beautiful girls of history, she was consumptive, and on the night of April 26, 1476, she died, at the age of twenty-three. All Florence went into mourning. In tears, great crowds followed the funeral procession to the Church of the Ognissanti, on the banks of the Arno. The coffin was open, and in the spring sunshine the people looked

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down for the last time on the blond curls blowing around the miraculously lovely face.

Poliziano put aside his Homer and began at once on his long poem. It consists of some hundred and seventy stanzas, divided into two cantos, and it has no set theme or relation to reality; it is simply a series of scenes in the manner of the Greek myths. Nymphs and satyrs abound, gods and goddesses cavort through classical gardens with cupids in their wake, and all this is done with a highly polished brilliance, so that the effect is more nearly that of painting than of writing. If you take the lines one by one, you get nothing but a stream of starry, almost meaningless words; read a whole stanza and it comes into focus. This exquisite dovetailing is not the easiest thing to reproduce in English. It is a pity that Rossetti, who translated so many of the earlier Italian poets, never attempted it, for none of the translations have been good ones. From the first, the poem was an enormous success, and it is now regarded as one of the finest lyrics in Italian literature. Some of the greatest artists of the Renaissance—Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo da Vinci, Giulio Romano, and Raphael—are reputed to have painted canvases based on scenes in the "Stanze." The most famous passages are those that depict Venus in the springtime forest and riding in a sea shell toward the shore. From these, Botticelli got the inspiration for his "Primavera" and his "Birth of Venus," which are practically the best-known possessions of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence.

Poliziano was still at work on the "Stanze" when, on the morning of April 26, 1478, the second anniversary of Simonetta's death, Giuliano, the hero of this epic, was murdered in the Florentine Cathedral. After that, there was not much opportunity for Poliziano or anyone else in Florence to feel very romantic for some time to come. The reason for Giuliano's death was not a simple vendetta; it was a plot by Pope Sixtus IV, the Pazzi family, and a number of others to kill Lorenzo and Giuliano and seize control of Florence. It brought Poliziano back into the arena of physical violence, and that was where he was never at his best. There is the hint of the frightened man in the way he writes of that dire morning. The Pazzi brothers and the other plotters, he says, decided to make their attack in the Cathedral as Lorenzo and Giuliano were kneeling before the altar at High Mass; the raising of the Host was to be the signal for them to strike. Since the plotters were their guests, Lorenzo and

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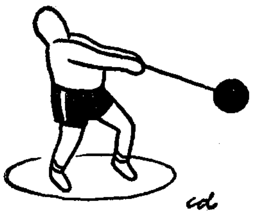
Giuliano suspected nothing. At the last moment, Poliziano says, when everyone else was filing into the Cathedral, Giuliano became ill and failed to turn up. Two of the conspirators then hastened off to his house and persuaded him to come. As they passed into the Cathedral, they put their arms around his shoulders in a gesture of affection, to make sure he was not wearing a coat of mail. Mass began. Lorenzo and Giuliano knelt, and the Host was raised. Immediately, Giuliano was felled with a terrible dagger thrust in the chest. Nevertheless, he got up, and "ran a few steps, but they followed him. Then, losing consciousness, the poor boy fell to the ground, where Francesco Pazzi stabbed at him again and again with his dagger and thus horribly murdered him." Meanwhile, Lorenzo, too, had been stabbed—in the neck, but not badly. He jumped up, wound his cloak around his left arm as a shield, and drew his sword. With one or two others, he then managed to fight his way into the sacristy. Poliziano ran into the sacristy with them, and they closed and bolted the heavy doors.



The Cathedral was in an uproar, priests, women, and children flying in all directions and crying out that the roof was falling in. Those who were in the sacristy could see nothing, and had little idea of what was happening. "While we stood on guard at the door," Poliziano goes on, "some of us grew anxious about Lorenzo's wound, and, fearing that the dagger that made it was poisoned, Antonio Ridolfo, the son of Jacopo, a brave young man, began to suck it. Lorenzo, however, paid no attention to it and kept asking, 'Is Giuliano safe?,' and he angrily threatened and complained against the men who had betrayed him. Suddenly many young supporters gathered outside the sacristy door, crying out that they were friends and relatives, that Lorenzo at all costs should come out before his opponents could gather strength. We inside were suspicious, not knowing whether they were friends or enemies. We kept asking them continually if Giuliano was safe. To this, they made no reply."

In the end, one of Lorenzo's attendants climbed the ladder to the organ loft and looked down into the Cathedral. He saw Giuliano's body lying on the floor and he saw that the men outside the sacristy were friends. Then he called down to the others to open the doors. Lorenzo's men surrounded him, so that he could not see his brother's body, and conducted him to the Medici Palace. "I myself," says Poliziano, "returning home by a direct route, saw the body full of wounds, all bleeding and horribly dead. Trembling and uncertain and almost out of my mind with the enormity of the tragedy, I was helped by some friends, who accompanied me to my house." A crowd of Lorenzo's followers gathered outside his palace, and to reassure them he appeared on a balcony with his neck bandaged. When things had quieted down, Poliziano went back to the Piazza Signoria. There he saw the aftermath of a bloody struggle. Many of the conspirators who had assaulted the Palazzo Vecchio had been captured, hacked to death with pikes and swords, and hung by their necks from the balconies of the palace. Soldiers were now cutting down the bodies and dragging them through the streets. For the moment, the victory of the Medicis was complete.

There followed, during that catastrophic year of 1478, the excommunication of Lorenzo and the interdiction of Florence by the Pope on June 1st, a plague, and a war. On July 13th, a Neapolitan herald arrived at the city gates and, on behalf of the Pope and the King of Naples, threatened war on Florence unless it expelled Lorenzo—"to which," says one of the diarists of the time, "the citizens would not agree, and so war began." Poliziano was sent off with Lorenzo's wife and six children to take refuge on a country estate near Pistoia. No doubt he was glad to go. Carnivals, tournaments, and the singing of ballads had stopped abruptly, and Florence was no place for a poet or a scholar. The long, rose-colored springtime of Lorenzo's early reign was over, and it seemed to Poliziano, isolated in the country with nobody to talk to, that the reason for his own existence had vanished as well. He was just twenty-four, and he was beginning to realize what life was like without Lorenzo.

ONE of the most surprising things about Poliziano is that he remained to the end of his life an inept politician. Although he lived for more than twenty years with Lorenzo, the shrewdest and most graceful diplomatist of the Renaissance, he learned nothing of the art of dealing with other men. Usually he had just two reactions, adoration and loathing, and he shifted from one attitude to the other with abandon. The worst of the many crises in Poliziano's life, the

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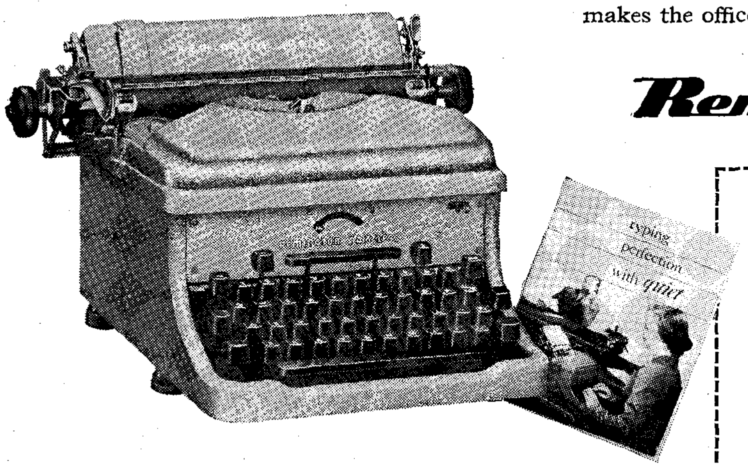
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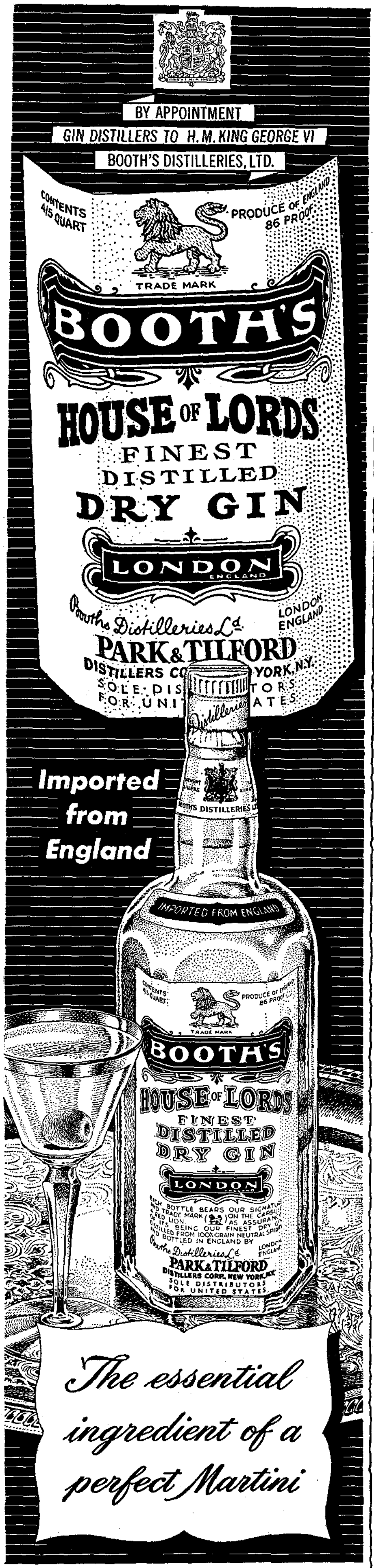
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one that nearly wrecked his career, now occurred, in the summer of that year, when he chose to make an enemy of Lorenzo's wife, Clarice Orsini, of all people. It was an especially bad moment to start a quarrel, since Lorenzo was deeply involved in his losing struggle with the Pope and the King of Naples. As wars go, this was not a bitter affair. It was fought on both sides by mercenaries who were none too keen to come to grips. Florence was in no real danger, but soon plague broke out in the city, and Lorenzo decided to keep his family in the country. Clarice's children were two boys, Piero and Giovanni; and four girls, Lucrezia, Luisa, Maddalena, and Contessina. Poliziano's job was to tutor the boys. Clarice wanted them taught the Scriptures, in Italian; Poliziano was all for the study of Latin and Greek. No sooner had Poliziano set the boys an exercise than Clarice put them on something else. Poliziano wrote a letter protesting to Lorenzo that his position was intolerable; he was prepared to put up with it for Lorenzo's sake, but it was impossible to avoid constant collisions with Clarice. Surely, now that the war was on, Lorenzo could find him some more important job in Florence? Lorenzo seems to have made no reply to this, and the quarrel dragged on. Clarice was pregnant again, and often she had to take to her bed. But directly she got up, she renewed the attack. There is a rising note of irritation in Poliziano's letters to Lorenzo. Probably he was forced to submit them to Clarice's censorship, and he soon began to develop a rather nasty trick of slipping into Latin or Greek (which Clarice could not read) when he wanted to say anything unpleasant. "The children play more than usual and are in splendid health," he says in one letter. "God help them and you. Piero never leaves me, or I him. I wish I had to serve you in some important way, but this has fallen to my lot and I do it willingly." Then he goes on, this time in Latin: "But I beg you to insure, either by letter or by messenger, that my authority shall not be restricted, so that I can more easily guide the boy and fulfill my duty."

But the row went a good deal deeper than a mere squabble in the children's schoolroom. Clarice and Poliziano were basically ill-adjusted. Poliziano was a nervous, ambitious, highly intellectual youth who had leapt into Lorenzo's favor from the back streets of Florence, and he had a sarcastic tongue. Clarice was the daughter of a patrician Roman family with a religious background, and she had an instinctive dislike of bright

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young Florentine intellectuals. There is something desperately pathetic about Clarice. Yet, perhaps because the list of her worries is too long, it is difficult to feel as sorry for her as one ought to. She was the apotheosis of neglected wives. Married to a brilliant man whose friends she never quite liked or understood, saddled with too many children too quickly, suffering from consumption and probably aware of her husband's love affairs, she seems never to have had a moment when she could relax. Lorenzo was always sending her away somewhere or going away himself, and, because she loved him, she pursued him with sad little notes: "There is nothing of importance to tell you except that we are waiting to see you again. When will you come?" She had the misfortune, too, to be overshadowed by her remarkable mother-in-law, Madonna Lucrezia. It was Lucrezia's cold, shrewd eye that had first fallen on Clarice when the Medicis were hunting about for a wife for Lorenzo, eleven years before. Lucrezia had written to her husband, Piero, from Rome:

> On the way to St. Peter's on Thursday morning, I met Madonna Maddalena Orsini, sister to the Cardinal, with her daughter, who is about fifteen or sixteen years old. She was dressed in the Roman fashion with a *lenzuolo* [a loose shawl]. In this dress, she seemed to me handsome, fair, and tall, but, since she was so covered up, I could not see her to my satisfaction.
>
> Yesterday I paid a visit to the said Monsignor Orsini in his sister's house, which adjoins his. When I saluted him in your name, his sister came in with the maiden, who had on a tight frock in the fashion of Rome, without the *lenzuolo*. We talked for some time and I looked closely at the girl. As I said, she is of good height and has a nice complexion; her manners are gentle, though not so winning as those of our girls, but she is very modest and would soon learn our customs. She has not fair hair, because here there are no fair women; her hair is reddish and abundant, her face rather round, but it does not displease me. Her throat is fairly elegant, but it seems to me a little meagre, or, so to speak, slight. Her bosom I could not see, as here the women are entirely covered up, but it appeared to me of good proportions. She does not carry her head proudly, like our girls, but pokes it forward a little. I think she was shy. Indeed, I see no fault in her except shyness.
>
> Her hands are long and delicate. In short, I think the girl is much above the average, though she cannot compare with Maria, Lucrezia, and Bianca [Lucrezia's own daughters]. Lorenzo has seen her, and you can find out whether she pleases him. Whatever he and you decide will be well done, and I shall be content. Let us leave the issue to God.

There follows a list of the estates of the Orsini family and a hint that a substantial dowry could be expected. Lorenzo and Clarice were married in Florence

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in June, 1469, and the celebration went on for five days and nights. There were over a thousand guests, who danced in a pavilion in the street and consumed a hundred barrels of wine a day.

In the nine years since then, disillusionment had set in. Clarice still loved Lorenzo and she missed him terribly at times—especially now, when he was in danger in Florence and she was cut off in the country at Pistoia. Poliziano's presence only made matters worse. He was Lorenzo's choice of a tutor, not hers, and no doubt she had been irritated by his toadying to Lorenzo and by his literary airs. Poliziano, on his side, was longing to get back to Lorenzo and his gay friends in Florence. He was still young enough and impetuous enough to think that he could laugh at Clarice and occasionally defy her. In fact, he was making the fatal mistake of underrating not only his patron's wife but all the other people who were jealous of his intimacy with Lorenzo. The quarrel was still simmering at the end of the summer, when the family was warned that the enemy was approaching Pistoia. They decamped to the Medici castle fortress of Cafaggiuolo, a day's journey north of Florence. It was November when they made the trip, and all of them loathed the idea of it. They were joined by an old friend of the family, Gentile Becchi, and in the midst of a long caravan of doctors, attendants, and men-at-arms they trundled over the mountains in coaches and on horseback. Even now, when the main road from Florence to Bologna runs past the front door and Florence is only an hour away by car, Cafaggiuolo is not a cheerful place in winter. It lies at the head of the Mugello Valley, among damp river flats. The castle, which was built by Michelozzo, has been converted into a state agricultural center in recent years, and piles of grain fill the rooms where Clarice and Poliziano lived and the children played. After five hundred years, the building is still sound, but damp has been creeping in for centuries and cracks have begun to develop in the tower. The rooms are large, square, and lofty, the floors are of stone, and in the fifteenth century no great attention was paid to drafts or heating. During December and January, the icy wind rages there for days on end, and it is often accompanied by rain and thunderstorms.

Lorenzo's mother remained in Florence—one can imagine the old lady refusing to budge—and soon the family were writing to her that they were "up to their necks in water" and forced to stay indoors all day. Poliziano enjoyed country life, but he preferred it in the spring, preferably with a nymph sporting about through the wild flowers and the prospect of an amusing dinner party with Lorenzo at the end of the day. Exasperated by the weather and bored to death by the domestic atmosphere, he sent off this distraught letter to Madonna Lucrezia in the middle of December:

MAGNIFICA DOMINA MEA:

The news from this place is that it rains violently and incessantly, so that it is impossible to leave the house, and instead of hunting we have taken to playing ball, so that the children can exercise. We generally play for the soup, the sweet, or the meat, and he who loses goes without. Often, when one of my scholars loses, he cries. I have no other news to give you. I sit by the fire in dressing gown and slippers, and were you to see me, you would think that I was Melancholy personified, for that is what I seem to myself. I neither do nor see nor hear anything that gives me pleasure, so much have I taken our calamities to heart. Sleeping and waking, they haunt me. Two days ago, we began to spread our wings, for we heard the plague had ceased; now we are down again, because it is still said to be going about. In Florence, we have some sort of comfort, if only that of seeing Lorenzo come home safe and well. Here we are in perpetual anxiety about everything, and I assure you I am dying of melancholy, such is my solitude. I say "solitude" because Monsignore [Becchi] shuts himself up in his own room, with only his thoughts for company, and I always find him so cast down and full of care that my own melancholy is increased in his company.

Ser Alberto di Malerba [a priest who had joined them] mumbles prayers with the children all day long, so I remain alone, and when I am tired of study, I ring the changes on plague and war, on grief for the past and fear for the future, and have no one with whom to air my fantasies. I do not find in her room my Madonna Lucrezia, with whom I can unbosom myself, and I am bored to death. . . . However, I am trying to arm myself with hope and cling to everything in order not to sink to the bottom. I have nothing else to say. I commend myself to Your Magnificence. Cafaggiuolo, December 18, 1478. *Servitor.*

ANGELUS

Through January, 1479, Poliziano killed time by composing a Latin ode, keeping a diary (it is full of bright sayings he nostalgically remembered hearing at Lorenzo's dinner table), writing his version of the conspiracy against Lorenzo, and bickering with Clarice. The rain still poured down. Clarice's seventh child was born, at last, during a brief visit to Florence in early spring, and it was named Giuliano, after Lorenzo's murdered brother. While Clarice was in Florence, Poliziano snatched his pupils away from Ser Alberto, the mumbling priest, and put them back to studying the classical languages. But directly Clarice returned, she restored the children to Alberto, and by April an open breach was imminent. Poliziano protested to Lorenzo: "As for Giovanni, you will have seen for yourself. His mother has taken it upon herself to change his course of reading to the Psalter, a thing I did not approve of. While she was absent, he had made wonderful progress." This was true enough; Poliziano had been pushing both boys through a course of Latin and Greek that would have made a modern schoolboy shudder. Piero was only eight, and his letters to his father reveal a striking maturity. He wrote:

MAGNIFICENT FATHER:
Lucrezia and I are competing to see who can write best. She is writing to Grandmother Lucrezia, I, my father, to you. The one who gets what he asks for wins. Until now, Lucrezia has had everything she wanted. I, who have always written in Latin in order to give a more literary tone to my letters, have not had that pony you promised me, and so I am laughed at by everyone. See to it, therefore, Your Magnificence, that she is not always the winner.

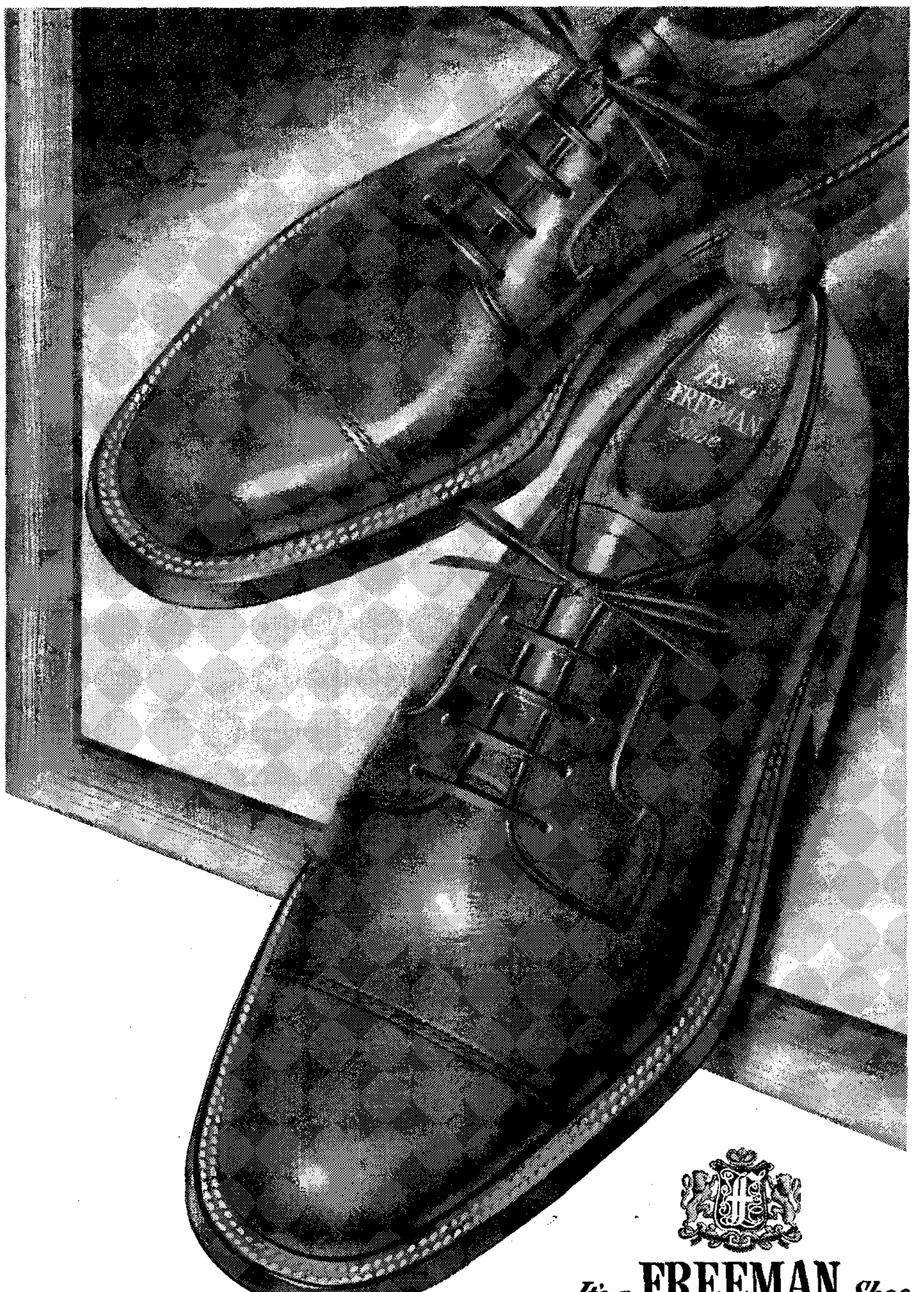
This letter is dated May 26, 1479, and it was soon followed by another:

MAGNIFICENT FATHER MINE:
I fear that some misfortune has happened to that pony, for had it been well, I know you would have sent it me as you promised. I beg you, therefore, as a grace, that you will take this fear away from me, for I think of it day and night, and until the pony comes, I shall have no peace. In case the original one cannot come, please send me another. For, as I have already written you, I am here on foot, and sometimes it is necessary for me to go off in the company of my friends. See to this, therefore, Your Magnificence.

Finally:

MAGNIFICENT FATHER MINE:
I cannot tell you, Magnificent Father, how glad I am to have the pony, and how his arrival stimulates me to work. If I desire to praise him, "*ante diem clause componet vesper Olympo.*" He is so handsome and perfect that the trumpet of Maronius would hardly be enough to sing his praises. You can imagine how I love him—especially when his joyous neighs resound and rejoice the whole neighborhood. I owe you and send you many thanks for such a fine gift, and I shall try to repay you by becoming what you wish. Of this, you may be sure. I promise that I shall try with all my heart. We are all well and we all long for your arrival. God save you.
Your son,
PIERO

Meanwhile, Clarice had thrown Poliziano out of the house. The final row must have been bitter, since Clarice did not wait to consult Lorenzo. Little Piero at one stage appears to have supported his tutor. Much later, he declared that his mother was not to blame and that Poliziano used to shout at her. In any event, Poliziano left the castle



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in such a remarkable hurry that he even abandoned his manuscripts. He did not dare to return to Florence without Lorenzo's permission, nor did he care to approach Lorenzo until he had prepared the way, so he went to another of the Medici villas, in Careggi, just outside Florence, perhaps hoping to find Lorenzo's mother temporarily in residence there. Lucrezia was a poet herself and had always been a good friend of his. It was spring, the first week in May, the month Poliziano had sung about so blithely in the old days. This crestfallen little note was delivered to Lorenzo in Florence:

> MAGNIFICE MI DOMINE:
>
> I am here at Careggi, having left Cafaggiuolo by command of Madonna Clarice. The cause and manner of my departure I desire—indeed, I beg—to be allowed to explain by word of mouth; it is too long to write. When you have heard me, I think you will admit that the fault is not all mine. For decency's sake and not wishing to go to Florence without your orders, I came here and am waiting till Your Magnificence informs me what I am to do, because I am yours even if the whole world were against me. If I have had only small success in serving you, it was not that I did not serve with all my heart. I commend myself to Your Magnificence and am entirely at your command. Careggi, May 6, 1479.
>
> Ever Your Magnificence's servant,
>
> ANGELUS POL

Lorenzo was too fond of Poliziano to dismiss him, but at the same time he could not humiliate Clarice by taking his side. He compromised by installing Poliziano as librarian at the Badia Monastery, one of the Medici haunts on the hill of Fiesole, just outside Florence. Poliziano began throwing off epigrams in praise of his patron, and it is not difficult to imagine the sort of gossip he spread about Clarice among his friends. Soon the whole court knew about the quarrel, and Matteo Franco, one of Lorenzo's courtier-poets, permitted himself to make a joke, which came to Clarice's ears. "I should be glad not to be turned into ridicule by Franco," she wrote to Lorenzo on May 28th, "and also that Messer Angelo should not be able to boast that he lives in your house whether I like it or not, and that you have put him into your own room at Fiesole. You know, I told you that if you wished him to remain, I was perfectly content, and although I have endured a thousand insults, if it has been by your permission I am content, but this I can hardly believe."

In her exasperation, Clarice put herself in the wrong by refusing to give up the manuscripts Poliziano had left behind—they included the Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes he had pre-

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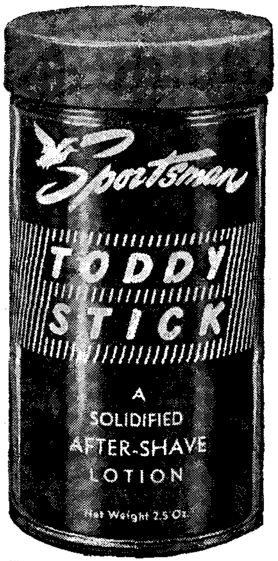

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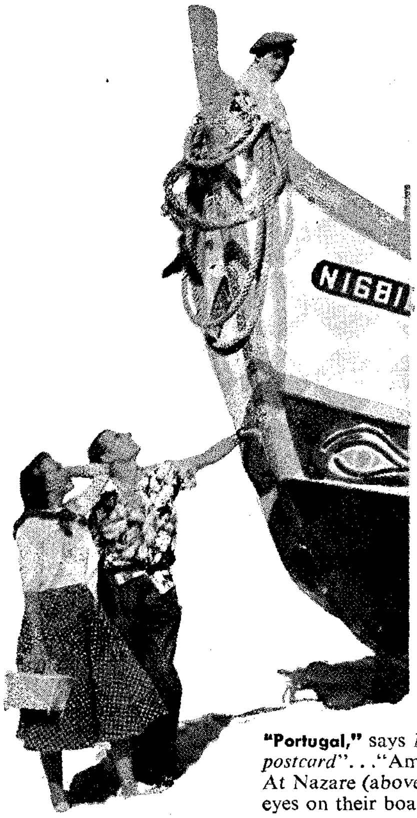

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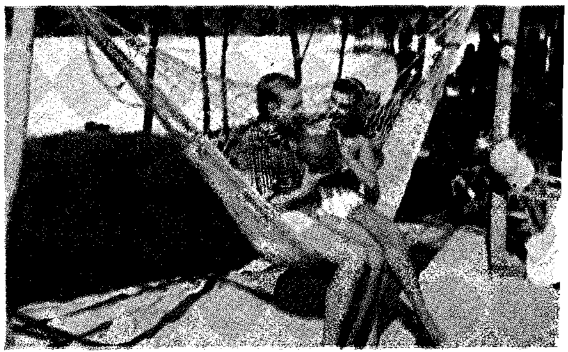

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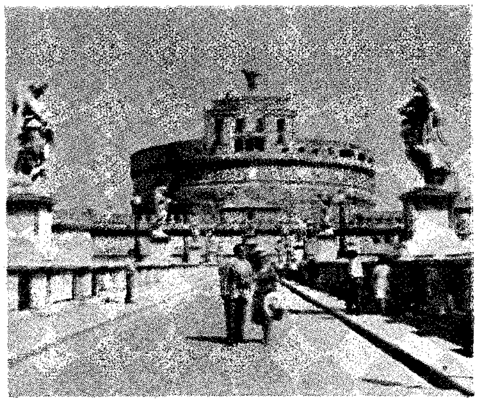

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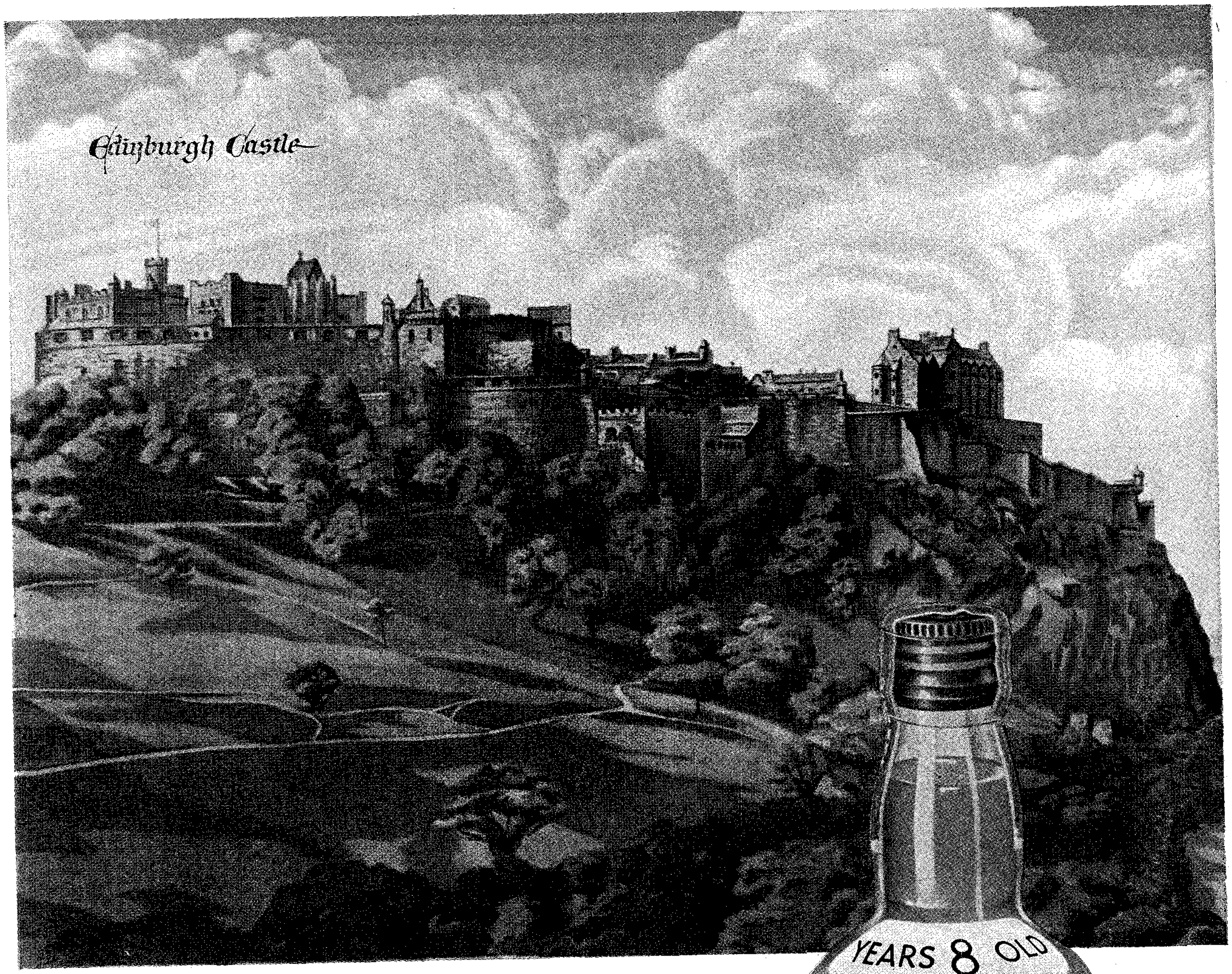
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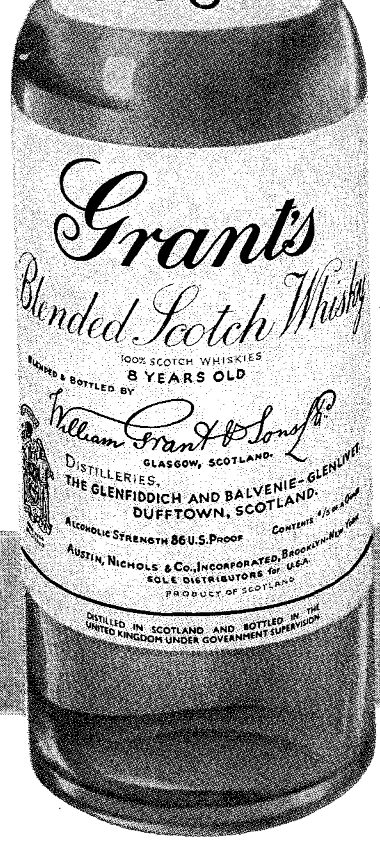
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SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS, IMPORT DIVISION Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. BROOKLYN – NEW YORK pared for Piero, his interpretations and addresses to Lorenzo, and a quantity of other writings. Clarice claimed that since the manuscripts had been prepared for Piero, they were Medici property. Poliziano complained loudly; he even got one of Lorenzo's secretaries to write her and demand the return of the manuscripts. Clarice ignored him. Only Lorenzo could now quiet her, and at the end of May he visited Cafaggiuolo. Poliziano, he insisted, was to stay in Fiesole and was to have his manuscripts, but she would not be forced to take him back as tutor, and he would see to it that Poliziano did not annoy her. With this, Clarice had to be content, and Lorenzo hurried back to Florence and the war.

THE first round was clearly Poliziano's, but he had won it at the cost of making a permanent enemy of Clarice, and there were a good many in the Medici household who thought he was getting too big for his boots. He began to notice a certain coolness in the air. "Yesterday," he wrote desperately to Lucrezia, "we were told that Lorenzo was in a somewhat low state. God alone knows how it made me suffer. I am therefore sending over Mariotto [the Medicis' barber] in order to hear how he is. I would have come myself, but I was not sure whether or not I would be intruding. If there is anything I can do . . ."

People died suddenly in fifteenth-century Florence, and it was painfully apparent to Poliziano that if anything happened to Lorenzo, it would not take Clarice and her friends long to push him out of the Medici court. He could feel himself slipping; this protector, this foster father whom he had grown to love, was turning away from him. Messengers were kept trotting to Lucrezia's house in Florence with anxious inquiries: How was Lorenzo? What was he doing? The answer was that Lorenzo was ill with gout and overwork. Then, too, since he had lost his tutorship, Poliziano had been running short of money. After his rise to importance in the Medici court, his relatives had descended upon him in a body. He had put some of them up in rooms he had acquired on the Via Fossi, near his Priory of San Paulo, and he had taken his sister Maria and her family and a cousin named Tommaso, who was much given to tavern brawls, into the villa on Fiesole. With this large household to support, he started to maneuver for another church benefice, at Fiesole.

"I realize," he wrote to Lucrezia, "that this is not the moment to ask for anything, first on account of the thunderstorm [the row with Clarice] and then I might be told I have too much already. But the fact is, if ever I needed assistance, it is now. Besides being constantly drained by this sister of mine, the hopes I built on [my continuing as the tutor of] Piero are failing me." The benefice at Fiesole, he added reflectively, had quite a nice little estate attached to it. But this time Lucrezia could not help him, and the benefice went to someone else.

For the rest, it was a profitable summer; Poliziano translated the maxims of the Stoic philosopher Epictetus and Plutarch's "Amatoriae Narrationes," in addition to composing some of his best descriptive Latin poems. Moreover, he began to settle into the work that became the ruling passion of his life—the collection, collation, and translation of manuscripts for the Laurentian Library and the study of old coins and inscriptions. Although he was just twenty-five, his reputation as a scholar and a poet was spreading all over Italy. He worked in the Badia Fiesolana, a church with a lovely Romanesque façade. This still stands, along with some of the most graceful cloisters in Tuscany, which lead into the monastery. The place has been turned into a school, and the upper rooms have been converted into dormitories for boys, but you can see the rooms where the library was before it was removed to Florence, and where Lorenzo, Poliziano, Ficino, the poet Pico della Mirandola—next to Lorenzo, Poliziano's closest friend—and probably Michelangelo discussed philosophy through the night. No doubt Poliziano could have lived happily, on the whole, on Fiesole, but in September, 1479, the Florentines' headquarters at Poggio Imperiale, near Siena, was captured by the Papal and Neapolitan troops. Lorenzo's soldiers managed to struggle on into the winter, but it was obvious that when the enemy renewed the offensive in the spring, Florence would fall.

In December, Lorenzo made his famous decision to go to Naples and try to

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negotiate peace with the King. It was a decision that needed more than ordinary sang-froid, for the last envoy to the King's court had been immediately executed. Moreover, it was upon Lorenzo himself—"that ungrateful, excommunicated, and heretical Lorenzo de' Medici"—that the Pope had sworn to take vengeance. According to Lorenzo's plan, a small party of his closest companions was to go with him on this dangerous mission. Poliziano was one of them. He wanted to go, and yet he did not dare. He protested rather loftily to Francesco, one of Lorenzo's secretaries, that he would have to discuss the matter with the Magnificent before he decided, and he went off to the Palazzo Medici. After making his presence known, he waited outside Lorenzo's door for an hour and a half without being summoned, and he could not bring himself to go inside without an invitation. That hour and a half was probably the emotional crisis of Poliziano's life. It was one of those moments when one is assailed with dark misgivings and yet feels that the chance of a lifetime may be slipping away. There was not much good in trying to rationalize the situation by saying that, after all, he was a poet, not a soldier or a politician, and he could not be expected to go; Lorenzo had asked for him, and if he refused, life in Florence would be impossible. It is not hard to imagine how, as he stood there outside the door waiting, his mood of offended dignity began to subside into a welter of doubts and hesitations. Perhaps it was already too late; perhaps he had protested too much and Lorenzo had angrily struck him off the list. Finally, when he could bear it no longer, he rushed back to Francesco and announced that he had changed his mind; he would go to Naples without asking any questions.

Poliziano, much agitated, then returned to the Palazzo Medici. Tailors and embroiderers had been working through the night on Lorenzo's ambassadorial robes, and messengers were flying in and out. Lorenzo was closeted with his advisers. This time, Poliziano did succeed in getting admitted to his patron, and had midday dinner with him. But Lorenzo was deep in urgent conversation with other men. Through the long afternoon, Poliziano waited around anxiously, growing more and more worried. One can picture him edging as close as he could to Lorenzo, talking—volubly, no doubt—to anyone who looked as though he had any information but never managing to draw Lorenzo to one side. By evening, no-

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body had given him any instructions, and he was appalled to see Lorenzo set off for the Palazzo Vecchio, where forty members of the government had gathered in secret session to hear his plans. The expedition was to leave Florence after the meeting. In desperation, Poliziano ran after Lorenzo and was about to tug his sleeve when Francesco called to him and told him that, on Lorenzo's orders, he was not to go, his place had been taken by someone else. Poliziano hurried home and composed a letter, which he dispatched to Lorenzo, who was still in conference in the Palazzo Vecchio. It is doubtful whether it ever got to Lorenzo, for he was completely engrossed in his great adventure. He was making a speech, which brought all his hearers to tears:

> Seeing that all other endeavors have been fruitless, I have determined to run some peril in my own person rather than expose the city to disaster. Therefore, with the permission of Your Excellencies of the Signoria, I have decided to go openly to Naples. Being the one most hated and persecuted by our enemies, I may, by placing myself in their hands, be the means of restoring peace to our city. . . . These are the feelings with which I go, for perhaps our Lord God desires that this war, which began with the blood of my brother and myself, should be put an end to by me.

That night, Lorenzo and his companions set out for the coast. A week later, they embarked on a galley for Naples. Utterly deflated, Poliziano roamed about Florence asking himself, "Where shall I go? What shall I do?" For six years, he had been the court favorite; people had run after him asking for favors, telling him how clever he was, and begging him to mention their names to Lorenzo. Now he had been publicly slighted by Lorenzo, and all Florence knew it. At last Clarice had her revenge. The story quickly went around Florence that the favorite had been deposed. He had refused to go to Naples; he had acted like a coward when the whole city was in danger and Lorenzo was risking his own life. No doubt the sensible thing to do would have been to go back to his books at Fiesole and wait there, well out of Clarice's way, until he saw what happened to Lorenzo in Naples. But he was unnerved. He did the foolish and precipitate thing; he quietly packed his clothes and went to Bologna, in the north, a safe and neutral place. To those who stayed behind in Florence, and, later, to Lorenzo, it seemed like the action of a traitor.

POLIZIANO spent nearly eight months wandering in the cities of northern Italy. He drifted from Bologna to

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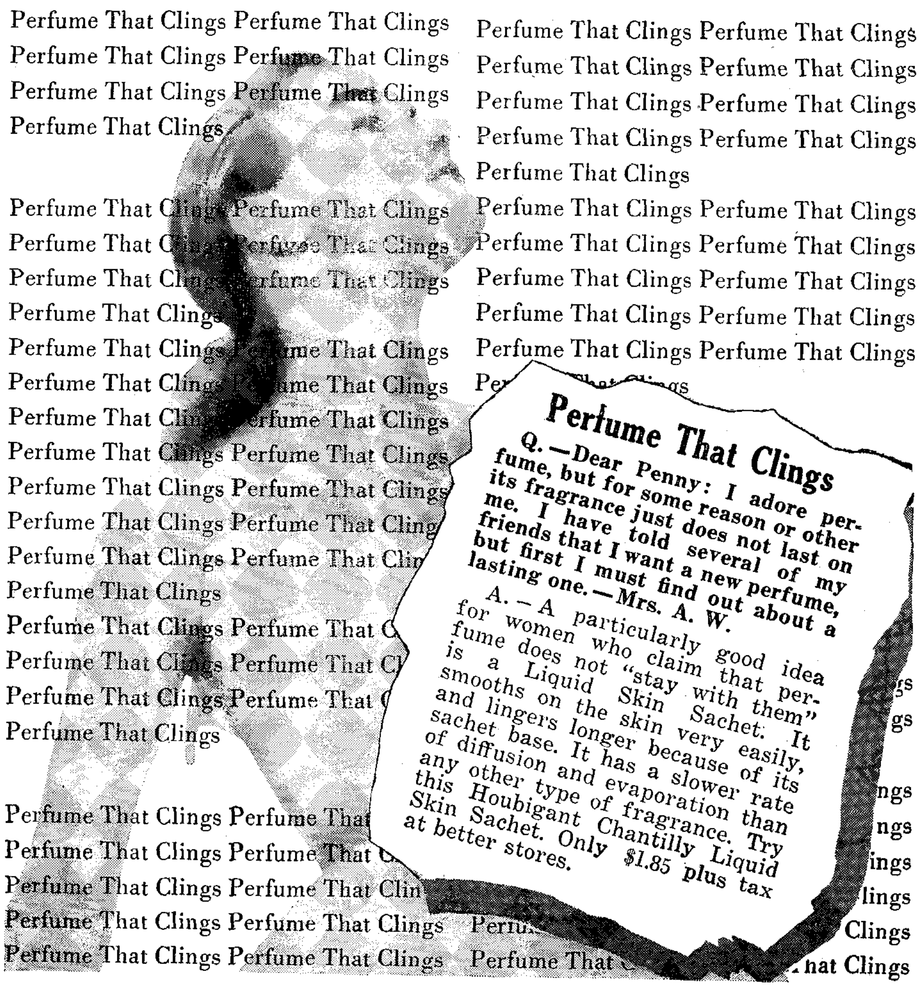
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Mantua, Verona, Padua, and Venice, browsing in libraries and talking to other scholars. None of this brought him peace of mind, for he realized that he had made a frightful mistake in abandoning Florence and Lorenzo. On March 15, 1480, Lorenzo returned from Naples with the news that the war against the Pope was over and Florence was saved. Poliziano hastily got off a couple of complimentary poems to his old patron, together with a suggestion that he be invited back to Florence. He followed this with a long letter to Lorenzo asking forgiveness. There was no reply to the poems or the letter, and a poet friend, Baccio Ugolini, who took Poliziano's letter to Florence, reported back to him that he was much out of favor and it was useless for him to return.

For the time being, Poliziano accepted exile. He got an appointment as chaplain in the court of Cardinal Gonzaga, at Mantua, and amused himself by writing a play, which he called "Orpheus." "Orpheus" is not one of the triumphs of Italian literature, but it is the first play with a non-religious theme to be written in Italian. You might even argue that it was the forerunner of Italian opera. "I wrote this play," Poliziano wrote, "at the request of the Most Reverend, the Cardinal of Mantua, in the space of two days, among continual disturbances and in the vulgar tongue, that it might be the better understood by the spectators." The original version of "Orpheus" (Poliziano later revised and expanded it) is barely four hundred lines of verse, and it has the simplicity and gusto of a piece composed upon a single inspiration. Poliziano affected to deplore its publication when it was finally printed, years afterward. "Let it come out, then," he wrote rather archly to the printer, "since such is your pleasure, but I suggest your kindness is a cruelty to me." "Orpheus" had an immediate success. Like all of Poliziano's popular writings, it reflected something in the age itself—that feeling men had that they were living in a violent and barbarous time, a contemporary Hades that could be subdued only by the Orpheus touch, by music and beauty and enlightenment.

The poet was still yearning for Florence and Lorenzo. All through the spring and summer of that year, he kept up a barrage of epigrams and verses: "I am yours, O Medici. . . . I am yours forever. . . . Give back to me, my Lorenzo, your eyes, give back to me my happiness." At last, in August, Lorenzo called him home. Possibly the success of "Orpheus" had something to do with it.

When Lorenzo forgave, he forgave handsomely. He reinstated Poliziano as tutor to Piero and appointed him Professor of Latin and Greek Eloquence at the Studio Fiorentino. It is said that Poliziano made no great impression when he first came into a lecture room, with that squinting eye and the huge hooked nose, but that when he began to speak, he charmed everyone who heard him, and his audience sat fascinated until he had finished. Some of the ablest scholars of Europe journeyed to Florence to listen to him, and even his old professors came and sat as pupils. He discoursed upon nearly all the classical authors, explaining and commenting on their work with an ease that indicated a staggering memory. He spoke for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, alternating Greek and Latin. He had a trick of introducing a subject with a very simple and homey idea, so some surprising things were scattered through his lectures. "They say," he once began, "that the female mouse is madly lustful."

At night, Poliziano often walked or rode with Lorenzo and discussed what he had talked about in the lecture room that day. It was Lorenzo who had persuaded him to write in Italian, and they still composed songs and jingles together. But now, at the age of twenty-six, Poliziano was turning back to the classics, and the popular poet was rapidly becoming lost in the professor. Under his charge, the Laurentian Library was becoming the most distinguished in Europe. Lorenzo sent agents to all the more civilized parts of the Continent and the Near East, searching for classical manuscripts, and he paid large prices for them. The pearl of his collection was the "Pandects" of Justinian, which was kept under armed guard in the vaults of the Palazzo Vecchio. Since the manuscript was too precious to be moved, Poliziano studied it there by the light of torches. Poliziano's reputation was soaring. He wrote to a friend:

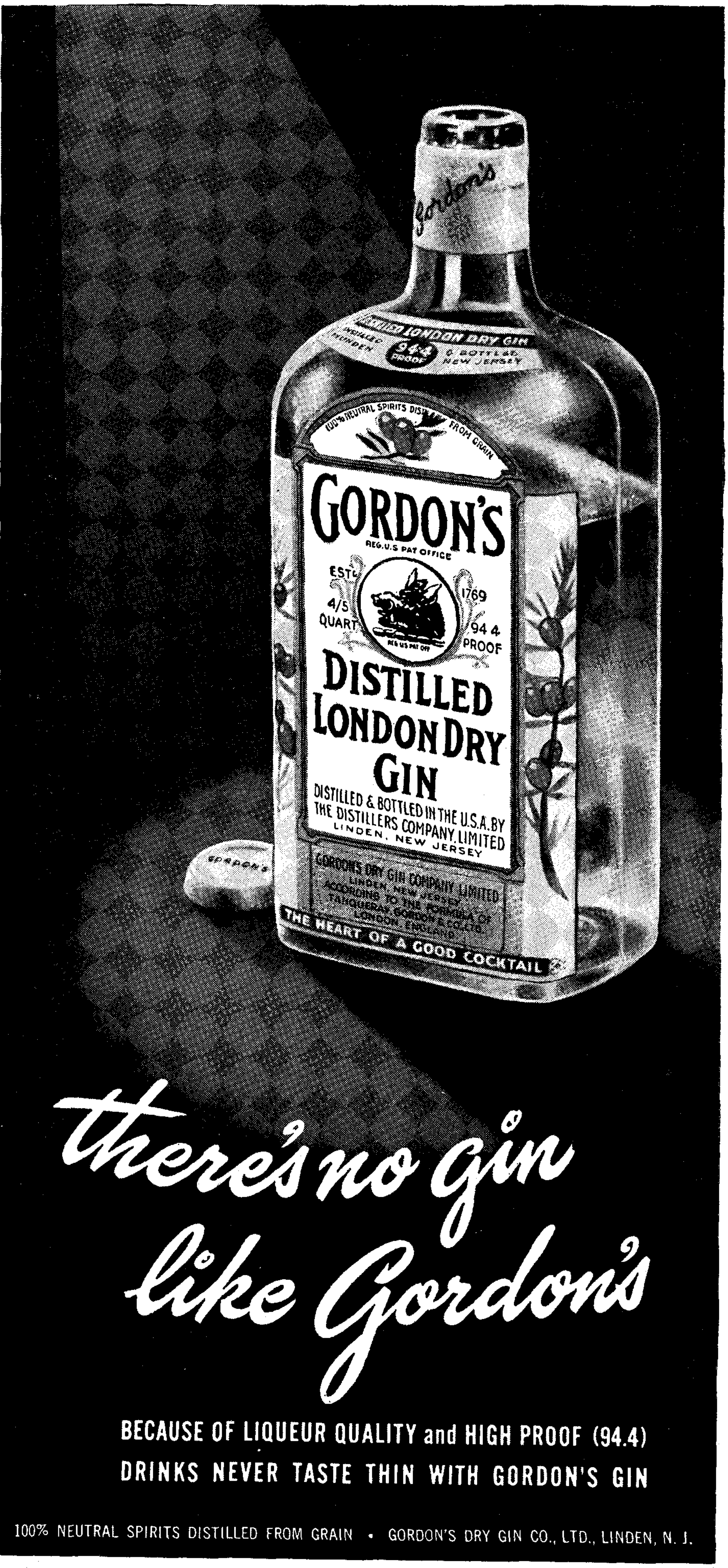
> If anyone wants a motto for the hilt of his sword, a phrase for a ring, an inscription for his bedroom, or a device for his plate, or even for his pots and pans, he runs, like everybody else, to Poliziano. There is hardly a wall I have not besmeared, like a snail, with the effusions of my brain. One man pesters me for rhymes and drinking songs, another for a grave discourse, a third for a serenade, and a fourth for a licentious carnival ballad. This fool tells me his love troubles, which I sit, like a fool, to hear. Another asks me for a symbol that will baffle the curiosity of the others and that only his

mistress will understand. I pass over the unreasonable garrulity of the pedants, the impertinences of the poetasters, who are constantly admiring their own productions. These are the plagues I am compelled to endure every day, besides the interruptions I meet with in my walks from the lower class of this city and its vicinity—they drag me through the streets like an ox by the nose.

Financially, too, things were going well with Poliziano; he now had a few more church benefices, and in 1483 Lorenzo gave him the Villa Diana. It is near the hamlet of Fontelucente (which means "shining fountain"), on the steep northwestern slope of the hill of Fiesole. Here in the Villa Diana (where I am writing now) he spent the hot summer months during the rest of his life and composed his "Sylvae," one of the most famous of his works. It is a long poem, in Latin, divided into four books, and is an introduction to poetry from the time of Hesiod to Dante.

Poliziano was presently joined by his friend Pico della Mirandola. It was said that a ball of fire appeared in the sky over Pico's mother's bedchamber when he was born, but it burned itself out quickly. Pico was nine years younger than Poliziano, and he was only thirty-one when he died. The fire that burned in Pico in those years was incredible. He was credited with speaking twenty-two languages, he was a poet, and his vast learning was said to include all the known philosophies of the East. There is a charming description of him by a nephew of his who wrote his biography. "Pico had been both desirous of glory and kindled in vain love, and holden in voluptuous use of women," he says. "The comeliness of his body, with the lovely favour of his visage, and therewithal his marvellous frame, his excellent learning, great richness, and noble kindred, set many women afire on him. From the desire of whom he not abhorring was somewhat fallen into wantonness. But . . . he drew back his mind flowing in riot, and turned it to Christ." In a footnote to his manuscript, the nephew adds pleasantly, "The best of us all hath had a madding time."

It was mostly with Pico and Lorenzo and one or two others—among them Pier Leone, Lorenzo's doctor, and Paolo Toscanelli, the geographer—that Poliziano sat dreaming and arguing through the night in a gentle glow of Platonic philosophy, worlds upon worlds opening out before them. The talk was endless. They kept a light burning before a bust of Plato, and every year they gave a banquet to celebrate the great man's birthday. Voltaire went as far as to suggest that these men were



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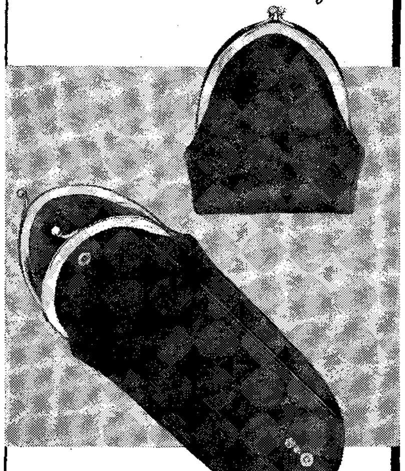

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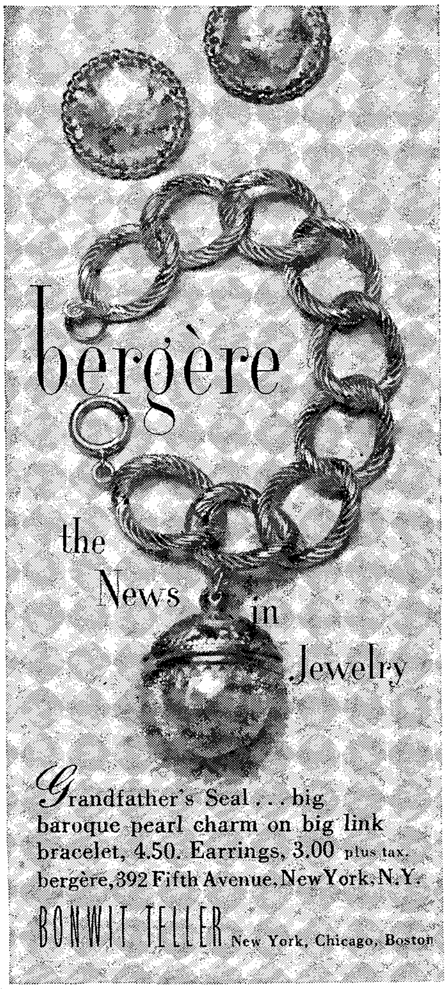

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"superior perhaps to the boasted sages of Greece," which seems extravagant. Yet they did feel that they were on the edge of tremendous things, as, in fact, they were. Underneath all the heavy-handed rhetoric, there is a continuous sense of excitement and discovery, since it was not only the future that was opening up but the past as well. Every day, something new happened, and Poliziano's life was a wonderful mixture of the naïve and the sublime. On Monday he was agog over the unearthing of four lost books by Cicero, and on Tuesday he was marvelling over the arrival of a giraffe, the gift of the Sultan of Egypt to Lorenzo. He dismissed the invention of printing with the words "The most stupid ideas can now in a moment be transferred into a thousand volumes and spread abroad," but he was much interested by the report that a nest of witches had been found near the Villa Diana. Pier Leone announced that he had devised a wonderful new remedy made of the oil of scorpions and the tongues of asps. And Toscanelli produced a chart that pretended that the world might not, after all, be flat. He had been corresponding about it with a Florentine merchant named Amerigo Vespucci and a young Genoese named Cristoforo Colombo.

Poliziano worked prodigiously. When, in 1484, he went down to Rome with his pupil Piero de' Medici, he took with him his translation of Herodian to present to the Pope. He said he had done it in two days, walking up and down his room dictating to secretaries. The Pope gave him two hundred gold crowns for the manuscript, which is now in the Laurentian Library, in Florence. It does indeed appear to have been written down by several copyists. Poliziano went over the sheets, correcting the work in his neat handwriting, and signed his name at the end. One also has this impression of haste about the work of most of Poliziano's friends; it is as though they sensed that they had very little time before a terrible disaster would descend upon them and put a stop to all their discoveries. They seemed to feel, too, that in the midst of all this exploration they were losing touch with the ordinary patterns and morals of life. Where were they heading and what did it all mean? Who was going to control what they created? It was a feeling, in fact, that has a certain familiar ring.

LORENZO's family was growing up. In 1488, when Piero was seventeen, Poliziano again went down to Rome with him, to see him married to Alfon-

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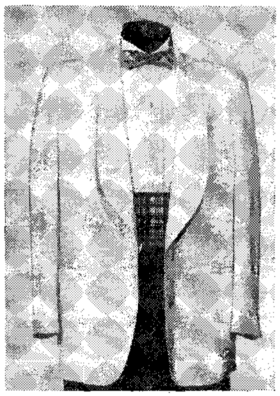

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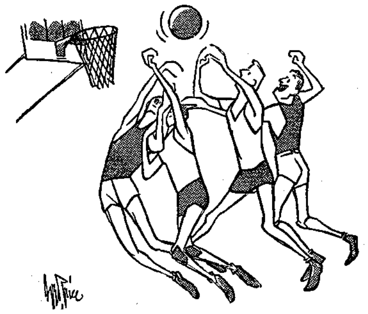

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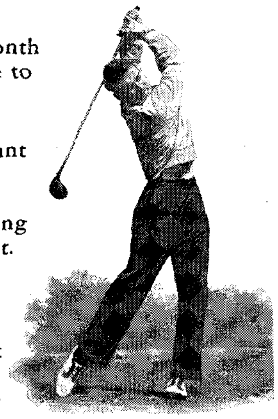
sina Orsini, one of the new generation of his mother's family. As for Piero's mother, Clarice, she was very ill at the wedding, and a few weeks later, back in Florence, she died. She was only thirty-seven.

Poliziano went triumphantly onward. Now he had Lorenzo to himself, and he even began corresponding on fairly intimate terms with the other rulers of Europe. He blandly informed the King of Portugal that he would soon be forgotten and all his doings would "lie hidden in the vast heap of human frailty" unless he employed a competent historian. And what better man than Poliziano? There was peace at last in Italy, and the future might have stretched promisingly ahead except for one rather disquieting thing: Savonarola had appeared in Florence, and from the pulpit of San Marco he was fiercely predicting the end of Lorenzo and all his godless court. Poliziano was almost the last of Lorenzo's followers to go over to Savonarola. Even when Pico was converted to the Savonarola brand of austerity, along with Botticelli, Michelangelo, Fra Bartolommeo, and nearly all the other Florentine artists, Poliziano still hung back, for it was impossible for him to imagine life without Lorenzo. He saw, more clearly than the others, that Savonarola was the ultimate enemy of Lorenzo; his movement meant the end of everything Lorenzo and Poliziano believed in—man's freedom to be elegant, to win fame, to accept good and evil as inevitable, and, if you chose, to worship Plato as well as Christ. Life for Poliziano was here and now, and a wonderful thing—not, as this gloomy friar suggested, a brief and sinful interlude to be got through in the most dismal possible way.

In the early spring of 1492, Lorenzo's gout grew worse and he was in constant pain. When, on March 10th, after immense contrivings, his second son, Giovanni, was made a cardinal, Lorenzo had to be carried on a litter to the banquet of celebration in the Medici Palace, and he ate nothing. Giovanni went off to Rome a few days later, and Lorenzo collapsed. On March 21st, he was taken out to his villa at Careggi, where his father and his grandfather had died before him and where he now was to die. Poliziano was with him, and his account is probably the authentic one. He wrote:

> The day before his death, he grew so weak that all hope of his recovery vanished. Perceiving this, like a wise man, he called for the confessor to purge himself of past sins.... Rousing himself, he exclaimed, "It shall never be said that my Lord, who created and saved me, shall come to me in my room. Raise me, I beg you, raise me

BEWARE
The ICE of March



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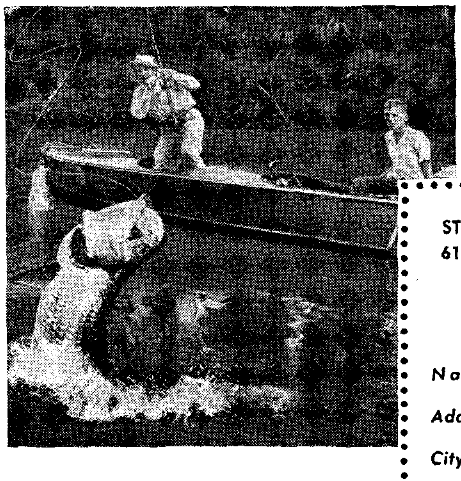

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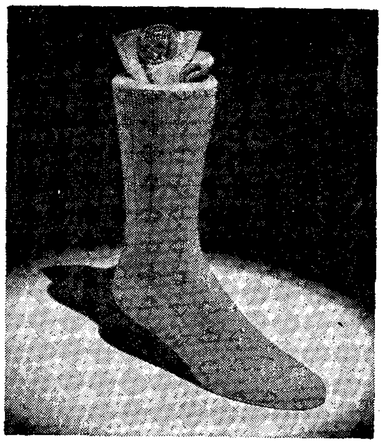

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quickly, so that I may go and meet Him." Saying this, he raised himself as well as he could and, supported by his servants, advanced to meet the priest in the outer room. There, crying, he knelt down. . . . At length, the priest ordered that he should be raised from the ground and carried to his bed, so that he could receive the viaticum in more comfort.

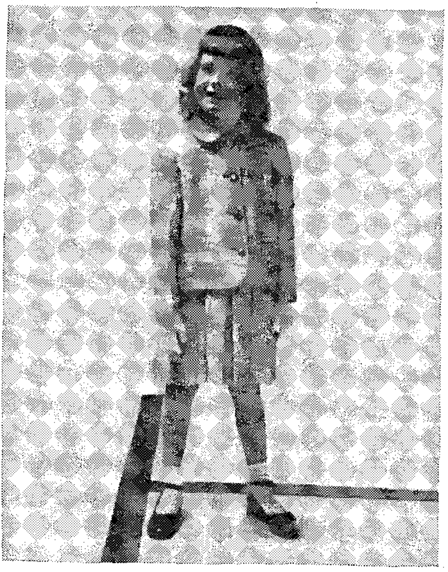
A doctor arrived. Poliziano goes on:

> He seemed most learned, but was summoned too late to be of any use. Yet, to do something, he ordered various precious stones to be pounded together in a mortar for I know not what kind of medicine. Lorenzo thereupon asked the servants what the doctor was doing in his room and what he was preparing, and when I answered that he was composing a remedy to comfort his intestines, he recognized my voice and, looking kindly, as he used to do, he said, "Oh, Angiolo, are you here?" and, raising his languid arms, took both my hands and pressed them tightly. I could not stifle my sobs or hold back my tears, though I tried to hide them by turning my face away. But he showed no emotion and continued to press my hands between his. When he saw I could not speak for crying, quite naturally he loosened my hands, and I ran into the adjoining room.

Pico arrived, and finally Savonarola himself was sent for. It was Savonarola, according to Poliziano, who gave the benediction.

> Bowing his head, immersed in piety and religion, he [Lorenzo] repeated the words and prayers of the friar, without paying any attention to the grief now shown openly by his attendants. It seemed that all save Lorenzo were going to die, so calm he was. He gave no signs of anxiety or sorrow; even in that supreme moment he showed his usual strength of mind and his fortitude. The doctors who stood around, not to seem idle, worried him with their remedies and assistance. He submitted to everything they suggested, not because he thought it would save him but in order not to offend anyone, even in death. To the last, he had such mastery over himself that he joked about his own death. Thus, when given something to eat and asked how he liked it, he replied, "As well as a dying man can like anything." He embraced us all tenderly and humbly asked pardon if during his illness he had caused annoyance to anyone. Then, disposing himself to receive extreme unction, he commended his soul to God.

POLIZIANO's life flew to bits. He did not go as far as Lorenzo's doctor, Pier Leone, who, terrified of drowning all his life (he once refused to take a job in Venice on account of the canals), in his grief committed suicide by jumping into a well. But he crept about Florence and Fiesole lamenting, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night. So mourns the turtledove, so mourns the dying swan, so mourns the nightingale. Lightning has struck our laurel tree, beneath whose spreading boughs the God of song himself more



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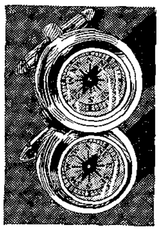

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sweetly harped and sang. Now all around is dumb, now all is mute, and there are none to hear."

Poliziano hung on for another two years, but he accomplished nothing. He feebly fluttered about Florence and Fiesole, but with a bewildered air, as though he could not understand where all the warmth and happiness had gone. He seems to have been surrounded by enemies at the end, for he was known to everyone as Lorenzo's man, and the reaction against Lorenzo after his death was violent. Poliziano's old pupil Piero, now the head of the government in Florence, tried to get him a cardinal's hat but failed, and anyway Piero himself, on whom Poliziano had expended all his genius as a teacher, was turning out to be a disastrous failure.

Poliziano's last days were also saddened by his misadventure with Alessandra Scala. She was a noted bluestocking in Florence, a scholar and poetess, and there was a time when Poliziano imagined he was in love with her. He reached the stage of sending little gifts and exchanging Greek epigrams with her. But Alessandra abruptly married the Greek scholar Marullus, who was one of Poliziano's worst enemies. This led to a bitter and abusive quarrel—one of a number of quarrels that bedevilled the last days of his life. One after another, most of his friends died or crept to Savonarola to repent. There was now an almost hysterical reaction toward austerity in Florence; people excitedly made huge public bonfires of their wigs and extravagant carnival clothes. They gathered, trembling, from early morning on to hear Savonarola and feel their flesh creep as he thundered out his terrible prophecies. But for Poliziano it was meaningless; for him, life was over, now that Lorenzo was dead. If there existed a God, he was some Platonic figure, a benign intellectual, the universal patron, who was infinitely tolerant and kind. Lorenzo's Florence had been heaven, and this monastic, silent, apprehensive city was hell. Poliziano wanted no part of it. There had been a wonderful interlude while Lorenzo was alive, and now Poliziano was simply a guest who had stayed too long.

Poliziano lived just long enough to see the beginnings of the destruction of everything he had loved and worked for—the looting of the Palazzo Medici by the mobs and the dispersal of the books in the library, the expulsion of Piero, the decline and death of his friends, and the overwhelming of Italy by the barbarian French coming down from the north. To him, all this meant

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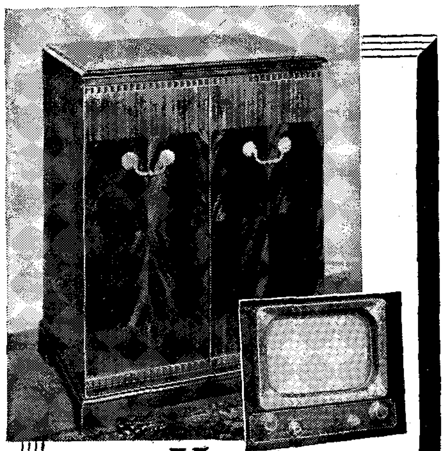

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nothing less than the return of the Dark Ages. They had escaped from violence and barbarity for a little, he and Lorenzo and the others. Now they were being sucked back into the darkness again. Poliziano was not a very strong character. He gave up, at last. He went down to Savonarola's Church of San Marco and humbly begged to be admitted as one of the lay brothers there.

There was one last, rather wistful letter, written to his old master Ficino from the Villa Diana:

> I hope when your Careggi becomes too hot in August, you will not spurn this little Fiesolan country place of ours. Here we have many springs, and since we are in a narrow valley, there is little sun; certainly we are never without a breeze. The little villa lies hidden away from the road and almost in the middle of the wood, yet, even so, it has a view over all Florence, and although there are a great many people hereabouts, yet there is always that solitude the contemplative love. You will also be able to have a twofold pleasure here, for often, stealing unannounced from his oak grove, Pico visits me and, having dragged me from my hiding place, takes me with him to dinner, which I have indeed known to be frugal but always both sensible and full of delightful conversation and amusement. Nevertheless, you had better stay with me, because you will not eat worse here and perhaps you will drink better, since in the matter of wines I would be a strong rival even of Pico. *Vale.*
>
> ANGELO POLIZIANO

After that, Poliziano left the Villa Diana and went down to Florence.

THERE are several versions of Poliziano's death, most of them unsavory. "Poliziano, that fine genius who spoke Latin so well he was called Angelo," runs the most popular account, "was far from possessing the purity of one of the angelic choir. The abominable passion he entertained for a youth, Greek by birth, occasioned his death and has forever dishonored his memory. For, in a paroxysm of amorous fever, he suddenly got up one night while his attendant was asleep, and, taking his lute in his hand, went to play and sing under the young Greek's window. He was fetched home half dead and, being put to bed, expired shortly afterward." A second version states that he died "from knocking his head against the wall in a fury of amorous impatience of the most disgraceful character." Still another version runs, "He was singing on the staircase some verses he had composed for a former mistress of his [Alessandra?] and when he came to a very tender passage, his lute fell from his hand, and he tumbled head foremost downstairs and broke his neck."

There seems to be not a word of truth in any of this. What happened, as far

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as one can judge, was that Poliziano, having become converted to Savonarola, took rooms in the Garden of Clarice, across the street from Savonarola's Church of San Marco. He began to teach the monks there. One of them, Roberto Ubaldini, records that he was often with Poliziano during his last illness—some kind of fever—and was at his bedside when he died. Just before the end, Poliziano, at his own request, was received into the Dominican order, and he was buried in the habit of a monk. The coffin was placed in the laymen's cemetery, by the wall of the church, and a few weeks later he was joined there by Pico, whose marvellous beauty and radiant reputation had stayed with him to the end.

In the graveyard of San Marco, the monks inscribed a facetious epitaph on Poliziano's tombstone. It read, "Poliziano lies in this grave, the angel who had one head and—what is new—three tongues. He died September 24, 1494, aged forty." Later they felt that the arrangement was hardly adequate for the greatest poet-scholar of the Renaissance. The small, rectangular stone on which the epitaph was incised was removed, and the coffin was shifted to a more prominent place beside the church wall. Today, the curious tourist will find that a fine white marble tablet has been let into the wall in the nave just below Pico's tomb. It reads, "Here lie the rediscovered bones of Agnolo Ambrogini, called Poliziano, 1454-94, the master and poet of the three most divine languages of Europe, who wanted the Athens of Pericles to rise again in the Florence of the Magnificent."

In 1939, both Pico's and Poliziano's graves were opened. By some chemistry of the elements, as if to confirm the popular reputations of the two men, Pico was found to be excellently preserved, but Poliziano had crumbled into bones and dust.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

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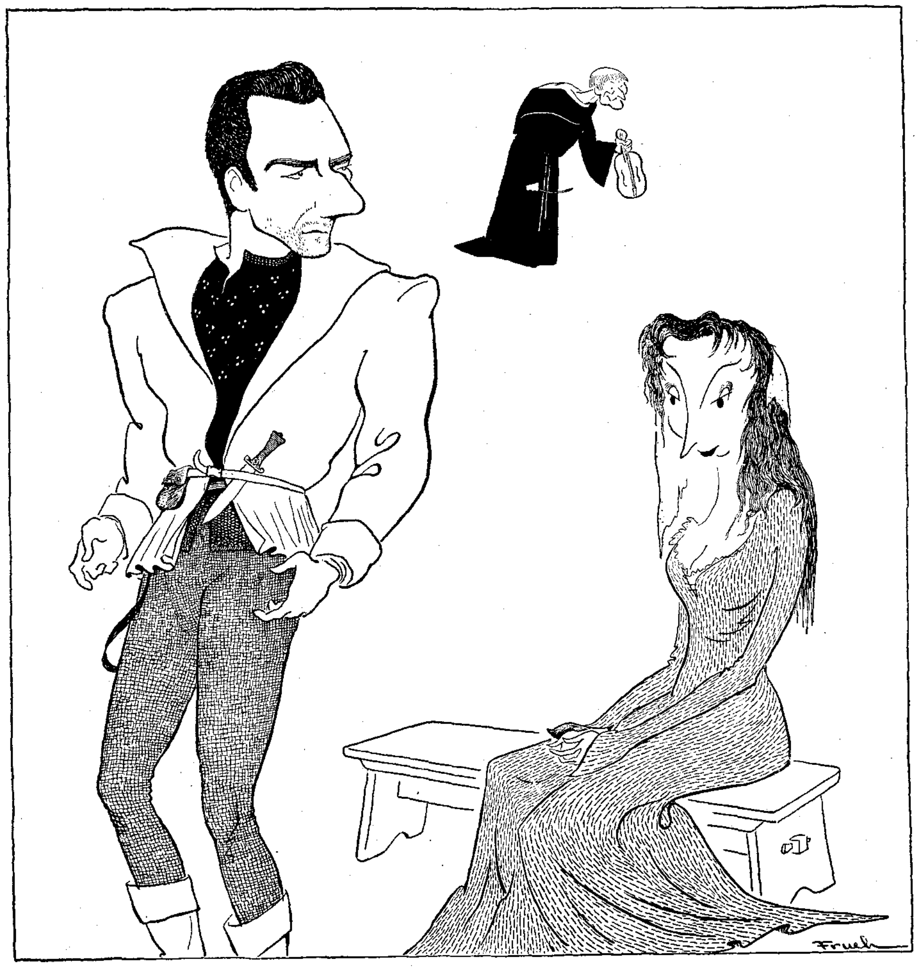
THE THEATRE

THE MIGHTY FALL

TWO elaborate and rather sinister entertainments were visited on the town last week. The first, and more peculiar, of them was a work by Elmer Rice called “Not for Children,” which bowed in and out of the Coronet with embarrassing rapidity. Various persons connected with this enterprise have stated in print that they had very little idea what it was supposed to be about, and I’m afraid I have even less. For the greater part of the evening, two people sat on opposite sides of the stage and discussed a species of play taking place in the middle. Their conversation was arch, literary, and probably as exasperating as anything I have listened to this season. Finally, in a manner I have no intention of trying to explain, they got mixed up in the interior drama, which involved, among others, a critic, his wife, their daughter, and a maid—or at least these were the characters the actors represented most of the time. There was also a stage manager, who occasionally observed, with some justice, that he didn’t like the way things were going.

The cast was headed by Elliott Nugent and Betty Field, and also employed the services of J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Thomas, Alexander Clark, Natalie Core, Joan Copeland, and Frances Tannehill. Their performances were so conditioned by the eccentric nature of their material that I found it almost impossible to weigh their merits. John Root designed a set that seemed to me in keeping with the maniacal spirit of the evening, and Main Bocher provided Miss Field with some very handsome costumes. “Not for Children” was sponsored by the Playwrights’ Company, whose faith in and loyalty to Mr. Rice might be said to pass all understanding. I think this is everything you need to know about the curiosity at the Coronet.



“THE LADY’S NOT FOR BURNING”

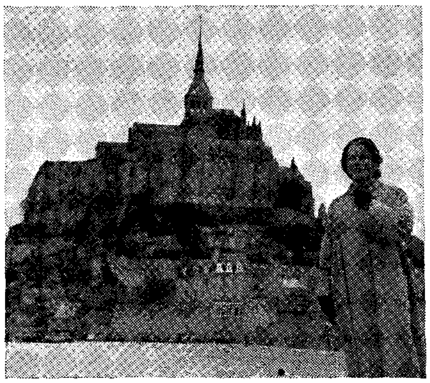
The hardboiled character on the left is John Gielgud, who wishes to be executed; his downcast companion is Pamela Brown, who doesn’t at all; and the little man at the top is Eliot Makeham, who simply wants to play his violin. Christopher Fry’s play in verse is at the Royale.

“The Small Hours,” at the National, was written by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, who happens to be his wife. While it makes a good deal more sense than “Not for Children,” it doesn’t make very much, and I hesitate to recommend it to you. The idea seems to be that most of us lead lives of secret terror and loneliness, and consequently have a desperate need for understanding. This is undoubtedly a valid point, but the authors have cluttered it up with so many bizarre characters, such as a boy whose latent homosexuality drives him to smoking marijuana; so much scenery (there are twenty-six scenes, which shift with dizzying speed); and so much stylish but unlikely conversation that the total effect comes dangerously close to absurdity. The plot, ruthlessly compressed, focusses on the wife of a New York publisher, who, apparently as the result of having been born and brought up in Milwaukee, has almost no social manner and so suffers intensely among what she describes as her husband’s “circle of fascinating friends.” Her condition is aggravated by the fact that her husband, who also came from Milwaukee but has somehow outgrown it, takes a mistress, in the shape of a female writer even more appalling than most; that her daughter contracts an unhappy marriage; that her son is the drug addict mentioned above; and that she is helplessly intimidated by her butler’s air of chilly superiority. All these circumstances combine to bring on a nervous breakdown, and she takes to her bed, under the hysterical impression that she can’t walk. Eventually, she is cured by the realization that all the other members of her family are even worse off than she is and need her help. It is not for me to say that Mr. Kaufman and Miss MacGrath are unfamiliar with

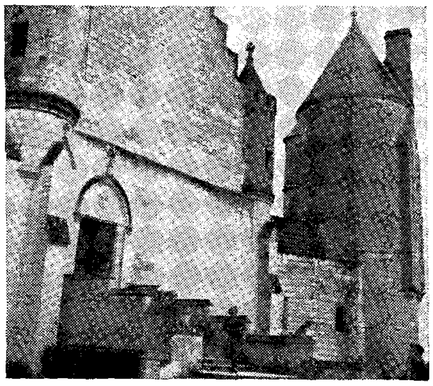
Diary of an American Girl in FRANCE

By VIRGINIA FLOREY

This first week in Paris has flown on golden wings. The Louvre, Opera, night-clubs and theatres! We have prowled the Seine bookstalls, dined fabulously in the Bois, thrilled at seeing originals in the style shows. There's magic in the air! Why do Americans come only in summer? *Now* is the time: the "thrift season". Everything's better and we can afford to do so much more. We've hired a car.

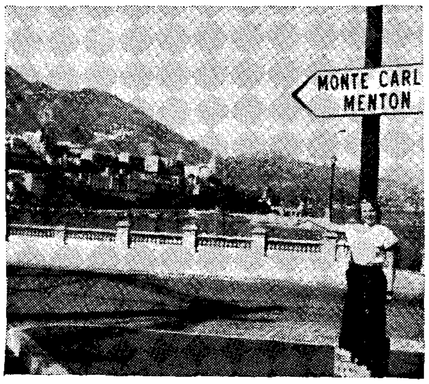


1: Normandy is heavenly in springtime! We saw the Joan of Arc marketplace in Rouen, had a big night in Deauville. Mont St. Michel exceeds my wildest imagination. In the town we feasted on La Mère Poulard's famous omelettes — they're simply divine!



2: Mile after mile the chateaux of the Loire recall the elegance of feudal times. Those were the days! Loches (*above*), Chambord, Chenonceaux — I saw them all. I love the varied architecture, the magnificence of the gardens, the age they re-create.

3: Driving south in the Midi, we met some artist friends, and that called for a party! Our village innkeeper loved it as much as we did; he really went to town. You really can't get a poor meal in France, I've found.



4: We fell hard for the Riviera! Blue seas, mountains, gorgeous flowers. It's truly the playground of the world. Had a whirl at Nice and Cannes: swimming, the casinos, dancing. Everyone seems to be here. (*Above*) No, I'm *not* hitch-hiking to Monte Carlo!

5: Back in Paris again—our last day. Shopping done, bags packed. Sitting at my favorite sidewalk café in the warm sun, I'm homesick for Paris already! Perhaps again next year? Surely next year! For Paris' 2000th birthday in 1951. What a party that'll be.

PARIS' 2000th BIRTHDAY

Paris Song Festival — Maurice Chevalier introduces birthday song. **Student Week** (re-creation of the medieval St. Germain Fair.) **Festival of the Boats** of Yesterday and Today with night pageants on the Seine. **Midnight Bicycle Race** through the Streets of Paris. **Fête of Place Vendome:** a week of celebration in this famous square. **Grand Concert** in the Louvre courtyard with 2 great symphony orchestras and the coronation music of Louis XIV on original trumpets. **Citywide Flower Contest** with all the balconies of Paris florally decorated. **Rabelais Fair** in all its ancient splendour in the markets of Paris. **Montparnasse Week.** Studios of renowned artists open to the public. **Fashion Shows.** Special Offerings of the **Opera Comique. Historical Tours** tracing the growth of Paris. **Homage to Paris** by the provinces. **Special events** all year.

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metropolitan literary society, but I can't help feeling that in this instance they have achieved nothing but a wild caricature of it, the manners, conversation, and general behavior portrayed by them somehow suggesting the conception of upper-middle-class American life apt to be held by a British novelist who has never got around to crossing the Atlantic. Now and then, there are traces of Mr. Kaufman's former wit and felicity, and sometimes a scene seems true and touching, but for the most part the play struck me as vacant and synthetic, substituting a profusion of picturesque types (there are twenty-nine men and women in the cast, very few of whom bear any noticeable resemblance to human beings), and an extraordinary range of locale for any real thought or emotion.

The acting, though almost as seriously handicapped by the script as that in "Not for Children," is on a reasonably high level, and in the case of Dorothy Stickney, who plays the wife with quiet sympathy and charm, actually brilliant. Other commendable work is done by Paul McGrath, as her husband; Joyce Lear, as her daughter; Michael Wager, as her son; and Joan Wetmore, Leona Maricle, and Polly Rowles, as three ladies, each extremely odd in her own separate way. The multitudinous settings were executed by Donald Oenslager and, on the whole, I thought they were excellent, though they went by so fast it wasn't always possible to tell.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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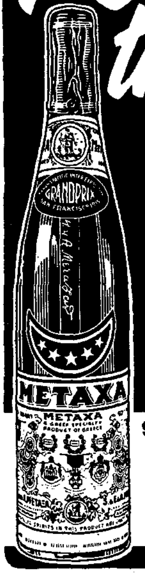
—H. J. GOTTLIEB



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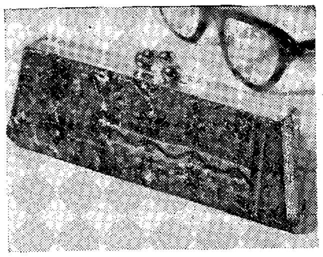

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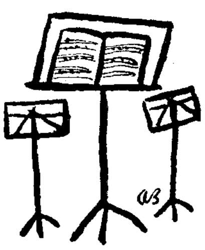
MUSICAL EVENTS

Overanxious



THE New York City Ballet Company returned to the City Center last week with a program made up of fairly standard works in the company's repertoire: William Dollar's "The Duel," Jerome Robbins' "Age of Anxiety," and "Bourrée Fantasque" and the pas de deux from "Sylvia," both by George Balanchine, the director of the troupe. "Age of Anxiety," a lengthy exercise in self-pity set to some unrewarding music—the Symphony No. 2 by Leonard Bernstein—was the only thoroughgoing bore of the lot, but because of its length and the deliberation of its choreography it cast a pall over the entire evening. In "The Duel," which is a proud piece with bold-sounding music by Raffaello de Banfield, five dancers manage to suggest that they are warriors mounted on spirited horses. It is a slightly foolish conceit but it is well sustained, and Melissa Hayden, the only mare in the bunch, cut a stunning figure. The two Balanchine works were excellent. Unfortunately, Maria Tallchief's partner in the excerpt from "Sylvia" seemed awkward, but the grace and exactitude of Miss Tallchief's dancing were breath-taking, and the melodious Delibes music, coming, as it did, right after the stony Bernstein score, fell gratifyingly upon the ears. The program ended on a happy note with that cheerful romp "Bourrée Fantasque," fitted to some charming music by Emmanuel Chabrier. Jerome Robbins and the tiny Janet Reed were its brightest ornaments, but everybody danced with verve, creating a joyous air onstage. Taking the evening as a whole, I can say that although the company didn't show up too well, there was enough good individual dancing to make me glad I had attended.

THERE is little left to be said, at this late date, about Artur Rubinstein's facility and expressiveness at the piano, and his sympathetic playing of Chopin. I should like to mention, however, that he has never been better than he was in his recent Chopin recital at Carnegie Hall. He did the Sonata in B Flat Minor, Opus 35; two etudes; two mazurkas; two scherzos; a nocturne; a ballade; a berceuse; and the Polonaise-Fantaisie in A Flat, Opus 61. Everything was exquisitely shaded, beautifully molded. The pianist, as always, was both rapt and vibrantly communicative; no separation seemed to exist between his thoughts and the ordered sounds that came out of the piano. I had a wonderful time.

THE Boston Symphony, conducted by Charles Münch, gave a concert at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday of last week. Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," and Dvořák's Symphony No. 4 were the works presented. It was an enjoyable concert, with interest centered on the Bartók selection, which, although it is by no means unfamiliar to local concertgoers, lent a somewhat fresh tone to the proceedings. Also, its performance was the best of the evening.

The Boston Symphony provides its subscribers with booklets containing rather detailed program notes, and as I was looking through one, before the music started, I ran into a racy discussion of Dvořák's Symphony No. 4, which began: "This symphony, published as the Fourth (the Fifth being the Symphony 'from the New World,' published in 1893), was actually the eighth of the symphonies of Dvořák, four symphonies earlier than the published five having been since brought forth." There was an asterisk here, but I didn't pursue it to the footnote at the bottom of the page; instead, I fell to wondering whether even the fashion notes and dated chitchat found in theatre programs weren't preferable to such stuff as this.

I PAID a second visit to the Met's modernized Double Bill the other night and was impressed all over again by the sinuous and fascinating performance Miss Delia Rigal gives as Nedda in "Pagliacci." A couple of changes had been made in the casts of both this and "Cavalleria Rusticana," but they were of little consequence. Along with Miss Rigal's Nedda, Richard Tucker's full-voiced Turiddu, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," was outstanding.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

At Cavanagh's, a mother coaxed her daughter, "Drink your milk and you'll have blonde heir like Betty Grable's."—*Earl Wilson in the Mexico City News.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

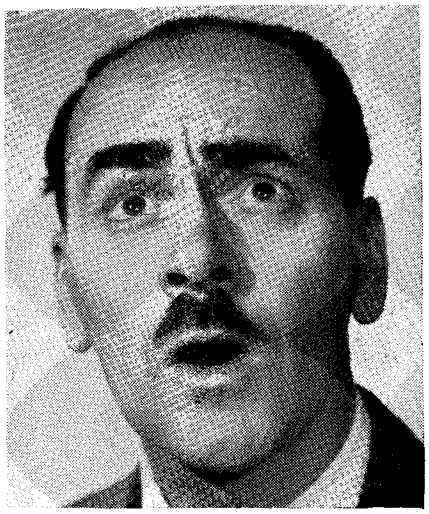
FEBRUARY 13

THERE seems to be a good deal of confusion here at the moment, both in Parliament and in the minds of anxious citizens, as to where British foreign policy is heading—that is, if it is heading anywhere at all. To anyone who follows attentively what goes on at Westminster, it has seemed once or twice lately to be hovering unhappily between the Devil and the deep blue sea, represented, on the one side, by the prodding critics on the Labour back benches and, on the other, by the deep blue Tory ranks of the Opposition critics across the chamber. Unquestionably, the impression that it is merely drifting, which is held by every glum newspaper reader who can't get rid of the nightmare fear that he is somehow or other being washed nearer to war with China, has been intensified by the large space that the bulky form of the Foreign Secretary has left vacant, for he, when well, is the only man with the personality to make the public feel, if not exactly easy, at least informed.

The intellectual Left Wingers, or a substantial section of them, consider that their views were adequately stated in G. D. H. Cole's recent widely discussed article in the *New Statesman*, which put forward his thorny notions on how a sincere democratic Socialist should react if Great Britain got "dragged into war with China by the Americans." To the thousands of Britons who don't hold these views but are worried to death all the same, Mr. Attlee's statement in Parliament this week of the British feeling that the Thirty-eighth Parallel should not be crossed again without full consultation in the United Nations was a candid relief. So was the Prime Minister's blunt warning, obviously directed at some of the Labourite critics behind him, that all the distasteful steps that have lately been taken were made necessary by "the immense armaments of the Soviet Union and the Soviet bloc." This may sound like stuff for the kiddies at this juncture, but it is imperative stuff, to judge by the persistent Left Wing talk that there is still something the Western powers have left undone that might result in Moscow's releasing a dove.

MR. ATTLEE's government is having to endure from its own supporters a lot of sniping on domestic issues as well as on foreign-policy ones. No measure it has yet undertaken has apparently irked the public quite so dangerously as the present ration of eightpenny-worth of poor-quality meat. If the country were going to vote tomorrow, the indignation over the Government's shopping methods, which have made everybody's dinner plate look so scrappy, would certainly put thousands of new crosses alongside Tory names on the ballots. The Government, equally certainly, has no idea of asking the country to vote tomorrow, since it survived the censure motion on the steel-nationalization act and scraped through the stormy one on meat by grace of the whips and party discipline rather than conviction, if the gloomy faces on the Labour benches meant anything. The Opposition attack was damaging. It dug up a strong array of statistics to show that before the war some of the least prosperous sections of the community, including the families of unemployed men and the inhabitants of workhouses, were eating more meat weekly than the average five or six ounces Britons are now getting. What roused most people to a state of far from vegetarian fury was the response of Mr. Maurice Webb, the Minister of Food, who brushed aside these charges as belonging to the past but was singularly mum as to what he proposed to do about the matter, bar appealing to the country once more to stand firm against Argentine beef prices. To many of Labour's supporters, the Government's pen-and-paper work on this one looks distinctly queer. As the cost of standing firm against Argentina, the budget will have to find an additional eight million pounds for subsidies to butchers, whose shops these days mostly present simple and unprofitable still-lifes of nice, clean slabs and a few depressed sausages. Many irritable taxpayers feel that Perón's beef might have been less expensive.

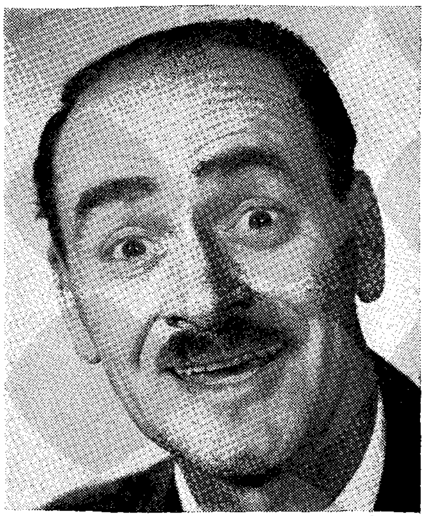
What is even more worrying to Labour members who like to hold the cost-of-living index steady—on paper, anyhow—and have always warned their constituents that their policy of cheap food is the first thing the Tories would drop, is that this policy is playing some nasty tricks with family pocketbooks. Although the index still insists that everything is fine and that meat is



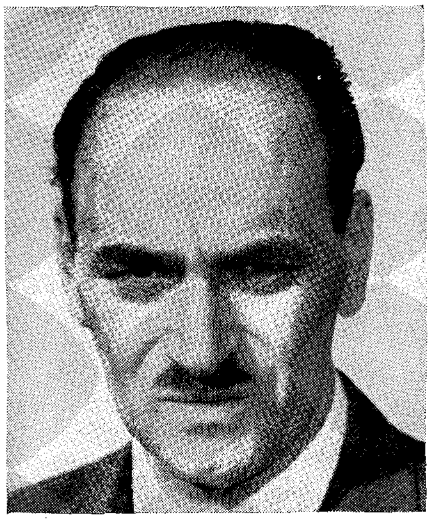
Do you expect taxes to go much higher?

Do you believe necklines will go much lower?

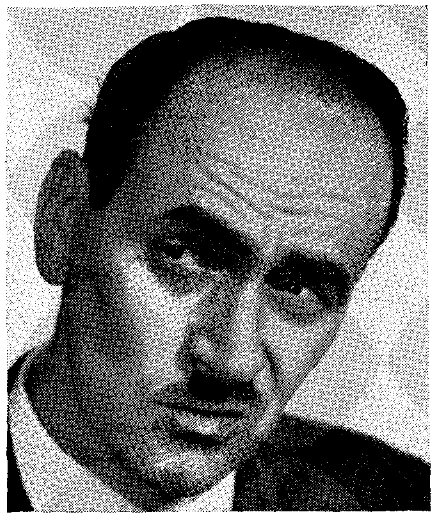
Do you favor the "get tough" policy toward Russia?



Do you approve of federal controls on prices?



Do you approve of federal controls on wages?



Are you glad you're alive in 1951?

What makes a newspaper great?

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66% favor sex education in schools.

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In a shower of questionnaires and a whirr of tabulating machinery electrically digesting facts and figures like these, the Minneapolis Tribune's famed Minnesota Poll goes into its eighth year of reporting the world's most perpetually fascinating news story—what people *think*.

Knowing what people think is a vital function of good newspapers, and three million Minnesotans are doing a lot of thinking these days with the usual agreements and disagreements of an informed, strong-minded citizenry. But making a cross-section group of such individual opinions accurately reflect the total thinking of a state's whole population is a specialized job. It keeps 62 trained interviewers hopping and popping questions throughout the state, while Minnesota Poll Director Sidney Goldish and his staff labor long and late tabulating answers or polishing and pre-testing new queries.

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cheap—if, unfortunately, at the moment invisible—housewives are having to shell out high prices for such fill-ins as expensive Continental charcuterie, and rabbits, which, to judge by their suddenly elegant prices, have lolloped right out of the rodent class into the butchers' aristocracy.

TWO London building projects are being held up pending further discussion, following shouts of rage from interested parties and a good deal of indignation on the part of citizens to whom the attitudes of city planners toward the remaining architectural treasures of their capital frequently seem cockeyed. One of the proposed buildings is a new Colonial Office, a nice cliff dwelling in the modern manner, designed to hold thirteen hundred civil servants on the old site of Westminster Hospital, bang across the road from Westminster Abbey. The dismayed protests have pointed out that the scale of the building will woefully dwarf and crowd the Abbey, which, it is suddenly realized, can now be seen, thanks to the clearing of the hospital site, better than has been possible for many years. Some of the more acid criticism also asks why, if the Colonial Office got along very comfortably before the war with four hundred civil servants, thirteen hundred should now be necessary, and why, in any case, they must be bedded down in their nests of papers on one of the most valuable pieces of ground, in terms of antique association, in the whole British Commonwealth.

The other threatened architectural possession is the wonderful Nash creation, Carlton House Terrace, onto which the Ministry of Works is proposing to graft an extension to house the Foreign Office, which is apparently overflowing its old home in Whitehall. As shown in plan, the new blocks rising at the back of the stunning twin Corinthian colonnades will make one of the world's most magnificent layouts of civic architecture look like a couple of expensive neo-Georgian apartment houses. Many Londoners who remember the outcry over the loss of historic and beautiful buildings in the blitz feel that what the Government is now proposing to do with some of the precious survivors is worth deploring before it happens.

THE Festival of Britain (a name that some people wish were slightly different, considering the unfestive year that has turned up for the centenary of the great Crystal Palace exhibition) is now getting within sight of open-

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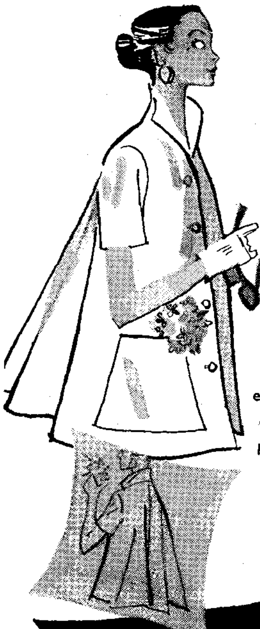

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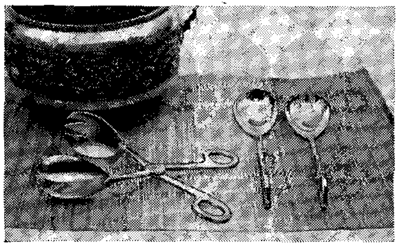

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ing day and has just announced some of the artistic treats ahead. During May and June, London will be a sort of brilliant showcase for local taste and talents, with every museum and art gallery bringing out its best things as a background. Among the theatrical offerings will be the keenly awaited new Vaughan Williams opera, "The Pilgrim's Progress," at Covent Garden; a specially composed ballet, "Tiresias," with choreography by Frederick Ashton and music by Constant Lambert, to be danced by the Sadler's Wells company; a Benjamin Britten opera season at the little Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith; Alec Guinness as Hamlet; and the Laurence Oliviers boldly tackling both Shakespeare's and Shaw's version of the "serpent of old Nile." In spite of all the heckling the Festival has received on the grounds of expense, the unsuitability of the moment, the smallness of the main exhibition site, and so on, even the grumblers intend to turn out to see what's to be seen, and maybe cheer themselves up for the trials ahead by having a civilized good time.

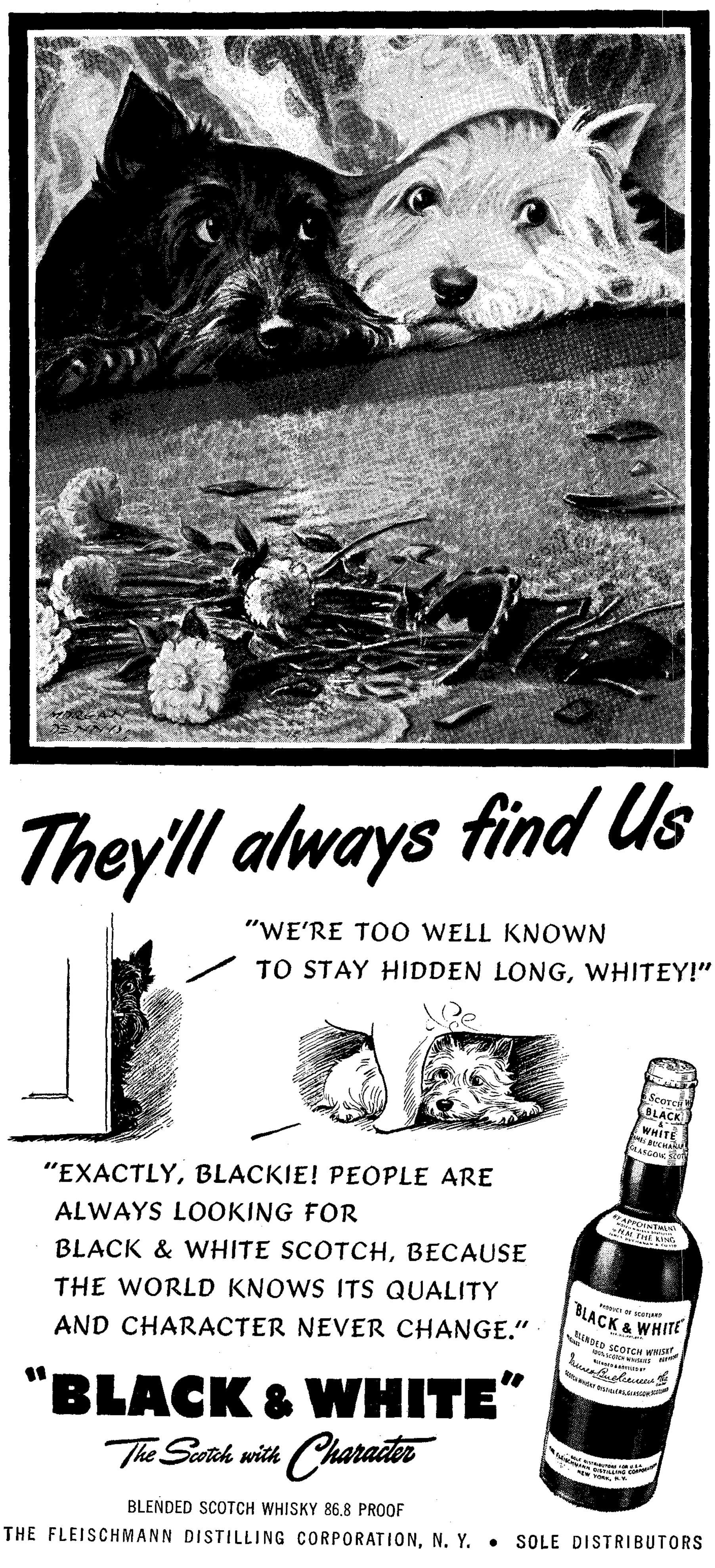
RIGHT now, the most talked-about show in town is Sir Laurence Olivier's presentation of Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Consul," which is nightly knocking audiences at the Cambridge Theatre out of their seats. "The Medium" did not do so well here, but the notices on this one, and particularly on Patricia Neway's haunting singing, have been sensational. The sensation of the more conventional opera season across the way at Covent Garden has been the conducting of its guest maestro, Erich Kleiber, whose masterly handling of the orchestra produced, among other delights, a "Rosenkavalier" as light, as melting, and as delicious as a Viennese *torte.* The other notable recent arrival on the theatrical scene is Glen Byam Shaw's production of "Henry V" at the Old Vic, the theatre's most stylish offering since it reopened. The Motley sisters' settings and clothes are fine, and Alec Clunes, as Henry, speaks beautifully and looks superb. The most popular line in the play, incidentally, is the Duke of Orleans' "But these English are shrewdly out of beef," which brings down the house nightly.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

HAVING left my bed and board, I am no longer responsible for any debts incurred by my wife, Gertrude. Charles Kaplan, 760 E. 182 St., Bronx.—*Adv. in the Times.*

You get back to bed, Charles!



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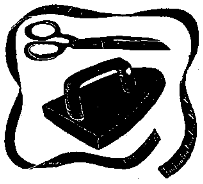


SEVERAL years ago, the breathless women of America, standing over their hot radios to find out about the new Paris fashions, were told, "We are all going to be very *pretty* this spring." That, as everyone knows, was just a passing fancy. Now fashion has come full circle again, and, at least during 1951, we are all going to be very pretty once more. The custom milliners, as I remarked last week, are switching to the most delicate of pastels and the most fragile of veilings. What's more, the face to be worn under the new hats has been completely redesigned on prettier lines by the cosmeticians, none of whom are as naïve as they'd like to have the patrons look this season.

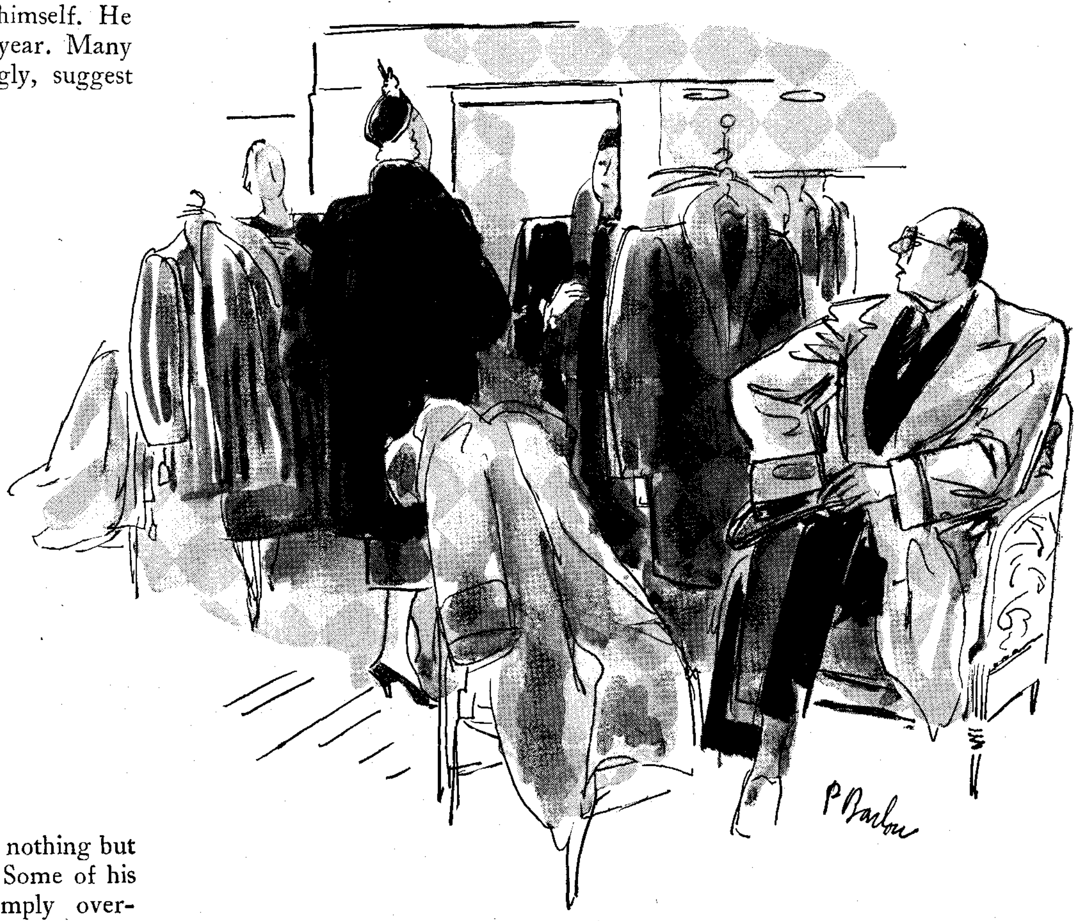
But before we go into all that, let's get on with the second, and final, report on the collections of bonnets on view in the shops of the important custom operators.

THE only designer who could excel Mr. John in the treatment of odd natural straws is Mr. John himself. He has done the trick again this year. Many of his cloches, unsurprisingly, suggest the twenties; the crowns are deep and round, and the brims are no more than an inch wide. These come in rough straws as well as shantung straw, and crystal beads stud their veiling. Among a group of small hats that he calls John Quills, for tailored clothes, is a straw sailor tilted down over the forehead and turned up in back. Blond coq feathers shoot forward to cloak the severity of its brim. Most of the group, though, live up to the name by being trimmed with all sorts of quills. Some of his big hats dip well down in front and arch along the sides at a great rate; others, arched in front and turned up in back, are wide and winged at the sides, and practically nothing but the chin shows in profile. Some of his dressy small hats are simply over-the-face-and-head coarse veiling, with flowers deploying down the neck in low chignon formation; others, of crocheted straw, are twisted into the semblance of a ballet chignon high at the back of the head.

Like many of his confreres, Mr. John has accessories in eye-catching proximity. He presents some of the most flamboyant and glistening bits of costume jewelry yet—wide dog collars, small collar necklaces, and earrings a good two and a half inches long, all of hand-cut crystal. He has stoles, too. His String-Along ones are of crocheted string, or even thin rope, like those openwork shopping bags, and there is fringe at the ends. Stoles in fabrics to match the headbands on his hats have wide hems across the ends to put your forearms through, the way you put rods through curtains. This anchors them, and also imparts a graceful, if casual, drape behind the elbows.

BRAAGAARD and his co-designer, Sardiñas, have given artful drapery priority over flowers this season. They are using a lot of something named satinwood straw, which, though made out of wood shavings, resembles a dull-finish satin ribbon. (Are you still with me?) Strips of it, half an inch wide, make a basketweave. This produces extremely simple cartwheels with low crowns (the sort of hat that can be worn with anything), and the swooping, irregular big hats for which Braagaard is famous. Many, this year, wing out at the sides, where two long points from the brim overlap in swallowtail fashion. Big as these hats are, they don't weigh much more than veiling. Small tailored hats jutting forward a bit beyond the brows have tiny Mercury wings of straw or feathers high at each side. Natural rough straw and black velvet are combined in a bishop's hat; the straw ascends into slight points above the temples, and the top is of the velvet. Openwork evening caps have black horsehair worked in daisy patterns, and their wire frames can be adjusted to anyone's noggin. A paradise sort of feather trailing down one cheek makes them extra worldly.

MARY GOODFELLOW is adept at variations on the hat with a cap back. Hers, I'm happy to say, are nice and



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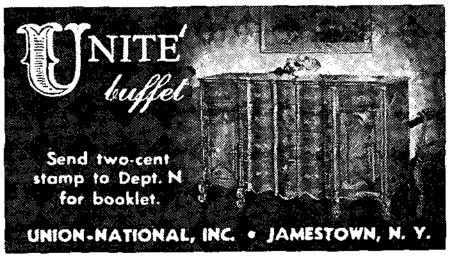

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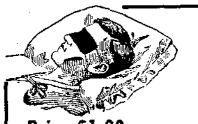

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deep, and they project forward into soft, beretlike brims over horizontal bandeaux of black velvet above the hairline. One is of white crocheted straw that looks like a mass of infinitesimal pearls. Black straw medallions are scattered all over it, and there's a mild coolie peak. Others are just feather pads, sprinkled with rhinestones and arching forward above the forehead, combined with backs of straw. Among Goodfellow's medium-size cartwheel sailors, there is a beauty of black or white felt; natural rough straw makes the crown and the small overbrim and also edges the wide brim. Other felt sailors have a lattice of upholstery cord covering the brim and tassels hanging over the edge all around. Miss G., whose hats couldn't be more American, has lately brought home from Paris a quantity of French accessories to go with them.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE is firmly on the side of floral hats, and down one side of the head he still spills flowers that you won't find on bargain counters. Mostly, they are mounted on veil foundations, and the hats have open tops. There are miniature pink and red French carnations, rosebuds combined with tuberoses and pink-ribbon bows, and other sugar-candy stuff. Huge horsehair garden-party hats are piled with such flowers, and little over-the-head veils have flowers tumbling down the back. (He will do these last to match bridesmaids' bouquets.) Like everyone else in the business, Northridge is in love with white lace. Chukker is his name for his version of the small, wide, coming-forward hat—sometimes of tailored straw, sometimes of net covered with layers of Venetian-type lace twisting upward into points. There are cutaway boleros to match. Coarse cotton lace makes plenty of other hats, such as a perfect tambourine sailor with a cuff standing up all around the edge of the brims. Some big hats have lace rippling downward for an inch or two below their stiffened brims.

ROBERT DUDLEY is for women who would rather look dashingly adult than imitation ingénue. His best stunt this season is of rough straw with velvet facing, tilted flat against the head on one side and ascending really high on the other. A couple of feathers curl forward to increase both the height and the graciousness of it all. Italian braid, in a two-color tweed effect, is his pet for suit hats, and he uses it in small, tilted berets with white goose feathers spiralling forward on the high side. Black plastic braid in a cane-seat pattern adorns big hats of horsehair, and utter frivolity is the keynote of his Wig cap, which is made entirely of raffia leaves, is scalloped around the hairline, and has roses streaming down one cheek.

TATIANA DU PLESSIX, of Saks Fifth Avenue, is another character who will not give up the tilt. Berets are her specialty. Some, big and tilted, are of white ribbon knit, and a bird spreads his wings across the top. Others, small and straight, are of white piqué punched in by a button at each side of the little peak in front. For back interest, she uses red velvet snoods on forward-leaning berets of straw, and she is not above trickery. Velvet bows and flowers impaled in the coiffure at the back of the head look like part of the accompanying hat until it is removed. And she has wreaths of flowers and velvet bows to encircle a chignon or to serve as a ring through which long hair is pulled, to spill out behind in horse's-tail style. Her contribution to the season's list of oddities in decoration is a sidewise cap with two real, dried starfish standing upright on the high side and another next to the ear on the low one. Rough straw with a shimmering surface and dotted with little plastic mother-of-pearl flowers makes a cloche with her favorite veil—one that covers the face but is split horizontally across the forehead. You pull it *down*, for a change, to cup the chin when smoking or dining is in order.

OH, yes, about those industrious cosmeticians I was speaking of. A great many of their recent antics make sense. They want the skin to appear finely textured and delicate but to exhibit a healthy glow. That powdered effect, with a heavy foundation underneath to make the skin even drier and dustier, is being replaced by a definite gloss and polish over a soft and lubricated surface. This should arouse new interest in Helena Rubinstein's Silk-Screen cosmetics, which include foundations and face powders, for they have tiny fragments of silk in them to give the skin a sheen.

A later arrival, Estée Lauder, helps along the cause with her cleansing oil, which is applied with a pad of cotton and sinks with amazing speed into the skin, leaving it soft and slightly shiny but not greasy. Her face powder can go on directly over this, for among its ingredients is a clinging substance that makes it its own powder base. She has a skin tonic, of course, and a rich, all-purpose cream. Her Crème Pack is an excellent mask for a five-minute facial pickup that will stir the circulation; she, like everyone else, believes that there is nothing better than a pack for inducing a healthy glow. At places like Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Lord & Taylor.

Another newcomer willing to help out is Anatole Robbins. His Television line of cosmetics already has a reputation, and many of his things are also useful in real life. The best, which is called (with beautiful simplicity) Make-Up, is a face finish, in several shades, incorporating lots of oil. Shake it up and dot it on nose, forehead, cheeks, and chin; then smooth it around. It gives a satiny, mildly shiny look that Hollywood (and some of our own mannequins) like so much that they don't powder over it. The catch is that a small (but long-lasting) bottle is $36 (Saks Fifth Avenue). It does do a fine job, though. Charles of the Ritz, much more down to earth in price, has come forth with a new Liquid Veil (containing plenty of oil for softness), to be put sparingly on the skin as a final touch before rouge and powder. It is slightly opaque and thus helps minimize shadows under the eyes and minor blemishes. It also gives a finish that requires very little powder or none at all. Lord & Taylor will have this March 1st, as well as nose veils to match the various skin tones. Hmm!

The emphasis is still being put on the eyes when the face is made up, but the foolish and frightening "doe" look has been toned down, which was inevitable. Just the same, a bit of shadow under the brows and on the outward half of the lid near the lashes, plus a dab of pencil tilting the corners ever so lightly, is pretty and fun. I'd go to a beauty salon and get counsel on any new makeup, but the Aziza and the Revlon eye stuff, which made their début in the last few months, are accompanied by explicit instructions for application. Elizabeth Arden's Eye-Stopper pencil, which has a sharpener, is still topnotch, and so are her silvery and subtle shadows. She also offers a makeup solely for that date with a maharajah—hyacinth-blue or apple-green shadow *and* multicolored plastic particles that cling to the shadow on your eyelids and sparkle like anything.

Rouge is now not supposed to add color; it's just to highlight and impart a glow to the skin that enhances the

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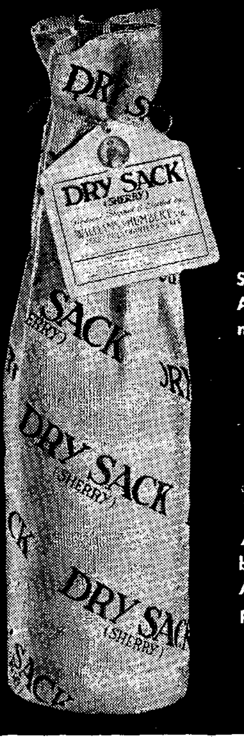

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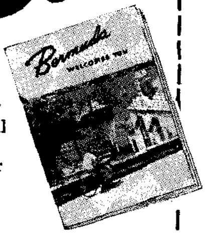

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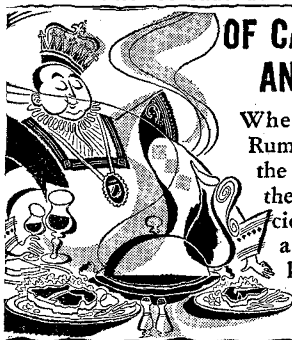

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eyes. Perfectionists in makeup, therefore, not only put it across the cheekbones but have taken to putting a dab on the forehead and above and around the outer tip of the eyebrows. (That's where babies have that youthful flush.) Robbins' Television rouge, a shrimp pink, subtly highlights the skin; it is surprisingly becoming even to brunettes. With vast excitement, as if it were a new idea, the lipstick people are trying to make non-indelible lipsticks as soft as ever on the lips while adding mysterious ingredients to make them more lasting. The most important mysterious ingredient, however, is proper application. After you've put *any* lipstick on, keeping your mouth agape for five minutes (without licking your lips or smoking or *anything*) will help indelibility no end. Blotting with tissue after this gives the lipstick a mat surface, but if you want it shiny and unblotted, that five-minute pause without refreshment helps enormously. Rubinstein's Stay-Long lipstick, the Lenthéric Sta-Put, and Charles of the Ritz's are all good. Elizabeth Arden's new Striking is a frisky red red with no nonsense about it; Estée Lauder's Melon exactly matches the inside of a watermelon—red with an overtone of pink. —LOIS LONG

•

LITTLE GLIMPSES INTO BIG *MOMENTS IN HISTORY*

[*Leonard Coulter in Film Bulletin*]

The second floor room of the turretted Kremlin in Moscow where Joseph Stalin works is of only average size, with windows on two sides. The desk is a crude, bench-like affair, rectangular in shape and highly polished. On it stand a case of briar pipes, a tobacco jar, and two silver-mounted photographs of his son, Vassily, and his daughter, Svetlana. Behind the Red Boss' swivel chair, on the wood-panelled wall, hangs a portrait of Nicolai Lenin, "Father of the Revolution." The lighting fitment is a silver chandelier "inherited" from the Tsars, who built the Kremlin Palace in 1485.

In this room, cunningly contrived to create the illusion of austerity, Stalin and his closest confidants work long hours forging the spanners with which to snarl the machinery of democracy. They would like nothing better, at this decisive moment in history, than to toss a monkey wrench into the U. S. motion picture industry by destroying the Council of Motion Picture Organizations.

•

"Everyone expects me to be a beefy, muscle-bound freak," Jean said plaintively. Then, absent-mindedly, she tore a two-inch thick telephone director into quarters.
—*Boston Traveler.*

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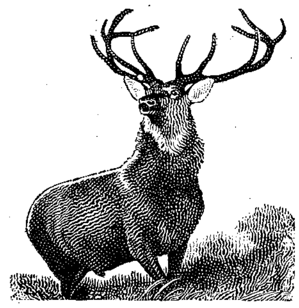

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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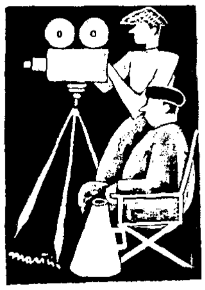

“The 13th Letter” is an American version of a French film called “Le Corbeau,” which was made while the Nazis were top dogs in France. Since the original picture dealt with various facets of corruption in a French village before the supermen came along, the Germans thought it was fine propaganda to demonstrate the worthlessness of the conquered Gauls to the Teutons back home. Soon, of course, it didn't make much difference *what* they thought, and two or three years after the Nazis were finally shoved back to the Rhine, “Le Corbeau” was exported to the United States, with no outcry from the French that it was subversive to La Patrie. I can't say that it particularly enthralled me when I saw it the first time, though I thought it had in it the germ of a good movie, and I'm not without a couple of minor reservations about this current revamp.

“The 13th Letter,” which has as its locale a small town in Quebec, describes the effect of a poison-pen campaign on an assortment of presumably upstanding burghers, especially a young doctor, whose medical adventures will probably induce a good many impressionable juveniles to indulge in long dreams of wielding hemostat and stethoscope. This practitioner not only is the object of some steamy yearnings on the part of the comely wife of an older colleague but is also continually being coaxed to place his head upon the handsome bosom of another personable lady, who is convinced that this will somehow help her to get rid of a cold. The poison-pen business begins with an accusation that the young doctor is cuckolding his aging associate, and the advice that he get out of town. After that, all kinds of people receive letters, some threatening, some libellous. The problem of determining who is writing these missives makes for some interesting drama, but when the film approaches its dénouement, it pulls up a little lame. However, it has in its favor a reasonably adult method of moving along and an atmosphere of complete authenticity (which is not surprising, for it was filmed in Quebec), and certainly the cast does a good job with the material on hand. It may come as a shock to see Charles Boyer, who portrays an old doctor apparently as noble as Kildare's pal Gillespie, done up in grizzled whiskers like those of a Civil War commander, but he manages his role with the same expertness he used to display in those romantic parts that involved such heavy use of eye and accent. As a younger man in the medical line, Michael Rennie is strong, saturnine, and effective, despite some foolish scenes that show him winding and fondling an assortment of clocks, which have nothing to do with the progress of the plot. Finally, we have a group of talented actresses, including Françoise Rosay, Judith Evelyn, Linda Darnell, and Constance Smith. They run through their paces with grace and skill.

In “Vengeance Valley,” Burt Lancaster has some fierce troubles. For instance, a couple of desperado brothers are convinced that he is the father of the child their sister has borne out of wedlock. These badmen don't especially like Sister, but they feel that as siblings they must plug the cad who ruined her name. As if this weren't enough for one hero to contend with, Mr. Lancaster also has the obligation of smothering the love he bears his foster brother's wife. This, I submit, is odd stuff to crop up in a Western, but for all its eccentric aspects, “Vengeance Valley” isn't bad. There's a proper quota of branding, bulldozing, herding, sharpshooting, cardplaying, brawling, and drinking, and enough lines like “Sheriff, I'm going to kill a man before I leave here” to keep things galloping along in the wide-open manner that Hollywood has taught us to expect from the cattle country and its denizens. Besides Mr. Lancaster and several hundred dogies, “Vengeance Valley” has in its cast Robert Walker, Joanne Dru, John Ireland, and Ray Collins. They look right at home on the Technicolored plains.

—John McCarten

●

WHAT BOOK ON U. S. GRANT D'YA READ?

Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass-blades.—*From “Grant, His Life and Character,” by Hamlin Garland.*

Grant and Pemberton sat under a tree. . . . Grant smoked a cigar, while Pemberton pulled moodily at blades of grass. —*From “Meet General Grant,” by W. E. Woodward.*

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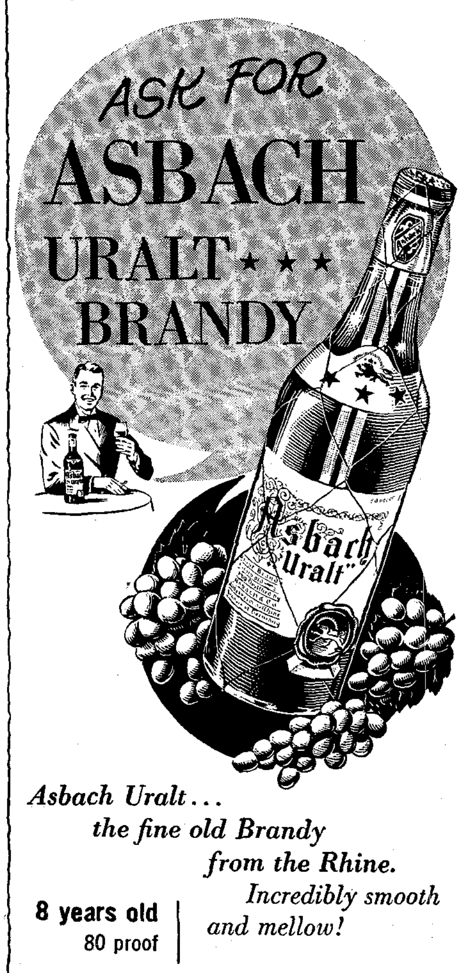

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THE BARRIER

THE first day out of England for India, I observed the chilly little signs on the deck barriers, "Reserved for First Class Passengers," and for a few days I respected them. On my walks, I went briskly back and forth on that portion of deck allotted to tourist class, coming up short first against the barrier on the larboard side and then against the one on the starboard, while beyond the fence the first-class passengers took walks, too, making their longer circuit.

At dinner on the third day, the dining-room steward purred into the neck of Miss Pinkerton, who sat next to me, asking her, as he always did, "Another helping of the sweet?"

Miss Pinkerton giggled and said, "No, thanks."

"Oh, come on," said the steward. "You can eat another."

"No, really, I can't," she said.

The steward went away and came back with a second serving of pudding, which he placed before her. This act had become a standard joke, and everybody at the table laughed. Miss Pinkerton picked up her spoon and with mock resignation started to work.

"These fellows are very jolly," said Miss Pinkerton's mother, who sat across the table. "Aren't they? Very jolly, they are. And the head one, too, that fellow with brown eyes, he's a *very* jolly fellow."

"*Very* jolly," Miss Pinkerton echoed, through a spoonful of pudding.

The only man at the table, Dr. Coomeraswamy, who sat at Miss Pinkerton's left, said that he had never noticed the head steward's eyes but that the service was not bad. "What's on the agenda tonight?" he asked. "Is it going to be a concert, or a dance, or what?"

"It's dancing," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "Do you think of going, Dr. Coomeraswamy?"

"Certainly I shall go," he said. "I shall wear my best bib and tucker."

We all laughed very hard at this, though it was only mildly funny to think of Dr. Coomeraswamy in bib and tucker. Ours was the jolly table. We were always laughing, said the other passengers.

"We went on deck last night and watched those first-class people for a while," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "All in evening dress. So silly!"

"They did look stuffy," said her daughter. "They can't be having a very good time."

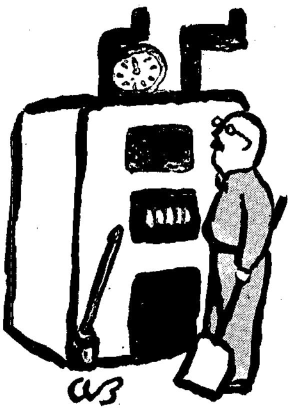
Everyone except me agreed that the first-class passengers could not possibly be having a good time. I was of the opinion, unexpressed, that they were having a very good time indeed, but then I had friends in first class. I wondered uneasily whether I shouldn't proclaim my affiliations to the others at the table. My friends were travelling on an expense account. I realized that it would have been considered reprehensible of me to know them if they had been the sort of people who paid their own way in first class, but under the circumstances . . . However, I decided to let the matter go, for the time being.

"Evening dress is very silly aboard ship," Miss Pinkerton was saying.

She had finished the pudding. We all rose and went out of the dining room, leaving the way clear for the second sitting. The steward liked us to do this promptly. I went to the lounge and had coffee with a Burmese woman, who explained that she had done her best to get first-class passage but that the ship had already been heavily booked. "No doubt you had the same experience," she added. "I'm told that unless one applied months in advance—"

"No," I said, "I'm travelling tourist because it's cheaper."

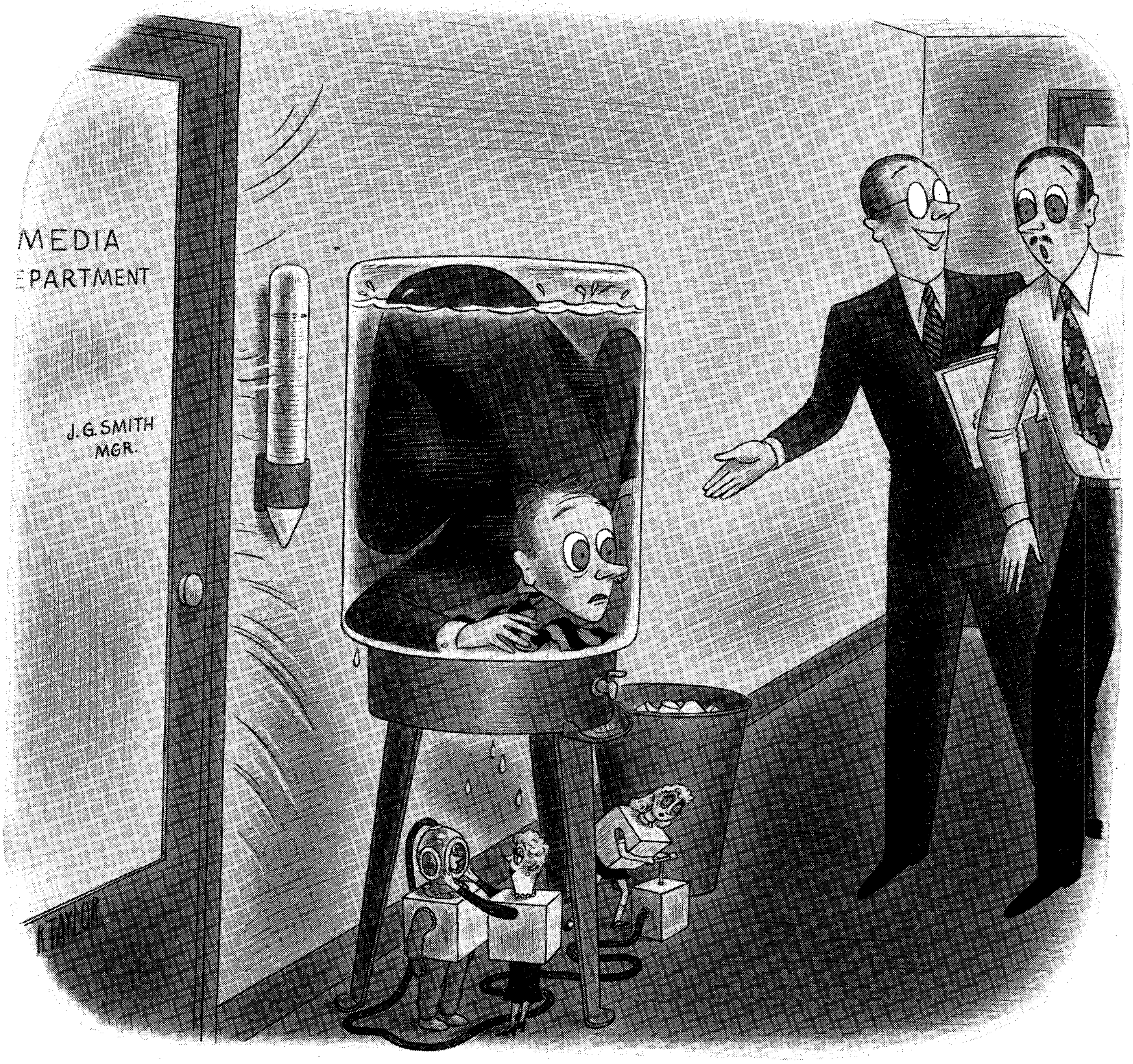
I reflected, belatedly and regretfully, that I had been boasting. I had been guilty of spiritual pride, and I had definitely snubbed the Burmese woman.



THE fourth day out, I went up to get some air before breakfast, for we had entered the Mediterranean and it was warm. As I stepped on deck, I encountered a woman who announced abruptly that she had just been walking *all the way around* the ship, regardless of barriers. "And it's lovely," she said. "Do come with me. One gets so cramped in this little bit of space."

"But it would be so humiliating to be kicked out," I said.

"Nobody seems to care," she said. "The barrier gate is never locked. Surely they'd lock the gate if they really



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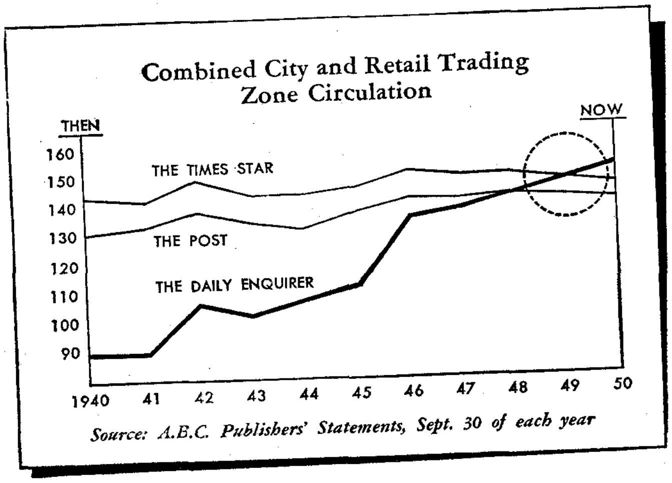

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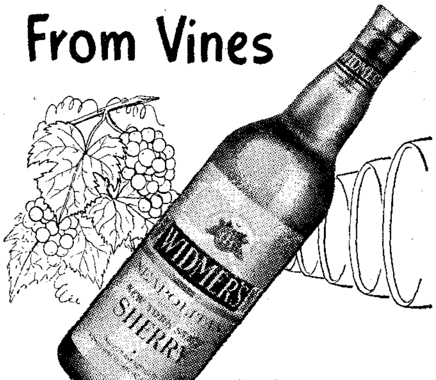

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wanted to keep us out. And after all, now that the deck steward has used up all our deck space for these tiresome shuffleboard tournaments and things, aren't we justified?"

I thought that, in principle, we were, and—purely as a gesture of protest, I explained to my companion—I agreed to walk around the whole deck with her. We did this several times, and I discovered that quite a few other tourist-class passengers were doing it, too, all walking along with the same innocent, abstracted look. I found that at the end of each circuit, I felt a little bolder, and more refreshed.

During lunch, that day, Mrs. Pinkerton shook her finger at me. "I saw you in first class," she said archly. "Never mind, I won't tell."

"Well, after all," I said, "if they take our space for deck tennis and shuffleboard—"

"Did you see many of the first-class passengers?" asked Miss Pinkerton.

"No," I said. "I think they prefer to use their promenade deck, higher up."

"The fellow who plays in the orchestra," she said. "The fellow with the mustache, you know. Well, he says he never saw such a stupid crowd in his life as those first-class passengers this trip."

"Now, there's a nice fellow," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "A really nice, jolly fellow. We were talking to him last night. One thing I liked about him, he told us straight off he was married. You know, a lot of men don't on these voyages. They pretend they aren't married just so they can have a good time on the trip. So unfair to the girl. Luckily, Katy's got her head screwed on the right way."

"Another sweet?" crooned the steward into Miss Pinkerton's ear.

"No, really," she said. "I can't—Oh dear!" A wedge of spongecake was put down firmly on her plate, and the steward padded off, grinning.

Nobody seemed to think the joke was terribly funny any longer. "That fellow wouldn't be allowed to be so jolly if he worked up in the first-class saloon," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "He wouldn't be allowed."

"They must have a very dull time," said Dr. Coomeraswamy.

THAT night, we had our ship's concert. Dr. Coomeraswamy sang a few songs very well, and various other passengers did conjuring tricks and dances. I sat next to Mrs. Pinkerton, and she pointed out to me several un-

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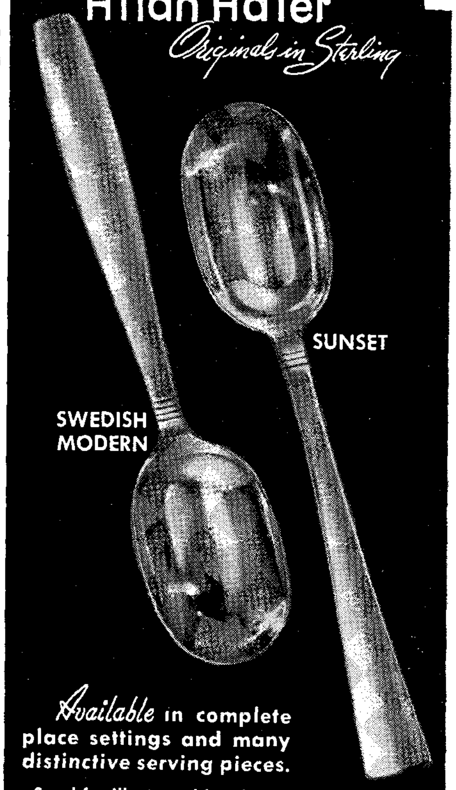

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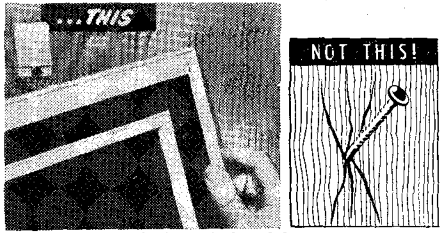

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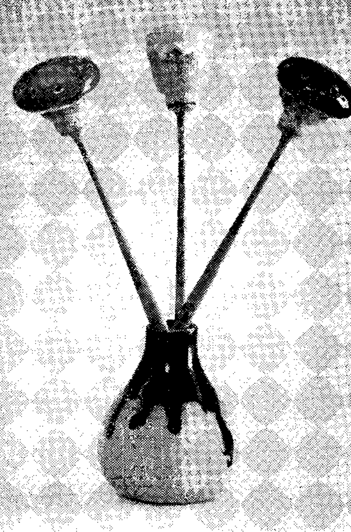

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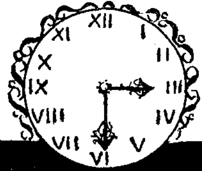

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familiar faces in the audience. "They're first-class passengers come to see the fun," she told me. "It makes it awfully crowded when they come in like that. I do think it shouldn't be allowed. Did you see all those girls last night on our dance floor in evening dress? Some of those came from first class. Did you know that? It really shouldn't be allowed."

"But nobody makes a row about us going up into first," I said, "so why should we object? Only this afternoon, I went up on the promenade deck to have a drink with some friends, and—"

"So I understand," said Mrs. Pinkerton in chilly tones. "I went near the barrier once, and I happened to see you."

"What I mean is," I said, "if nobody makes a fuss about us going there, I don't think we ought to make any fuss about—"

"I'm sure *I* wouldn't want to go where I don't belong," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "I've never known a ship to behave like this one."

"Well, it's a long run, when you come to think of it," I said, and then plowed ponderously ahead. "Anyway, don't you think our civilization does tend toward a one-class arrangement? Perhaps this ship's company scents the change in the air. Perhaps we are on the way to—"

"One class?" said Mrs. Pinkerton, thawing slightly. "That's what I always say. That's the sort of ship to travel in, if you can find it. One class. None of this evening-dress nonsense."

The next day was again hot and close. After lunch, I picked my way with difficulty between deck-tennis and shuffleboard players and around prams and baby pens, looking for a quiet spot. Once, I sighted Miss Pinkerton in the distance. She was without her mother, for a wonder, and laughing and chattering with a man I had not seen before. I went hopefully into the lounge, but it was crowded and the punkahs were only sending forth the same air they sucked in. I saw that Dr. Coomeraswamy was reading the magazine I wanted. Outside the windows, too many people were sporting, too noisily, in the swimming pool, and I knew that the pestiferous little Hindu boy, the one who wore glasses, would be sneaking around pushing people in, whereas the charming little Hindu boy I liked would be nowhere in evidence.

I went back on deck and, looking over my shoulder to make sure Mrs.

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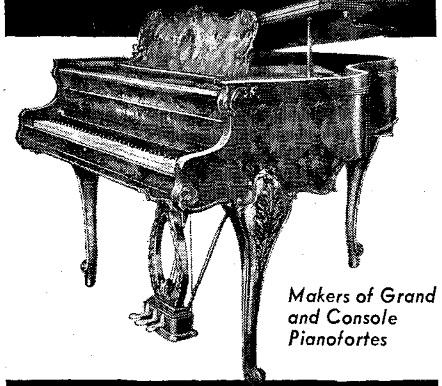

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Pinkerton was not watching, I found my way to the deserted quiet of first class. There I found a chair and settled down, sending one more guilty glance toward Mrs. Pinkerton's favorite vantage point, just across the border. She was not in view.

THE girl who shared my cabin was sitting disconsolately on the lower berth when I went in before tea. She was a very nice girl, always out in the pool or playing deck tennis or dancing. I hardly ever saw her. Yet there she was in the cabin in the middle of the afternoon, worrying. "They've put my name down," she said.

"Oh, really?" I said. "Why? What for? Where?"

"Beauty contest," she replied. "Somebody's gone and written mine down. They did that with a lot of girls, because nobody would sign up. Do you think I ought to enter a beauty contest? I don't."

"Well, then, don't," I said.

"Oh, I started to cross my name off, but the deck steward wouldn't let me," she said. "I just don't know what to do. I hate the idea. Wouldn't you?"

"If it were bathing suits, I certainly would," I said. "But it's different for you, I should think."

She squealed in horror. "Not *bathing* suits! They say the captain said he didn't want to judge a lot of naked women. It's just that I hate the idea."

Not knowing what advice she really wanted, I remained quiet. At last, she asked, fetching a heavy sigh, "What should I wear? My red dress?"

"It's very pretty, certainly, with your hair," I said.

She still looked worried. "The thing is," she said suddenly, "if I don't go into it now, people will all say I think I'm too good for it. You know?"

"I do know," I said.

I went to tea, and when Miss Pinkerton came to the table, I asked her if she was going in for the beauty contest. "My goodness, no," she said. "I wouldn't do that for anything. Parading around!"

"Just good fun," said Dr. Coomeraswamy, and daringly suggested that Miss Pinkerton would show up well in a bathing suit.

"No, there'll be no bathing suits," said Mrs. Pinkerton with authority. "The captain said he doesn't want to judge a lot of naked women. Nobody is wearing bathing suits."

The contest was held after tea. My

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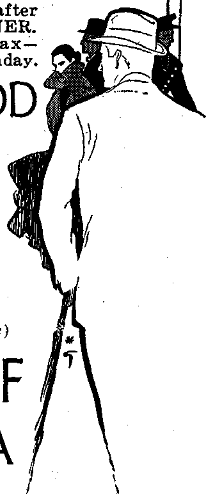

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cabinmate looked awfully pretty in her red dress, but she didn't win. The prize went to an Anglo-Indian girl in a bathing suit.

Miss Pinkerton came to dinner that night in a long blue crêpe dress, and she laughed self-consciously when Dr. Coomeraswamy made a jovial remark about it. "Dancing tonight?" he asked. "Or is it a wedding? You look quite like a bridesmaid."

"I'm dancing," said Miss Pinkerton.

"She's dancing," said Mrs. Pinkerton.

"But I was not aware there was a dance tonight," Dr. Coomeraswamy said.

"There's no dancing in tourist; they're showing a picture instead," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "Katy has been invited up to the first class for the dancing."

"So! I see!" Dr. Coomeraswamy unfolded his napkin. "Well, have a good time."

Miss Pinkerton giggled.

"We're certainly beautiful tonight," said the steward, serving the cold meat. "Going up to first class, aren't we?"

Miss Pinkerton giggled again.

"Of course, it's a good chance to see what it's like up there," said Mrs. Pinkerton. She turned to me. "How do you like her dress? It's American, though we bought it in Bournemouth. It has some American name on the label. Not expensive, really. Yes, Katy might as well see first class before we arrive at Bombay, and he's a nice, jolly fellow, the one who's invited her. He's going out to work for one of the tea planters." She added, "It's in his contract he mustn't marry for two years—or four years, perhaps, I forget—but it's the customary rule. Cheeky, I call it. Those company rules are always cheeky. Still, he's a very nice fellow."

"A very nice fellow," echoed Miss Pinkerton, smoothing her skirt.

"This time tomorrow," said Mrs. Pinkerton at our last dinner aboard ship, "we shall all have gone our separate ways. I must say it has been a very enjoyable trip. It was gay last night. Jolly. A nice trip."

Miss Pinkerton was protesting that she didn't want another jelly. She could not, she told the steward, eat another bite. He nodded, then brought her a fresh plate with another jelly, and for the last time we did our best to laugh at the joke.

"I understand there have been some complaints about the way the first-class

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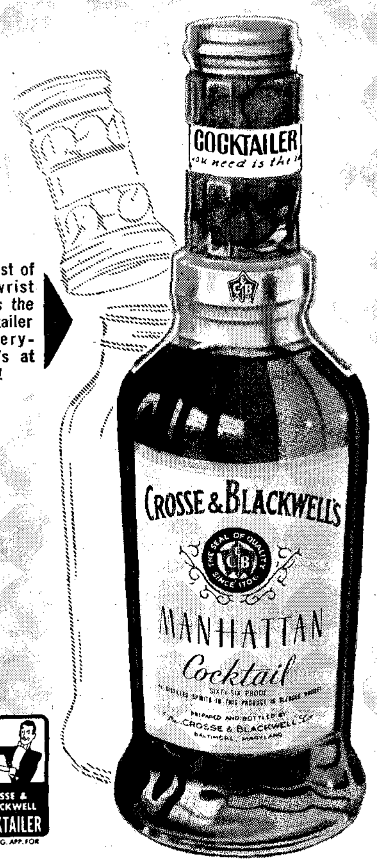

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people have been behaving," said Dr. Coomeraswamy, eating an apple. "It seems some of these tea planters drink their quota of whiskey in the first-class bar early in the evening, and then they come down to our smoking room and drink ours, if you please. There's been a good deal of talk about it. That sort of thing isn't good, I feel."

"Oh, I don't know, now, Dr. Coomeraswamy," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "Some of those planters are very nice lads, you know. For myself, I think all this about first class and second class and what have you is very foolish. There's not all *that* difference."

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps you're right," said Dr. Coomeraswamy. "To my mind, the only solution is a ship which is one class throughout."

Mrs. Pinkerton started to reply, hesitated, and, for once, was silent. She looked thoughtful.

"It's certainly lovely in first," said Miss Pinkerton. "Beautiful paintings on the walls." The steward, outdoing himself, brought her a third jelly. Absently, she pushed it aside. None of us paid him his meed of laughter. "I saw your friends in the lounge," she said, turning to me. "They seemed to be enjoying themselves."

"The lounge up there is very nice," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "*Very* nice, the lounge is."

She smiled at me pleasantly, and I felt with relief that I was at last absolved.

—EMILY HAHN

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Vallejo (Calif.) Times-Herald*]

Opinions of the People:
CURRENT EVENTS
Sam Shultz was elected Councilman.
To fill a vacancy.
In a little town quite a resort.
Down south by the sea.
As City Councilman he made good.
He lived up to his word and stood.
For better management and such.
Cost of running the city was far too much.
To build canals, lagoons and lakes.
Which resulted in a bunch of fakes.
The city was broke and Sam he knew
It had to create new revenue.
The Council met on its regular day.
I think it was the sixth of May.
The chairman called the meeting to order.
And the people were assembling in the corridor.
Now, gentleman, our treasurer has said.
Our city is considerably in the red.
We must raise more money at once
To carry us through.
Now, gentlemen, it's entirely up to you.
I had in mind of purchasing gondolas.
Oh say maybe a few.
Place them out on our lakes and ponds:

And paint them all a brilliant hue.
And charge a reasonable fee.
That's just one scheme that occurred to me.

Bob Brown jumped to his feet and said
This city needs money, got to raise it some way
But it's the question what the public will say
They would bring in a few dollars
Each month that went by
Then we could order another supply.
Gondolas are something that sure ought to pay
With a surplus in the treasury by this time next May.

Sam Shultz was a big man, two hundred or more
When he arose from his chair.
He just jarred the floor.
He had a voice like a moaning fog horn.
I think he was blessed with it from the time he was born.
You could hear him sound off
For easy a mile.
The public sit quietly there all the while.
Mr. Chairman, I've given this subject much thought
Think two gondalas would be plenty when bought
Could we spare the money for them just now?
Oh we will manage to do it somehow.
Mr. Mayor, I move a committee of three
Be appointed to take up the matter and see
What the cost of a male and female would run
And turn them loose on the lakes and ponds.
We'd have a dozen or more by Spring.
I always did like to hear them birds sing.
It would be a pleasure if we had no other resource.
Just to watch mother Nature taking its course.

The chairman banged loud with his gavel.
Now, gentlemen, it's time to adjourn.
If they ever bought the gondolas
I never was able to learn.
But when it came time for election
The news was spread around town.
And they gave all three a vacation.
The Mayor, Sam Shultz and Brown.

P. S.: All names and places are fictitious, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the writer, either living or dead, around this station.

Just a visitor in your city, and read your paper regularly.

—B. L. GOODRICH.

•

CRIES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CRIED

[*From "England in the Age of Wycliffe," by George Macaulay Trevelyan*]

Froissart tells us how the English knights went about crying to each other: "Ha, by holy Mary! how proud will the French be now, for the heap of peasants they have slain! I wish to God Philip van Artevelde had had two thousand of our lances and six thousand of our archers; then not one Frenchman would have escaped death or capture."

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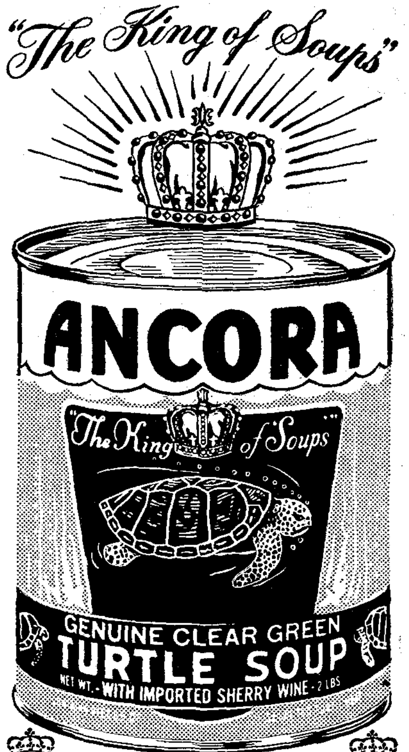

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Detroit, Mich.,
February 8, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

When I read in a recent issue of your magazine about the history of the pay telephone, and the fact that a very low percentage of the Bell System's income is lost through the petty machinations of chisellers, my mind warmed to the memory of a night late in 1929 when—for a few hours, at least—that percentage undoubtedly rose abnormally.

I was a student at Columbia College, living in John Jay Hall, a fifteen-story dormitory at the corner of 114th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. There, prior to the night mentioned above, the system for handling telephone calls was as follows: When a student received an incoming call, a buzzer sounded in his room, giving him the signal to go to the phone in the corridor on his floor; this was not a pay phone and could be used for incoming calls only. To make an outgoing call, a student had to take the elevator down to the basement, where the New York Telephone Company had installed, in booths, a battery of pay telephones. The students, particularly those on the upper floors, grumbled constantly at the inconvenience of this arrangement and, accordingly, were pleased to hear that a pay telephone would soon be installed on the stairway landings of the fifth, ninth, and thirteenth floors.

I lived on the fifth floor, around the corner from the door opening onto the landing. There was one room between mine and the corner, and it was occupied by a student I shall call Douglas Forbes, whose home was in Battle Creek, Michigan. One evening, he and I were in his room discussing the installation of the phones, which had begun that day, and we decided to see if our phone was ready for use. We went around the corner, opened the stairway door, and saw that the telephone, which was fastened to the wall at one side of the landing, had an "Out of Order" sign on it. Closer inspection showed that over the three coin slots there was a bright metal plate, held in place by two screws, and, further, that on the front of the telephone there was no door covering the opening of the compartment into which coins fall—or, as I learned from your article, covering the compartment that nowadays con-

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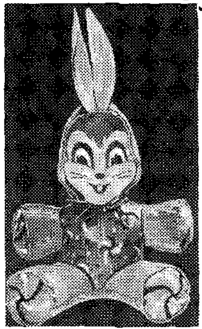

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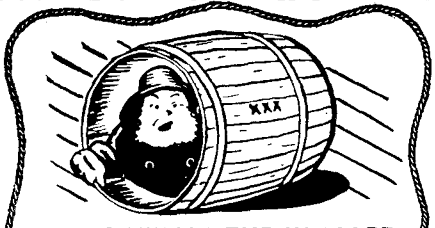

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Watch ho! Pass the word to the binnacle list that we're bulling a cask on the lower deck of the bark Wanderer".

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tains a locked box into which the coins fall and where they remain until the collector comes round.

As a matter of collegiate course, we appropriated the "Out of Order" sign, then went back to Doug's room, where he set it upright on his desk. We began to wonder whether the phone would work if we were able to drop in a coin. I got a screwdriver and we returned to the landing. The plate came off in a jiffy. I pocketed it and the screwdriver. Then, dropping in a nickel, I took off the receiver, and the operator—this was before dial phones were in general use—came on the wire with a cheery "Number, please." I gave the number of a girl I knew, and when she answered the phone, chatted aimlessly for a few minutes and then hung up. Within a few seconds, Doug and I heard the nickel drop into the doorless compartment. Doug reached in and calmly fished out the coin. We looked at each other with profound delight. Obviously, we had something good. Taking turns, we proceeded to call up all the local girls we could think of and to talk to them about anything at all we could think of, always on the same nickel.

Doug then went down to the grill in the basement and came back with a supply of quarters, which he used to telephone his home in Battle Creek. The charge in those days was somewhere around three dollars for a three-minute call, as I remember, and the bass chime of the telephone as it received Doug's quarters was music in our ears. He talked lengthily to several members of his family, dropping in additional coins as needed. When he was through, I waited until the money fell into the unguarded compartment and then employed it to call my mother in Bay City, Michigan. She gently reproved me: "I told you to reverse charges when you phoned home," she said.

"It's all right, Mother. I can pay for it," I replied, not daring to say over the line that the call wasn't costing me anything.

After I finished talking, there was a short wait and the coins clunked happily down again. Doug gathered them in and said, "Let's pass the word around." I nodded, and we started down the corridor, knocking on doors and reporting loudly on our stupendous and gorgeous discovery.

INSTANTLY, a line formed on the stairway landing, and soon it snaked out into the corridor. Impromptu rules were devised: When a student's turn came, he could make one call; then, if he

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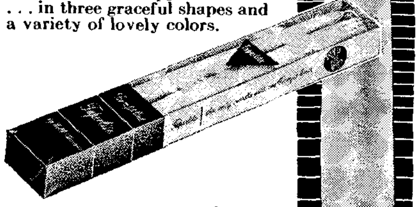

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For your security, and your country's too, SAVE NOW—through regular purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds!

wanted to make another, he had to go back to the end of the line. A student's first call was usually to his family. There were several calls to St. Louis, I remember, two or three to Pittsburgh, one to Atlanta, one to some point in Alabama, and innumerable others into New York State and New England. If a student came back a second time, and he usually did, he more often than not telephoned his home-town girl. Many boys returned a third and even a fourth time.

Through no fault of the Telephone Company's, the calls were made under certain handicaps. The men waiting in line were always impatient, and their comments were never helpful. Assurances to parents that the speaker was studying hard and passing with honors brought sarcastic observations, hardly ever sotto-voce. Assurances of undying love to the girl back home drew cacklings of derision. There were repeated demands to hurry up. The speakers, however, weren't intimidated. As soon as they had completed their calls, they made rejoinders in kind to those behind them, and then most of them fell in line for another turn.

One student on our floor, a lad named Anderson, was the son of an Army colonel stationed at that time in the Panama Canal Zone. Before Anderson got in line, he went down to the grill, came back with a pocketful of quarters, and borrowed another pocketful. When his turn came, he put in a call to his father. But the operator reported that there was no such thing as telephone service to Panama. Anderson's expression when he hung up the receiver was that of a man who had been grossly defrauded.

As the evening wore on and the telephoning continued, Doug and I began to worry. We felt that if the Telephone Company ever started an investigation, it would be fairly simple for it to check up on the calls and ascertain who made the first ones, and from that deduce who had unscrewed the bright metal plate over the coin slots. When eleven o'clock came and there was still a sizable line in the corridor, we grew more perturbed, especially after Doug made a quick calculation that indicated that something over two hundred dollars' worth of telephone calls had already been placed. That wasn't the whole of it, either. News of our achievement had spread through the whole dormitory, and we learned that the similar "out-of-order" telephones on the ninth and thirteenth floors had been put into operation—on an identical basis.

Along toward midnight, as Doug and

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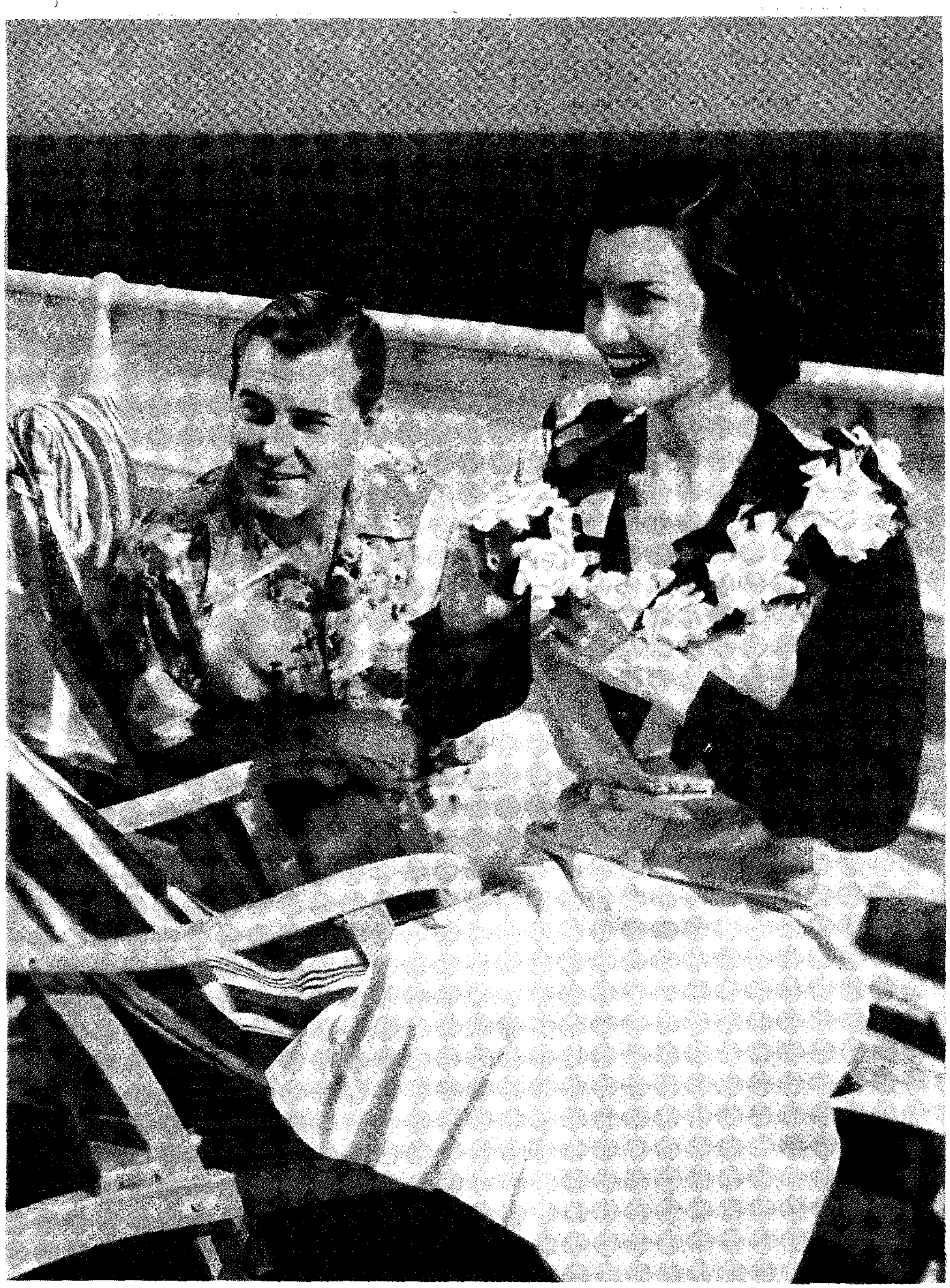
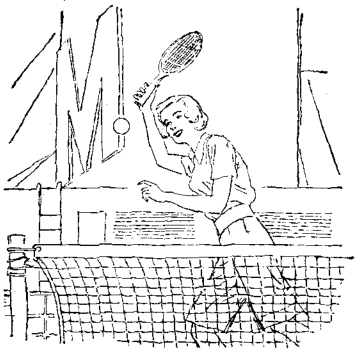
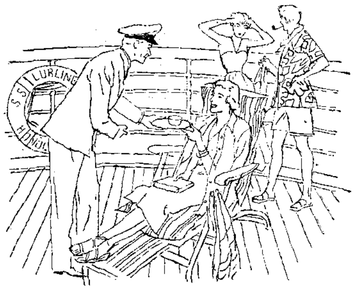


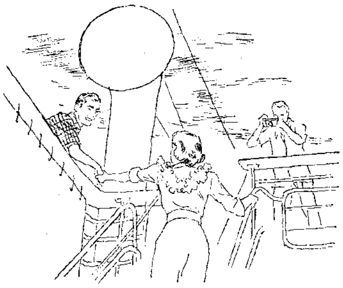
Fashions by J. Magnin, L. A.



You have fun in the sun



You're our pampered guest



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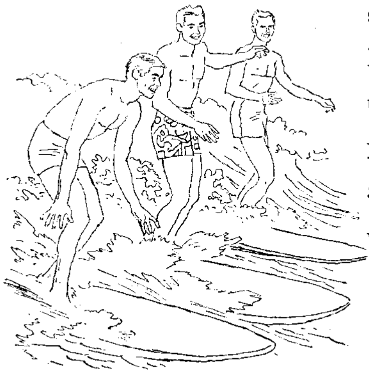
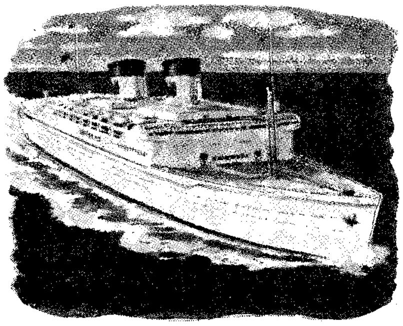
Blue velvet sea, soft golden sun . . . and you, adventure-bound through balmy south seas, where your nights are all enchanted, and days are full of fun. Do what *you* want—dancing, swimming, dreaming—or deck games with new friends. Enjoy distinguished cuisine, and deft service. Learn the thrill of star-studded tropic nights on deck before you drift contentedly off to sleep in your comfortable stateroom. This is just a sample of what it's like when you... *Cruise to Hawaii on the S. S. Lurline*





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Any Doctor of Drinkology knows the finest test of any liquor is to drink it *straight!*

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I were sitting in his room, wondering what might happen to us, we suddenly became aware of silence in the corridor. We walked out, and found it empty and the phone idle. The last man in the line had apparently finished up. I took the screwdriver and the plate from my pocket and screwed the plate back into place. Then, with my handkerchief, I wiped off any fingerprints that might be on the plate—I was an inveterate detective-story reader in those days. We returned to Doug's room to get the "Out of Order" sign, but before I had time to take it off his desk, we heard the telephone ring, and then a thudding of footsteps down the hall past our partly opened door, followed by the hollow bang of the door to the stairway landing.

"Hello, hello," we heard faintly. "Yes, Operator, I'm the party who wants to put a call through to Duluth."

Then a pause. Then the same voice, in a tone of anguish: "But, Operator, I can't put any money in. The slots are all covered up. No, I *can't* put any money in."

Doug and I looked at each other in silence. Presently, we heard the same footsteps returning along the corridor. After they died away, I replaced the "Out of Order" sign and slipped quickly back to my room.

THE next morning, a fellow with the look of a Telephone Company man about him spent quite a while rummaging around on the stairway landing. Everyone gave him a wide berth. That night, we learned that after leaving the dormitory the telephone man had gone straight to the office of Dean Herbert Hawkes. The Dean, according to the story, had stood up, as usual, for his boys. He had tartly advised the man that if the New York Telephone Company had no better sense than to put up a phone in that condition, it deserved everything that happened to it.

The following day, the fifth-floor phone was officially divested of its "Out of Order" sign and of the plate over the coin slots. A securely locked door covered the coin compartment. Doug and I never heard anything more, and I trust that after these twenty-odd years the Telephone Company will keep its books closed on the incident.

Yours sincerely,
STANLEY H. BRAMS

•

A Selective Service spokesman said there has been some confusion among medical men as to whom is and whom is not a reservist.—*Dallas (Texas) Morning News.*

Oh, confusion schmooshun!

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—*New York Times*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Morning Journey, by James Hilton (Little, Brown). This is a really high-class novel about interesting people who do things. Carey Arundel, the heroine, who was born with that name, is an actress. Her first husband is named Paul Saffron, and he is a brilliant stage director, "a little plump, with wavy black hair . . . and a long strong nose." Her second husband, Austen Bond, is a very rich man of good family. Eventually, Carey gets back to Paul, reaffirming her first love and, because the years are beginning to settle, some spiritual values, too. Mr. Hilton writes all this out with noticeable doggedness, and does not try to express any of the things that cannot be put into words.

Give Me Your Golden Hand, by Evelyn Eaton (Farrar, Straus & Young). Axford Daigle, an unrecognized son of George III, leaves England at nineteen and makes his way to America, where he marries a nice Quaker girl named Content. For a historical novel, this is quite short, which must not be taken to mean that Miss Eaton deprives her readers of any of their proper quota of seductions, secret orgies, intrigues, betrayals, knifings, or other favorite evidences of the sprightly and inexhaustible nature of eighteenth-century fictional folk.

Strait and Narrow, by Geoffrey Cotterell (Lippincott). A quiet, thorough, not very heartfelt novel about a moderately unhappy marriage in postwar England. Mr. Cotterell, whose hero is a lawyer, deals very temperately with the various degrees of anguish suffered by people who are affected directly or indirectly by an adultery, and ends his book with an unlikely suicide and an even more unlikely scene of renunciation.

Our Spoons Came from Woolworth's, by Barbara Comyns (Holt). A novel that overcomes the handicaps of one of the worst titles in many seasons and of a prose in which "stomach" is invariably "tummy." The author resembles an English Anita Loos, and her false innocence and genuine good humor make her simple story considerably more attractive than the chronicle of chins-up middle-class life in London that it threatens at first to be. Miss Comyns' novel has the additional virtue of a happy ending. One wants to believe in it, and somehow, uncannily, one does.

Mr. Byculla, by Eric Linklater (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Byculla is an Indian gentleman with a fondness for relieving people of their miseries. Mr. Linklater writes about him with a cool amusement that does not hide the monotony of the story or the sleepy boredom of all those concerned in it—the benefactor, his victims, and those who survive his shattering charitableness.

The Grotto, by Grace Zaring Stone (Harper). The heroine, Celia Thorne, struggles first against the realization of her son's homosexuality and later against the fact of it. After a good deal of unhappiness and some violence, she dies suddenly, which puts an end to her struggling and provides her author with an exit that is no more pat than any other might be, considering the circumstances. This dolorous episode takes place in the south of Italy during a summer holiday.

Into Thin Air, by Warren Beck (Knopf). Ralph Kempner, aged about eighty, lies dying in bed and watches the demolition of the house next door, where his best friend once lived. As the house comes down, the old man's thoughts go back, and we learn that he has lived a life of practiced, gracious melancholy, the result, according to him, of a disastrous love affair, though it seems to a disinterested body that the love affair was less a cause than an excuse for a self-conscious, unspontaneous nature. The writing is soft, rounded, careful, and not very good.

Asylum Island, by Hilton Brown (Macmillan). A novel, meant to be hectic but actually only slapdash, about politics, voodoo, and a number of more or less lethal clashes of personality on a Caribbean island called Lassou.

Poor Cousin Evelyn, by James Yaffe (Little, Brown). A collection of pieces about well-to-do Jewish people in New York by a high-spirited young man who is able to turn his characters

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Fred and Adele Astaire in "The Band Wagon"?

John Barrymore as "Hamlet"?

Marilyn Miller as "Peter Pan"?

Judith Anderson
Jose Ruben
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Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland"?

Tallulah Bankhead in "The Little Foxes"?

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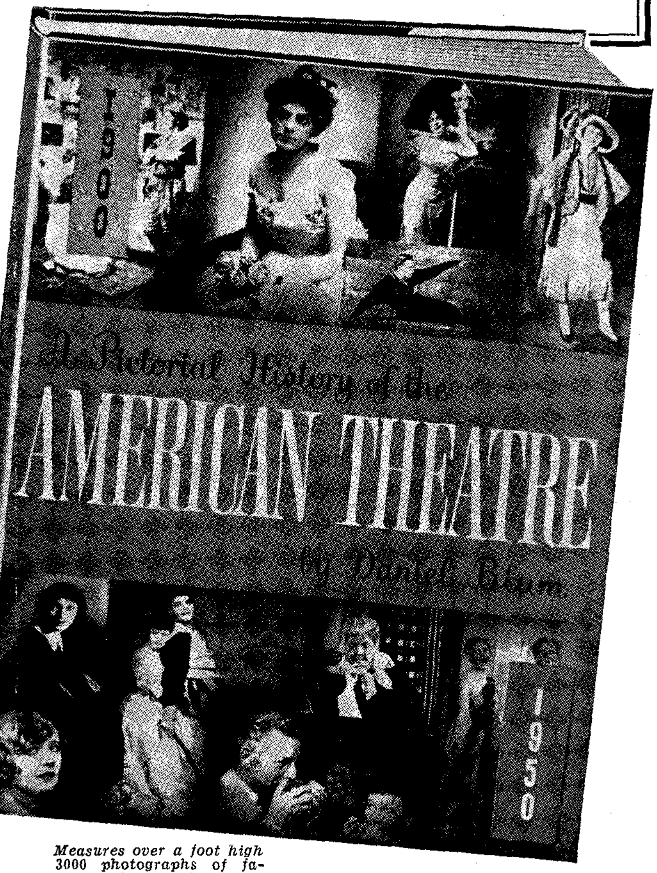

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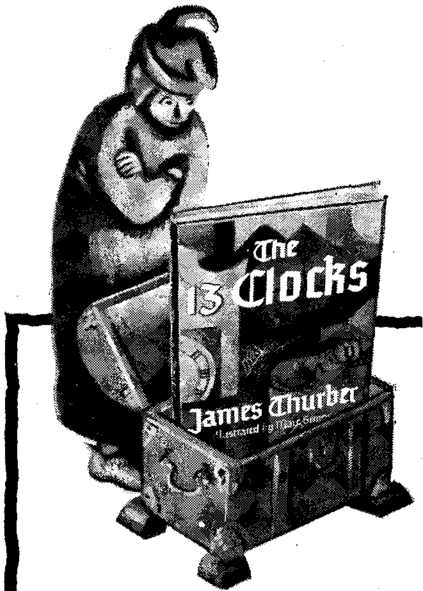
inside out but who hasn't quite made up his mind as to his best, or ultimate, approach to them. At different times, he tries satire, fantasy, tragedy, and a not especially convincing brand of cosmopolitanism. His title piece, about a bride whose knowledge of social psychology misfires when she applies it to her in-laws, is unpretentious, very funny, and quite the best item in the book.

GENERAL

TIME OF FALLEN BLOSSOMS, by Allan S. Clifton (Knopf). An enthusiastic appraisal of Japan and its people, by a member of the Australian occupation force who was stationed near Hiroshima during 1946 and who acted as interpreter for John Hersey. Mr. Clifton's initial skepticism about the Japanese, engendered by his war experiences, vanished almost immediately after he established close personal contact with them in his role of interpreter and informal errand boy for non-Japanese-speaking occupation officers. Although he didn't completely succumb to what was known among prewar European businessmen as "Japan head"—the culmination of a process of change in which one comes to consider things Japanese to be of more importance than those of one's own country—Mr. Clifton became thoroughly enamored of the national character and way of life, and sharply critical of the conduct of the occupation troops, which, he feels, quite often paralleled that of the Japanese at the height of their wartime nastiness. A persuasive and well-written presentation of the thesis that, barring the return of the Old Guard, the Japanese are both ready and admirably equipped, temperamentally, to be on their own again. Illustrated by Yoshinori Kinoshita.

THE SAVANNAH, by Thomas L. Stokes (Rinehart). The forty-third volume in the Rivers of America series. The Savannah, which marks the boundary between Georgia and South Carolina, has seen a lot of history. The avaricious De Soto, with an army of six hundred, looked for El Dorado along its banks and did a bit of looting in the Indian villages; James Edward Oglethorpe founded his private utopian colony—no slaves, no hard liquor—near the river's mouth, and called it Georgia; Revolutionary battles were fought beside it; General Sherman ended his march across Georgia at its edge; and one day not



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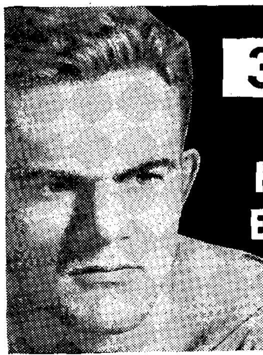

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long afterward a federal tugboat sailed down it bearing the Confederate President Jefferson Davis and Vice-President Alexander Stephens to prison. Mr. Stokes, a native Georgian whose treatment of Sherman is, nevertheless, surprisingly mild, has been steeped in the lore of the Savannah since he was a young man, when he covered its waterfront for a Savannah paper. His writing, which is clear and straight, yet evocative of the grandeurs and squalors of the past, makes this one of the notable books in the series. Drawings by Lamar Dodd.

WANDERSONG, by Eleanor Banks (Caxton). The author's father, Henry Macdonald, a Scot who ran away from his uncle's house in Canada to join the Union forces during the Civil War, was mustered out of the Army at the age of eighteen, went West in a Conestoga wagon, and ended up as one of the biggest sheep ranchers in the Montana Territory, on the upper Missouri River frontier. In the course of his career, he was a fur trader, a scout, and, for a short time, a rider for the ill-starred Northern Overland Pony Express; he also lived a while with the Crow Indians and fought with them against the Sioux. His story, as told in homely and pleasantly amateurish fashion by his daughter, is also the story of the Old West, minus the six-gun glamour—a tale of adventure, to be sure, but one that does not gloss over the filth and tedium and hard work that were the average pioneer's lot. The author's knowing portrait of the Plains Indians as a generally vain, dirty, gossipy, and cheerfully craven band of horse thieves is just one of the services this book renders in deflating some of the legends of the bad old days west of the Mississippi. Drawings, and some early photographs.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF COMMUNISM, by R. N. Carew Hunt (Macmillan). A brief study of Marxism and its Russian mutation that may, for several reasons, very well be the best introductory book now available on the subject. Mr. Hunt, an Englishman, underestimates neither Karl Marx nor the seductive power of his "science" to attract intelligent people; indeed, he believes Marxism is so formidable it can be combatted successfully only by those who understand it. The brevity of the work, which the author has achieved by paring away nonessential

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matter, is another virtue. The book first presents the framework of Marx's and Engels' materialism—their economics, their ethic, and their theory of the state—and then shows how that philosophy affected European radicalism before the Russian Revolution, and what happened to the philosophy when Lenin and Stalin twisted it into a governing logic that, by decree, cannot be questioned, and imposed it on an immense agglomeration of peoples. In his quiet and restrained way, the author brings the whole history of Marxism as an implement in power politics down to a *reductio ad absurdum*, without, however, suggesting that it will wither away because of its absurdity.

THE KOREANS AND THEIR CULTURE, by Cornelius Osgood (Ronald). An anthropological reconnaissance distinguished by serious scholarship, a sense of humanity, and an absence of academic fustiness. The author, a professor at Yale, begins with a field study of a typical farming village on the Korean island of Kangwha, in the Yellow Sea. The survey then broadens to include a study of the ruling classes, a political history of the peninsula, and detailed discussions of Korean art, intellectual life, economy, and religion, and concludes with a résumé of events from the liberation, in 1945, to the Chinese Communist intervention, in November, 1950. Professor Osgood is a man with a fondness for the specific; he not only writes full-dress essays comparing the culture of the Koreans with those of the Chinese and the Japanese but also tells what the Koreans like to eat, how they misbehave at festive ceremonies, what their sports and gambling games are, and how they make love. He even relates some of their favorite risqué stories. The book is illustrated with drawings and photographs of village life, as well as of Korean temples, sculptures, ceramics, and paintings—works of art that, at their best, are as fine as any in the Orient.

THE ROYAL PLAY OF MACBETH, by Henry N. Paul (Macmillan). A historical study. Mr. Paul, a heavily equipped and typically contentious Shakespearean scholar, seeks to measure the tragedy in terms of the time in which it was written and in terms of the man, King James I, for whom it was written and first presented, at Hampton Court Palace. He probes into every aspect of the play—its demonology and witchcraft, its topi-

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cal allusions, the sources of its story, and its special interest for the King. (Five of the principal characters were supposed to have been James's ancestors.) He also attempts to establish that much of the morality and ideology of the play stemmed from the early writings of the King, thus making James almost a collaborator. In the end, Mr. Paul pretty well justifies his thesis that "Macbeth" is indeed a "royal play." He is on much less sure ground, however, in his belief that James was pleased by it, as the evidence he brings forward to bolster that theory is of the slimmest.

ITALIAN PAINTING: THE CREATORS OF THE RENAISSANCE, by Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Skira). Written, in collaboration with his daughter, by one of the foremost authorities on Italian art, who is an extremely sensitive critic as well, this book has a documentary soundness, coupled with philosophic understanding, that makes it invaluable to any student of the Renaissance. Published sumptuously in folio size, it covers the period from the late Middle Ages (Cimabue, Cavallini, and others) to Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci, providing a brief running commentary on each of the major artists that is a little marvel of compact, factual, and interpretive information. There are over a hundred illustrations, all in full color and all reproduced with exquisite exactitude.

MEXICO IN SCULPTURE, 1521-1821, by Elizabeth Wilder Weismann (Harvard). Mexican sculpture, that curious mixture of the Aztec and the baroque, has never been adequately analyzed, and this book, the first really serious work on the subject in English, is perhaps too episodic in character to be definitive. Within its range, though, it is written with complete authority, for the author is a recognized student of the subject, and her understanding of the country and its people gives the book persuasiveness. Some hundred and seventy illustrations, each accompanied by a brief analytic and historical commentary, cover practically all phases of the native work from the days of the Spanish conquerors to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

THE SCULPTURE OF NEGRO AFRICA, by Paul S. Wingert (Columbia). The current revival of interest in African sculpture gives this compen-

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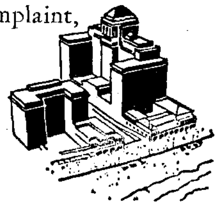

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

OCTOBER FIRE, by Eleanor Mayo (Crowell). There is a satisfactory amount of death, violence, mystery, and romance in this excellent book, but essentially it is the story of a forest fire, started by an arsonist, that destroys more than half of a Maine village. Miss Mayo, who witnessed the disastrous Maine fires of 1947, is naturally an expert on the subject, and she is also very convincing in her handling of the native character and idiom. Recommended as both a novelty in the field and an accomplished piece of writing.

CURTAINS FOR THREE, by Rex Stout (*Viking*). Three novelettes featuring Nero Wolfe, assisted by Archie Goodwin. "The Gun with Wings" is about an opera star who has been shot in the mouth by a pistol that is found at the base of a bust of Caruso, twenty feet away. (If it wasn't suicide, how could it possibly have happened?) "Bullet for One" has for its victim an eminent industrial designer, who is killed by a rifle shot as he is cantering through Central Park. And the third, "Disguise for Murder," deals with a beautiful but venal young girl who is strangled in, of all places, Nero Wolfe's office while a showing of his orchids is going on. Of the three, only "Disguise for Murder" is of any particular interest.

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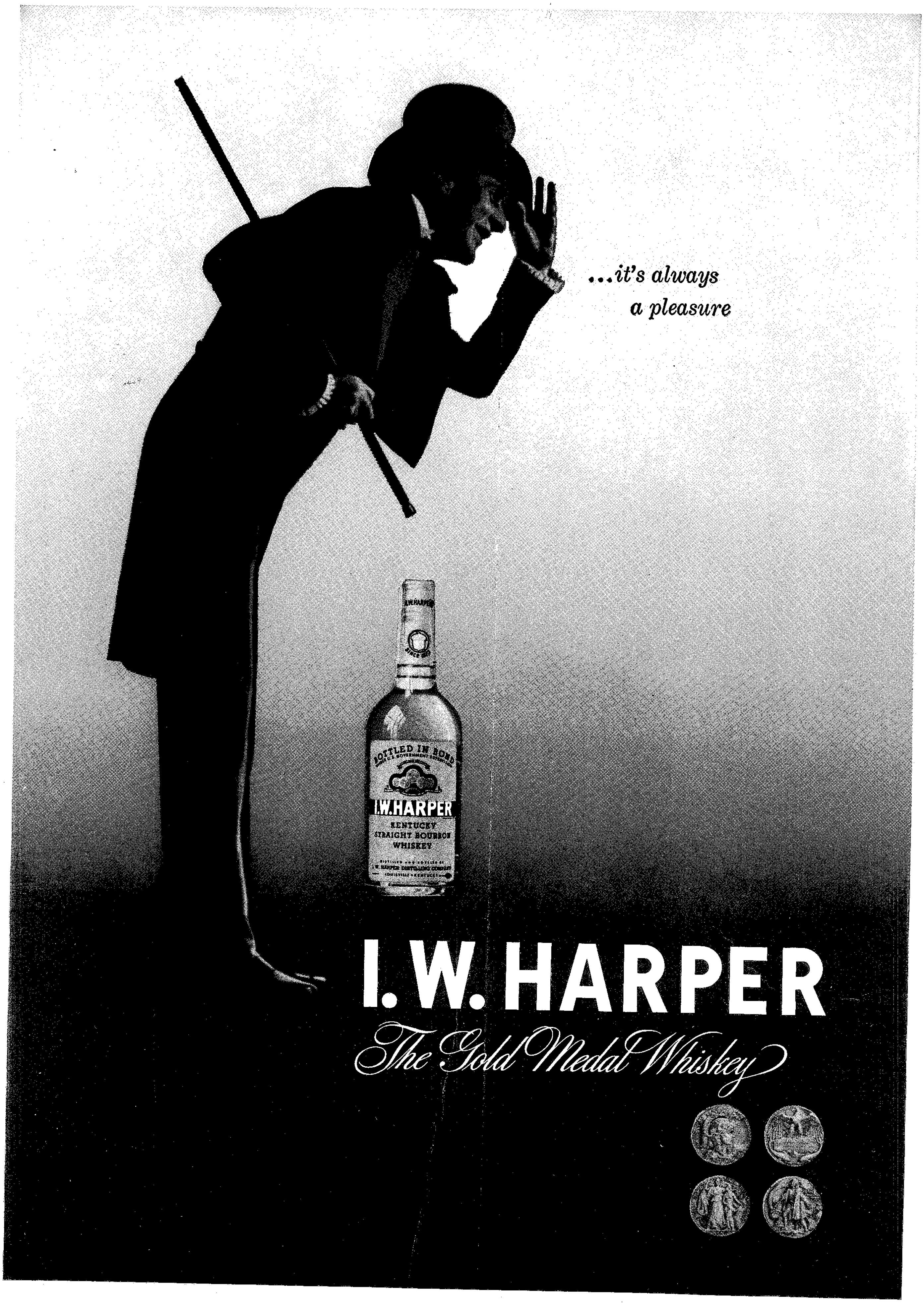
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